# The Risalo of Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai

Translated in verse by
Amena Khamisani



CULTURE DEPARTMENT,
GOVERNMENT OF SINDH

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TRANSLATED IN VERSE

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By
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Culture Department,
Government of Sindh.
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**Risalo of Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai**

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*Dedicated with love and gratitude to the sacred memory of my father Ali Bakhsh Channa and my mother Alim Khatoon.*

# Contents

# Publisher's Note

Culture Department, Government of Sindh, remains in the lime light because of its peculiar nature of responsibilities including promotion of art and literature; protection of the heritage; establishment of libraries; etc. However, the aura, which the present management of Culture Department, under the leadership of dynamic and energetic Minister, Muhtarma Sassui Palijo, has created, is producing unparalleled results. The department, under the present regime (2008-12), has surpassed the milestones it had achieved either directly or through its subsidiaries, in last four decades (1967-2007). If we just analyze one responsibility of 'Promotion of literature' which includes printing and publishing of books, we can statistically justify our claim. While Culture Department published 135 books in last forty years, under the present regime (2008-12) the department has so far published over 190 quality books, including 39 books published on poetry and philosophy of Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai.

2. Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai, his life, poetry and massage is very dear to everyone in Sindh. The poetry of Shah Latif, as codified in his (Shah Jo) Risalo, has remained a beacon of light not only for the people of Sindh / Pakistan but the world over. Shah Latif is such a towering personality and his poetry is so impressive and thought provoking that it has been translated in many languages. Culture Department has the honour of being in the fore front of such humble endeavours. After successfully printing and re-printing of Shah Jo Risalo in Urdu, English, Arabic, Deonegri and Punjabi, the department is embarking upon launching a new project of "Translation of Poetry of Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai in French, German and other languages" in next ADP (2013-14). Besides another project tilted "Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai Institute of Research and Music" at Bhit Shah is included in current year's Annual Development Programme of Culture Department. This shows the firm resolve of Government of Sindh, not only to conduct further research into the poetry, thought and music of Shah Latif, but to institutionalize it for the posterity

3. This English Translation of Shah Jo Risalo by Professor Amena Khamisani, a legend of recent times, was lastly published by Bhit Shah Cultural Center Committee in 2003. The masterpiece had been highly admired by lovers of Shah Latif's poetry both by the serious students of contemporary English language and literature and the laymen alike. It remained in much demand and hence went out of stock. Culture Department is, therefore, reprinting this Risalo, which the translator, Professor Khamisani, has reproduced in English in idiom and diction which is modern, current and easy to comprehend. She has understood, assimilated and expressed Shah from the prism of English literature and her combination of sufism with western mysticism is par excellence.

4. I wish to acknowledge the keen interest shown by Mohtarma Sassui Palijo, Minister Culture Sindh and the efforts of my colleagues, particularly Dr. Muhammad Ali Manjhi, Director General (Culture), in facilitating the reprinting of this masterpiece English Translation of "The Risalo of Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai" by Amena Khamisani.

5. I hope the humble attempt on our part will be appreciated by all.

Date: 23.12.2012

**Abdul Aziz Uqaili,** P.A.S
Secretary to Govt. of Sindh
Culture Department

# PROLOGUE

It was my ardent desire even at the first publication of my translation of Shah Abdul latif's Risalo, to have the original verses attached to it. This wish could not be accomplished at the time, for reasons better known to the Department of Culture and Tourism. My happiness knows no bounds that this wish of mine is being fulfilled.

It was not only my wish to have the original verses attached to the translation but a number of Sindhi intellectual, scholars and lovers of Shah Abdul Latif's Kalam had expressed this wish and contacted me on this point.

I am extremely thankful to the Department of Culture and Tourism to finance the addition and to take pains in its editing.

I am extremely grateful to my former intelligent and favorite student in the English Department, University of Sindh, at present Secretary of the Culture and Tourism Mr. Gul Muhammad Umrani for having made immense efforts in this task. I am proud of his high position and pray for even a better future for him.

I am also thankful to the publishers and all those who have participated in the task of Sindh's remarkable, everlasting heritage.

Professor Amena Khamisani

# Preface

The idea of translating the Risalo of Shah Abdul Latif in English verse was conceived during a visit in June 1988, to my daughter Yasmeen who, since 1972, has been living in U.S.A. It was she who not only made this suggestion, but encouraged and bounced my spirits seeing me hesitant. In fact, it was at her place that this work started.

I had retired from Sindh University's service as a professor in the Department of English. After my retirement, I had been looking after the family affairs and my two young grand children since their mother lost her life in a car accident on the Super Highway, while nearing Karachi, coming from Hyderabad. I was also doing some social work. The main reason for my being hesitant was not only my advanced old age, but my poor eyesight which had become worse after the surgery performed in U.S.A. It also seemed presumptuous on my part, for I was not a poet, though I had taught English poetry in the Department of English at the University for twenty six years. But soon this mood of uncertainty gave way to a strong urge to brace myself up for this labour of love. I would never have completed what I have been able to do without this strong urge which would glue me to my desk for hours every day, oblivious of what was going on around me.

My love for the poetry of Shah Abdul Latif and an instinctive, inherent response to it, goes back to my childhood days. I would hear it, being recited and often quoted from my grandmother and my aunt, a learned lady, known as Jiji, and respected by all the villagers. She ran a Quran teaching and a primary school in the premises of her house in the village Paat of Dadu district (Sindh). I was still a child when we left Paat. We went from one place to another in Sindh, according to my father's postings. My father was an officer in the Revenue department, who at one time became the first Municipal Commissioner/Adminstrator of Sukkur. We settled in Karachi in 1928 from where in 1939, encouraged by a friend, and seeking permission of my reluctant parents, I proceeded to Kinnaird College, Lahore, for higher studies.

Once the Persian professor asked me who was the most representative poet of Sindh and whether I could recite a verse of his. Spontaneously I quoted this verse of Shah Abdul Latif which he puts in the mouth of Marui, when in Umarkote:

واجھائي وطن کي، ساري ڏيان ساھ،
ھي سر سانڍيھ سامھون، منھنجو نج ميان

مڦا مياڻي مارئين، وجي ٿر ٿيان
مڻائي جيان، جي وجي مڙهه ملير ڏي.

If I die, longing for my native land,
Free my body from these chains,
Keep no more this stranger away from her love,
Over my dead body, spread Malir's cool earth,
When I die, send my body to Malir, my native land.

Soon after joining the Department of English at the University of Sindh in 1955, at one of the University's functions, I heard Sushila Mehtani, singing the opening lines of the Risalo of Shah Abdul Latif

اول الله عليم، اعليٰ عالم جو ڌڻي،
قادر پنهنجي قدرت سين قائم آهه قديم،
والي واحد وحده، رازق رب رحيم،
سو ساراهه سچو ڌڻي، چئي حمد حڪيم،
ڪري پاڻ ڪريم، جوڙون جوڙ جهان جي.

Foremost, Omniscient and Supreme, is world's Lord,
Of His own might in existence since aeons old,
Mighty Creator, Merciful, Sustainer, one and only,
His praises sing, He planned and perfected the universe.

The deep devotional tone in which this Hindu lady sang praise of Almighty Lord in the words of Shah Abdul Latif, touched the tenderest chords of my soul and I realized what wealth of thought and harmonious music lay hidden in this saint and sage poet of Sindh, and how fortunate we are to have him as our most popular, highly honoured and adored poet and spiritual guide. There were other occasions after that, provided by the University students' union, when now and again I had the good fortune to hear these transcendental tunes from many other lovers and singers of Latif, like Naru Bhagat and party, Fakir Abdul Ghafoor and in recent times Abida Parveen, who gets completely absorbed and lost in its thought, words and melody. Allan Fakir's s Allahoo, Allahoo and Latifs words sung by Naru Bhagat still viberate in my mind:

ڪات ترينن جي اڳيان، ڪتم ڪينڪي، چا ٻڌايان؟

I spun not before the Loved One, what am I to say?

Fakir Abdul Ghafoor singing these words of Latif which I heard soon after resuming duty when my Iddat' was over, brought uncontrollable tears to my eyes:

مون کي ڏونگر ڏورڻ آيو، ڪيچي ڪيچ وڃن.

Kechis leave for Kech, I am left to wander in the rocks.

Of such a calibre is the poetry of Shah Abdul Latif. How far I have been able to

convey its message which is couched in most appropriate words, coupled with an ecstatic music, is not for me to say. I have just made a humble attempt at conveying the depth of thought in as suitable words as I could command. It has not been an easy task. The product of many hours of devoted labour, I leave to the scholars of the poetry of Shah Latif to judge. My main aim is to familiarize this sublime song of our sufi poet to those who do not know Sindhi whether living in Sindh or in other parts of Pakistan, and who find it difficult to understand Shah Abdul Latif's Sindhi. Many Sindhis living in the different parts of the world especially those living in U.S.A., have often asked me for a copy of the translation in English of the "Shah Jo Risalo". Unfortunately, Mrs. Elsa Kazi's translation of the selections and H.T. Sorely's are both out of print. My further aim is to introduce Shah Abdul Latif to the rest of the literary world as he deserves a much wider acknowledgement than he has received so far. If I have been able to fulfil my own aim and the need of other well-wishers, I will consider it a sufficient compensation for all the labour that it has cost me.

Before this work, there has been no translation in English verse of the whole Risalo, neither is mine that of the complete one, as I have translated Kalyan Advani's "Shah Jo Risalo" published in 1976 which is slightly abridged from his previous work and also from that of Professor Gurbaxani's and Shahwanis as well as of some other compilers. A mere chance had put it in my hands being a wedding gift for my son, from a junior colleague of mine. I have added a few significant verses from Shahwani which have not been included by Kalyan Advani.

I have tried my best to translate in English the very words of Shah Abdul Latif as appropriately as I possibly could, with this belief that what the saint poet had to say, could best be expressed in the words that he has chosen. Even then, because of the different modes of expression of the two different languages and the constraints imposed by versification, I do not claim to have achieved complete satisfaction of what I intended to do. I have also translated certain idiomatic terms peculiar to the Sindhi language and commonly used by the people of Sindh, as they reflect their customs, and their mode of life. This does not seem appropriate as far as the English language is concerned.

The verse form that I have used in most of my work is known as "unequal couplets", since I had to keep the meaning and the message intact. The Risalo is not always in couplets. There are lines of varying length, sometimes a verse has 3 lines, sometimes 4, and sometimes many more. Sometimes a line of the verse which contains either an Arabic or Persian idiom or saying, or a quotation from the Holy Quran or Hadith, is much longer than the other lines.

I am grateful to my brother Justice Z.A. Channa, who very kindly went through my manuscript, inspite of his being busy in his official duty and in preparing law books for publication. I would often consult him and discuss with him some doubtful point. He was always willing and cooperative whenever I went to him.

I am also thankful to Kalyan Advani whose "Shah Jo Risalo" was my source of translation. Mirza Kalich Beg's "Life of Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai", Agha Mohammad Yakoob's "Shah Jo Risalo alias Ganje Latif", Mrs. Elsa Kazi's "Selections of verses of Shah Jo Risalo" and A.K. Brohi's introduction to it, were of great help to me, so also H.T. Sorley's "Shah Abdul Latif of Bhit: His poetry, Life and Times". I acknowledge my debt to all of them.

Amena Khamisani
Karachi,
15th December, 1992

# Life Sketch of Shah Abdul Latif

Shah Abdul Latif is known throughout the length and breadth of Sindh, not only as a poet of the highest order but as a saint, a sufi and a spiritual guide. It is the spiritual significance of his poetry, couched in the most touching words, harmonised with a musical setting, that makes a direct appeal to the hearts of the listeners, including the elite and the man in the street. The peasant ploughing his field, the herdsman and the shepherd tending to the herd of cattle or flock of sheep, the fisherman casting his fishing net in the water, the village house-wife at her daily chores and the villager midst his companions at leisure time, sings, recites or hears this sublime poetry that uplifts his very soul, be he a Muslim or a Hindu. In the towns and cities, the Sindhi scholars and the elite, hold sessions of its recitation and its singing. Such is the familiarity with the Risalo, as the collection of these poems is called, that verses from it are often quoted at appropriate points in the daily conversation by men and women alike. The feelings of the Sindhis, are so attuned to this poetry, that listening to its harmonious and ecstatic tunes and its spiritual message conveyed in the most expressive words, their eyes are often seen filled with tears.

Occasionally there is a lighter note, because of that, it can be sung not only at sober gatherings but on occasion of festivity also.

It is not only the Sindhis who are enthralled by this ecstatic poetry but even foreigners like the German learned missionary Ernest Trumpp and English scholar, H.T. Sorely, have come under its spell. In more recent times, we have seen Dr. Annemarie Schimmel learning Sindhi to be able to peruse for herself, this poetry, which she loves as it "expresses the most refined mystical experiences and the most inexplicable movements of the soul".

Not much is known about the life of Shah Abdul Latif from written records, most of the information that has come down to us, has been collected from oral tradition. In this field, Mirza Kalich Beg has done yeoman service as during his life time, some old men were still living who had been told much about Shah Abdul Latif by their fathers for they had seen him in person and had even spoken to him.

Scholars agree that he was born in 1102 A. H. corresponding to 1689. A. D. at village Hala Havelli of Taluka Hala, district Hyderabad. He departed from this world, at the age of sixty tree, on 14th Safar 1165 Hijra era, 1752 A. D. To commemorate his memory, every year, on 14th Safar, an Urs (fair) is held at Bhitshah where he lived the last years of his life and where his mausoleum stands. The Urs lasts for three days.

Along with other features common to such fair (melas), on its second day, a literacy gather ing is also held where papers concerning the research work done about Shah Abdul Latif's life and poetry, are read. In addition to the annual mela, every preceding Friday night, his Fakirs (disciples) gather and sing passages from his Risalo in the most rapturous tones. The people from the nearby towns and villages also come to hear the Fakirs sing the mystic, rapturous songs.

Shah Abdul Latif's lineage has been traced back directly to the Holy Prophet (P B U H) through Imam Zain-ul-Abdeen, son of Imam Hussain as shown in the family tree given by Mirza Kalich Beg in Appendex "A"(P.142) of his book "Life of Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai" published in 1980 at Hyderabad by the Bhitshah Cultural Centre Committee. His ancestors had come from Herat and had settled at Matiari. Shah Abdul Karim (1600 A. D.) whose mausoleum stands at Bulri, 40 miles from Hyderabad, in Guni Taluka, a mystic poet of considerable repute, was his great, great grand father. His verses are extant and his anniversary is still held at Bulri. Shah Abdul Latifs father, Sayed Habib Shah, lived in Hala Havelli, a small village now in ruins, at a distance of 40 miles from Matiari and not far from Bhitshah. Later, he left this place and lived at Kotri where some period of Shah Abdul Latifs adolescence was spent. Our poet's early education did not exceed what the village school curriculum could provide. His first teacher was Noor Muhammad Bhtai Wai Wala. Although he had received scanty formal education, the Risalo gives us an ample proof of the fact that he was well-versed in Arabic and Persian. The Holy Quran, the Hadith, the Masnawi of Maulana Jalaludin Roomi along with the collection of Shah Abdul Karim's poems, were his constant companions, copious references of which have been made in the Risalo. A copy of the Masnawi of Maulana Jalaluddin Roomi was presented to him by Mian Noor Muhammad Kalhoro, the then ruler of Sindh, to win back his favour, as he had been estranged from Shah Abdul Latif.

In appearance, he was a handsome man, of average height. He was strongly built, had black eyes and an intelligent face, with a broad and highforehead. He grew a beard of the size of the Holy Prophets beard. He had a serious and thoughtful look about himself and spent much time in contemplation and meditation, since he was concerned about his moral and spiritual evolution with the sole purpose of seeking proximity of the Divine. He would often seek solitude and contemplate on the issues that chiefly concern man's spiritual life, the purpose of his being on this earth and his ultimate destiny.

Although he was born in favoured conditions, being the son of a well-known and very much respected Sayed family, he never used his position in any unworthy manner, nor did he show any liking for the comforts of life. He was kind, compassionate, generous and gentle in his manner of speech and behaviour which won him the veneration of all those who came across him. He had great respect for women and exercised immense reserve in dealing with them, in an age when these qulities were rare. He hated cruelty and could never cause physical pain to any man or even to an animal. He lived a very simple life of self-restraint. His food was simple and frugal, so was his dress which was often of deep yellow, the colour of the dress of sufis or jogis,

stitched with a black thread. Till this day, his relics are preserved at Bhitshah, some of which include a 'T' shaped walking stick, two bowls, one made of sandal wood and another of transparent stone, which he used for eating and drinking. His long cap and his black turban are also preserved.

In quest of religious truths, Shah Abdul Latif travelled in many parts of Sindh and also went to the border lands. He kept himself aloof from the political scene of favouritism and intrigues which was going on at the rise of the Kalhora's to power during this time, though he was much respected by some of the members of this dynasty and could have benefited by it. He did not visit towns or cities but went to hills and valleys where he met sufis and jogis, most of the latter being Hindus, in whose company he wandered disguised, going to the Ganjo Hills in the south of Hyderabad and to the mountains in Las Bela on the border of Sindh and Baluchistan. He was in the company of these sanyasis for three years and went with them to Hinglaj, Lakhpat, Nani at the foot of the Himalayas and to Sappar Sakhi. At several places in the Risalo, mention has been made of these jogis and of his visits to these places which are considered holy by them. The two surs Ramkali and Khahori describe them under various endearing names and a detailed account of their lifestyle is given. He also travelled to Jhunagarh, Jesalmere and parts of the Thar desert.

By the time that he was a young man of twenty one years, he began to be known for his piety, his ascetic habits and his absorption in prayers. Observation and contemplation were chief traits of his character. A number of people flocked round him adding to the already large number of his disciples. This aroused the jealousy of some powerful persons who became his enemies for some time but later seeing his personal worth, abandoned their rivalry.

At this time, he was living with his father at Kotri, five miles away from the present site of Bhitshah. It was here that his marriage was solemnised in 1713 with Bibi Sayedah Begum, daughter of Mirza Mughal Beg, a virtuous and intelligent lady, who was a proper companion for him. The disciples had great respet for her. He left no issue.

In the true ascetic spirit, Shah Abdul Latif was now in search of a place where in solitude, he could devote all his time in prayers and meditation. Such a place he found near Karar lake, a mere sand hill, four miles away from new Hala, which was covered with thorny bushes surrounded by many pools of water. It was called Bhit (Sand Hill) and on this heap of sandstones, he decided to build a village. As it was sandy, he along with his disciples, dug out hard carth from a distance and covered the sand with it to make the ground firm. After months of labour, carrying the earth on their heads and shoulders, it was fit enough for the construction of an underground room and two rooms over it, alongwith a room for his parents. A mosque was also built and the houses of the disciples marked out, which did not take much time to be built. In 1742, while he was still busy in the work of setting up Bhit, he got the sad news of the death of his father. Soon after this, Shah Abdul Latif shifted all his family members from Kotri to Bhitshah as the village now began to be called. His father had already been buried there according to his will, where his mausoleum stands, only eight paces away, from that of Shah Abdul Latifs, towards its north.

For the last eight years of his life, he lived at Bhitshah. A few days before his death, he retired to his underground room and spent all his time in prayers and fasting, eating very little, after 21 days, he came out and having bathed himself with a large quantity of water, covered himself with a white sheet and asked his disciples to start the mystic music. This went on for three days continuously, when the musicians concerned about the motionless poet, found that his soul had already left for its heavenly abode to be in the proximity of the Beloved for whom he had longed for, all his life, and only the body was there, on 14th Safar, 1165 Hijra corresponding to 1752 A.D. He suffered no sickness, neither had he any kind of pain. He was buried at the place where his mausoleum now stands, which was built by Ghulam Shah Kalhoro who along with his mother, had adored and revered him. The work of the construction of the mausoleum was entrusted to the well known mason, Idan, from Sukkur. The mausoleum as well as the mosque adjoining it, were later repaired by Mir Naseer Khan Talpur. His brother, Mir Noor Muhammad Talpur had a big well sunk in the courtyard and his cousin, Mir Muhammad, put up a door with silver plates which is still there. A pair of kettle drums that are beaten morning and evening till today, were presented by the Raja of Jesalmer.

## The Risalo

It is said that some time before the passing away of Shah Abdul Latif, his disciples brought the manuscript of the Risalo to him, thinking that he would he pleased to see it. Fearing that the people may not be able to understand the purport of his verses and may even misunderstand him, he threw it in the Karar Lake. The disciples were grieved deeply at his action, seeing them so grieved he allowed them to prepare another such manuscript which they readily did from two or three other manuscripts that were in possession of some of his other disciples but chiefly with the help of Mai Niamat, a devoted disciple of his, who had memorised most of the verses. He himself attended this recording to see that they were done so correctly.

The compiled verses of Shah Abdul Latif are called Risalo which means "Message". They are the recorded collection of verses known as Ganj which is preserved at the mausoleum of the saint poet. It was 114 years after his death, that the German scholar and missionary, Ernest Trumpp, first published it in 1866 at Leipzig in Germany. He had learnt Sindhi during his temporary stay at Hyderabad and undertook the work of the compilation with the help of two Sindhi scholars. It was he who called this compilation Shah Jo Risalo (the Message of Shah). The people of Sindh are indebited to Trumpp for being the first person to have the Risalo published, although due to paucity of funds inspite of the subsidy from the Bombay government, some of the Surs could not be included in it.

Soon after this, in 1867, Kazi Ibrahim published his edition at Bombay which unfortunately, contained many extraneous verses. In its second edition known as Bombay Edition, published in 1877, these alien verses were removed. The Museum edition covering 284 pages has been preserved in the British Museum, London, since 1844. In 1913, the renowned scholar, Mirza Kalich Beg, got another edition of the Risalo published at Shikarpur, Sindh. Due to many printing mistakes and inclusion of foreign verses, it could not be popular.

In 1923, Dr. Gurbuxani, professor of Persian at Karachi, published his first volume which is a product off profound scholarship and research. It was followed by a second volume in 1924 and the third in 1931. He expunged some of the verses included in the previous cditions which he considered to be foreign and presented it in an attractive print with an attractive get-up. Dr. Gurbuxani's edition was a remarkable improvement on the earlier ones.

In 1940, H. T. Sorley, rendered selections from the Risalo in English verse and included them in his book entitled, "Shah Abdul Latif of Bhit: His Poetry, Life and Times," which was published by the Oxford University Press. It is a remarkable work of erudition and research about Sindh and indispensable to the students of Shah Abdul Latif. In 1950, Ghulam Muhammad Shahwani published an exhaustive edition of the Risalo, with an introduction and footnotes on every page. In 1952 Maulana Ghulam Mustafa Qasmi brought out his two volume edition which is now not available.

In 1958, appeared Kalyan Advani's edition which is even more exhaustive than Shahwani's. It too contains an introduction and foot notes. In 1976 appeared his slightly abridged edition with explanation of the verses.

In 1961, Allama Imdad Ali Imam Ali Kazi (I. I. Kazi), a great scholar, thinker, philosopher, and the first Vice Chancellor of the University of Sindh, brought out his edition of the Risalo adding more verses to it with a commendable effort. lie however, eliminated Sur Kedaro from it. Thus, his edition contains 29 surs instead of 30. He aslo re-arranged the order of the surs.

In 1965, appeared Mrs. Elsa Kazi's remarkable translation in verse of the selection from the Risalo, with an Introduction by A. K. Brohi and a critical article entitled, "Shah Abdul Latif-An Appreciation to His Art", appearing as an Appendix by Allama I. I. Kazi, published by the Sindhi Adabi Board. Although this translation is not a literal rendering, Mrs. Elsa Kazi, a German lady, has been able to convey its significance very effectively as it has a tremendous impact on the reader. Besides editing and re-arranging the Risalo, Allama.I. I. Kazi has done much valuable scholarly and research work on Shah Abdul Latif.

Professor Akram Ansari's book: "Symbolism in Latif's Poetry" was published in 1983 by the Institute of Sindhiology, University of Sindh. Dr. Dure Shahwar Sayed's book, which is her Ph. D. thesis, "Poetry of Shah Abdul Latif," was published by Sindhi Adabi Board in 1988. Mr. Tirathdas Hotchand's small books on Shah Latif's life and what he calls "Seven Singing Stories" of the Risalo also deserve to be mentioned in this connection. Abdul Ghafoor of Daro's translation in verse called "The Celestial Sunrise from Sindh" inspite of its unusual and attractive get up, its attempt at original philosopy and the labour that must have cost him, has not been rendered effective because of its incorrect English and lack of mastery over the English language.

Sindh's renowned poet, Shaikh Ayaz, has translated in Urdu verse the whole of the Risalo with an elaborate introduction. Bhitshah Cultural Committee, Hyderabad, has published Mirza Kalich Beg's work, "Life of Shah Abdui Latif Bhitai," which was in manuscript form and which contains much useful material on the life of Shah Abdul Latif and also on the Risalo that the author had been able to collect from the mouth of people whose grand fathers had seen and even conversed with Shah Abdul Latif.

In this connection, mention must be made of Dr. Nabi Bakhsh Khan Baloch whose thirst for research is unquenchable. He has made a study of 47 manuscripts and 15 printed editions of the Risalo, involving an in-depth study of the source material. He has also edited the two volumes of the Risalo and is working on the remaining three

volumes.

The last and the most recent work of this nature is Muhammad Yakoob Agha's Shah Jo Risalo alias Ganje Latif published in 1985 by Shah Abdul Latif Bhitshah Cultural Committee. He has not only revised, rearranged and annotated the complete Risalo in three volumes but has also given us literal translation. For further aid and understanding the language used in the Risalo, he intends to publish separately, a glossary. This edition is a rare work of its own kind, for not only has Mr. Agha translated the verses and explained the philosophy underlying them but he has quoted parallel lines from Hafiz and Roomi. In addition to this, he has made them more clear by giving references from the Holy Quran and Hadith. Whereas the previous scholars like Dr. Gurbuxani and Kalyan Advani's work of annotation and translation was influenced by Vedantic philosophy, Mr. Agha has done so from a purely Islamic point of view. It has to be placed on record that inspite of many printing errors, Mr. Muhammad Yakoob Agha's Shah Jo Risalo, is an exhaustive and commendable work that has been produced so far, even though one may not agree with him on a few points. His knowledge of Persian, Arabic, Holy Quran and Tradition in addition to that of other saints and poets, has been a great asset to him in his 3 volumes. He has also supplied information about all the personages, historical, religious or otherwise, that have some bearing on the verses of the Risalo.

There are 30 surs in the Risalo. Sur means mode of singing. Each sur corresponds to its subject matter. They are according to the science of Indian music with its Rags and Ragnis sung at different times in a particular manner. They are not named according to their music but according to the subject matter. For the sake of facility in singing and reading, each sur is subdivided into sections.

The verses of the Risalo do not follow any of the formal patterns of writing poetry. There is no regularity and the number of stresses per line is not always uniform. Repetition and enumeration are often made use of; length of lines and their variation is often determined by feeling and thought and not by any set pattern. The number of lines in a stanza may vary from 2 to 10. A longer line may appear anywhere in the stanza that has a verse of the Holy Quran or it may quote a Hadith. It may sometimes contain a phrase or a proverb from Arabic or Persian or from some other language like Siraiki and Balochi. At the end of each section there is Vai or a song consisting of 3 or more couplets each ending with a refrain. Vai is Shah Abdul Latif's invention. A singer, by way of introduction, sings a few couplets or a stanza which is called Dohiro and then proceeds with the Kafi, the remaining part of the Vai. The audience in this way are led to a state of harmonious rapture.

The underlying theme of all the surs is, how is man to cultivate those godly attributes in himself which will facilitate him in his efforts towards a higher evolution. In this sense, Latif poetry reflects the process involved by which man's inner life is developed. It elaborates man's relation with his Creator, the journey that he has to undertake in fulfilling the primeval covenant and the pitfalls that lie in this path which include waging constant war against evil, temptation, ignorance, sloth and moral relapses that bring about serious consequences; aberrations that lead to man's fall from

Divine grace to be redeemed by repentance; inability of sacrifice and the difficulty of living in this world yet be out of it. In its final analysis, it culminates in the quest of a God-intoxicated man for an approximation with the Divine. Since these are truths that cannot be directly communicated, they are transmitted through allegory, parables, copious use of symblos and images. Other poetic devices include frequent use of alliteration and pun, some very interesting examples of the latter can be found in the Risalo.

The perusal of the Risalo makes one realise what it is to be an 'integrated man" and how to become such a one. It further reveals to us how aesthetic emotional experience can develop human personality.

In addition to this profoundly mystic and moral approach, Latif is ever conscious of the plight of the poor and the lowly, the peasants, the fishermen, the weavers, the helpless and the needy women, the suffering and the suppressed. It is his concern for this class of the people of Sindh and his love for Sindh, that he has selected incidents and episodes from folklore, the stories of which were commonly known and which had been handed down from generation to generation. Hence nowhere is the story taken from folklore narrated as a whole or episode by episode, the poet takes it up at its most crucial point that reveals its significance. Allama I. I. Kazi in the 'Translator's Note As an Aid" to the very valuable verse translation of the selections of the Risalo of Shah Abdul Latif by Mrs. Elsa Kazi, published by the Sindhi Adabi Board in 1965, writes: "Incidents, episodes, legends, subjects of observation, are not related as stories, only their significance is expressed in poems, that deal with the higher evolution of man. "He further goes on to say "these stories and episodes are but the pegs on which he hangs his Divine themes". He calls the surs, "musical themes" and Latif's art as "impressionistic par excellence". Referring to Shah Latifs mysticism, he says, "with the aid of the beautiful in Nature, he leads the reader to have longing for the union with God, who always is the Beloved in his poems".

In the Introduction of this same translation of the selected verses of Latif by Mrs. Elsa Kazi, A. K. Brohi, using Carlyle's words, calls Latifs poetry "musical thought" of the highest and profoundest aspirations of a spiritually evolved being, fused with the deepest emotions that touch the very core of our hearts, hence its power, its beauty and its appeal.

Since Shah Abdul Latifs poetry reflects the process by which man's inner life is evolved, save for a stray line here or there, there is no direct mention of the political stirring events and incidents of historical significance that took place during his life time.

One such important event was that Sindh, which was under the suzerinity of Mughal empire, came under the rule of the Kalhoras. Latif was a youth of 18 years when Aurangzeb died and as a young man he saw the rise of the Kalhoras to power. The most significant historical event was the invasion of Nadir Shah in 1739 who on his return from Hindustan, attacked Sindh, imprisoned Noor Muhammad Kalhoro in the fort of Umarkote, forced his submission granting him pardon only after he had promised to pay a tribute of rupees twenty Iakhs. As a security for this payment, his

three sons Murad Yar Khan, Uttar Khan and Ghulam Shah Khan were taken away as hostages to the Persian Court, returning to Sindh after 7 years, following the assassination of Nadir Shah in 1747. Nadir Shah's invasion and its consequences must have caused a great up-heaval in Sindh, but the Risalo makes no direct allusion to it. Shah Abdul Latif was 50 years old at the time of this invasion.

Another such event took place in 1754 when Ahmed Shah Durrani (Abdali) attacked Delhi and made Sindh subject to Kabul. Shah Abdul Latif was 58 years old at this time. These events were soon followed by the death of Noor Muhammad Kalhoro and the ensuing confused civil war between his three sons.

# Mysticism of Shah Abdul Latif

There is an in-born tendency in certain human beings to probe deeper into the mystery of man's existence and his relationship with his Creator. This kind of inner urge often dies out in them, as they get involved in the mundane affairs that life in its wake forces upon them. For such persons certain pertinent and forceful questions remain unanswered; questions such as these: What are we? From whence have we come and Whither are we bound? What is our origin? What relationship do we bear to our Creator and what is the nature of our Creator?

There is another type of human beings, who having lived a religious life and having sincerely taken and performed their worldly tasks, arrive at a stage when they are haunted by these questions and try to seek their solution, since formal religion has no satisfactory answer for them. They are also seized by an intense longing for a direct approach to their Creator than what their present mode of living has enabled them to accomplish. This hunger of the soul for the Divine and for things that are Divine, leads them to the path traversed by the mystics.

There is a third type of human beings, who from their very birth, are observant as well as contemplative. Their very nature impels them and guides them to solve the mystery of our existence. Their longing for a Supernal order of things and for a direct approach to God, supersedes everything else in their life. The quest for eternal truths which never die, becomes their primary concern. Such persons are born mystics.

Through a momentary passive experience of intense awareness which comes and goes, the solution of these pertinent questions, is revealed to them. Wordsworth refers to this creative insight resulting from direct experience, enabling man to grasp the Divine essence, in the following lines:

That blessed mood
In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until, the breath of this corporal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep

In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

It has been observed that. questions mentioned earlier and such like, impinge on those of us who are deeply religious in spirit, during a period when people begin to pay lip service to religion and get completely engrossed in worldly affairs. At such a time dissatisfied with the orthodox, formal and ritualistic side of religion which is unable to answer satisfactorily their queries and comply with their inner urge, these deeply religious, spiritually awakened contemplative souls turn to mysticism which has been referred to as "the religion of the heart". Guided by deep feeling and contemplation, through a process which has been termed as the "flight of the alone to the Alone", they have been able to arrive at certain truths of the spiritual life. Hence mysticism is that creative insight, resulting from intense feeling and deep contemplation which provides momentary glimpses to fathom the Divine essence and the reality of things. Knowledge so obtained through direct, personal experience, transcends explanation in temporal terms and is often referred to, symbolically. Since the mystic awareness is all the time engrossed in the thought of an "all pervading, in-dwelling power in whom all things are one" Pantheism enters into mysticism. Wordsworth's following lines makes this idea more clear:

And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime .
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

We now arrive at this definition of mysticism that it is an "endeavour of the human mind to grasp the Divine essence of actual reality of things, and to enjoy the blessedness of actual communion with the highest".

Thus, a mystic is one who has had experiences of direct approach to God and is hence initiated in Divine knowledge which he tries to pass on to the rest of mankind, especially to his devotees. He believes that "All that is, is God", rest is all illusion and deception.

The mystic's firm belief that God alone exists absolutely, leads him to this conclusion that the soul of man has emanated from His Divine Essence. It has been separated from its origin for some time but will ultimately be united with it. This reunion will bring the human soul the highest happiness. According to the early mystics, to achieve this goal and to bring about a perfect re-union, the mystic had to severe all connections, form no attachments of any kind, and guard himself from being fascinated by the wordly charms. This had to be achieved through contemplation of the perfect Divine attributes of love and beauty expressing their significance in mystical terms. He

had to live a life of longing like the burning candle that weeps and awaits the morning to be extinguished. Hence these mystics lived a life of ascetism and self-abnegation, practicing self control and patience.

The Islamic mysticism or Tasawuf, has its origin in the Holy Quran and Hadith. Allah says in the Holy Quran, "I am closer to man, than his jugular vein", there is then the of quoted verse of the Holy Quran, "we are from God, and to God is our return'. But Islam does not ask those in its fold, to completely shun the world and live a life of isolation. It lays great emphasis on man's submitting to the Divine will, contemplating on the Divine attributes and cultivating them in one's personal life. Since Allah is one and unique, man's spiritual evolution can only bring about his 'increasing approximation to the Divine life".

In the early history of Islamic mysticism, only that person was considered to be a sufi, who sought God's nearness by adhering to the tenets of Islam as revealed in the Quran and Shariah. He was the one "who chastened and reformed himself, forsook comforts, kept his mind unsoiled like a mirror, who was apathetic to worldy vicissitudes and indifferent to the material fascinations and who always strove and yearned for union with Allah". They were the means of revitalising Islam among the masses who in return held them in great esteem for their piety and self-abnegation.

Later sufis included Pantheism as a part of their faith according to which God and Nature are one, thus obliterating the distinction between the Creator and the created, in contradiction of the words of the Quran that God is "Unique", He is supreme and He has no equal. They also did not follow the ritual of five times prayers and placed emphasis on intention rather than on observance with the result that they drew upon themselves, the wrath of the orthodox.

A further change was brought in sufism by Ibn Arabi who considered "all Being as essentially one and the existence of the created things as nothing but the very essence of the existence of the Creator". This later product of sufism has been termed as monism.

Sufism in India was influenced by the later Vedantic philosophy, as we can see its traces in the poetry of Shah Abdul Latif during his early mystic stages. According to it, "the only reality in the universe is Brahma...... and that the only relationship to the world of the senses, Maya, is inexpressible. The individual soul, atma, is simply a manifestation of Brahma liberation of the soul can be achieved only through full realization of the oneness of atma, and Brahma" and that "there are many paths to salvation". Atma is the soul and Brahma, "the universal, unchanging, everlasting spirit which is behind the ever changing physical world". The Monist school dominated the later centuries of the Vedantic philosophy.

Although Latif passed through the various stages that a sufi comes across during his journey in search of the Supreme Being, his mysticism is primarily Islamic mysticism or Tasawuf. Frequent references are made to the primal covenant that throws light on man's relation with his Creator as Quran says when God created the souls, He asked them الست بربكم (Am I not your Lord?) and the souls replied قالو بلي (Verily

Thou art). This makes clear the relation between man and God that he is the Creator and man the one created, hence man can only reach God's approximity by obeying the Divine will which becomes the law for him. Sur Marui opens with these very words and in Sur Suhni they are repeated four times at various places. The absolute necessity for obedience to the Divine Law and the seeker's quest in his journey to the Divine Being, Latif expresses beautifully in just these three lines:

ساري سک سبق، شريعت سندو سهٽي،
طريقت تکو وهي حقيقت جو حق،
معرفت مرڪ اصل عاشقن کي.

On Suhni! first devoutedly learn the lesson of Shariat,
The stage of Haqiqat far excels that of Tariqat,
Marifet is ultimate goal of God's lovers,
Achieving knowledge of God, privileged are such seekers.

Shariat is that stage in which the seeker has to live his life according to the laws of religion as strickly laid down, observing all the rituals. Tariqat is the stage of renunciation which soon leads to the next stage of Haqiqat, that stage in which the seeker is granted revelation of the true nature of Godhead and which is retained. Marifat is that stage of the spiritual journey where the evolved soul of the seeker finds itself in Divine approximity.

Concerning the origin of mysticism, Latif quotes the words of the Holy Quran in the following three Stanzas:

هوت تنهنجي هنج ۾، پڇين ڪوهه پهي؟
"وفي انفسڪم افلا تبصرون" سوجهي ڪر سهي
هوت تنهنجي هنج ۾، پڇين ڪُهه پر پاڻ

Beloved is in your lap, why ask others?
His signs are in your soul, why not learn and contemplate?
To seek her love, none went to market place.

هوت تنهنجي هنج ۾، پڇين ڪُهه پر پاڻ
"ونحن اقرب اليه من جبل الوريد" تنهنجو توهين ساڻ
پنهنجو آهي پاڻ، آڏو عجيبن کي.

Beloved within you and you seek him here and there
He is "closer to you than your vein jugular",
Yourself is the hurdle, between your love and you.

ووڙيم سڀ وڻاڻ، يار ڪارڻ جتي جي،
"الله بڪل شيءِ محيط،" اي آرياڻي اهڃاڻ،
سڀ ۾ پنهونءَ پاڻ، ڪينهي ٻيو ٻروچ ري.

I searched all places for my Beloved Baloch,
"God encompasseth all and everything "she came to know.
Punhoon is in all, nothing exists without Baloach

(Sur Sasui Abn)

As it is obvious 1, 2, 3 in above stanzas are the verses of the Holy Quran, Baloch here is used as symbol for God. Many other verses from the Holy Quran of this nature, have been used in the Risalo, which are an ample proof of Latifs Islamic mysticism.

Since Latif contemplates chiefly on the Divine attribute of love, his mysticism has also been called love mysticism, as most of his surs reveal. He contemplates too on the Divine attributes of beauty, compassion and munificence, signifying them by symbols which are taken from our own mundane world, familiar to the masses.

There exists a close connection between this physical and an unseen, invisible world which we may call supernal, and which can only be comprehended by the enlightened ones. Man does not live only this physical. outer life but he lives an inner life simultaneously. Our inner life is directly influenced by the way we live our physical outer life like "The Picture of Dorian Gray". The consciousness of evolving one's inner life dawns upon us when we have lived an active, untarnished earthly life, having performed with sincerity and devotion our worldly responsibilities. In one single line Latif sums up this idea:

جي هت نہ هوت پسن، سي ڪنهن پر ڪيچ پسنديون؟

Those who see not Hote here, can they see Him in Kech?

Thus, man's prime duty is to evolve to a higher life or seek "approximity to the Divine life "while living, this earthly life and complying with its demands. This world has not to be shunned, at the same time one is not to be oblivious of his Divine mission, as Latif says in Sur Asa:

مون کي مون پرين، ٻڌي وڌو تار ۾،
اُيا ايئن چون، مچڻ پاند پسائين.

My love bound me and threw me in water's depth
Standing there, He kept saying, "don't you wet yourself".

To evolve and to be able to achieve our ultimate goal of "Approximation to the Divine life", for which every soul longs for, consciously or unconsciously, man has to cultivate Divine attributes in himself, through constant endeavour and struggle, which Latif has emphasised again and again in his Risalo. I quote this line from Sur Kohiari, remarkable for its brevity and beauty:

قسم ٿي پهچ قريب کي، اجلس تو نہ جڳاءَ،

Arise, reach the Beloved, idleness behoves you not.

In Sur Asa. he says:

ستوئي سيج گھرين، جفا ڏين تہ جان؟

Lying down you desire a bridal couch and struggle not!

In a number of such other verses, he exhorts us to live a life of constant endeavour.

تتيءَ ٿڌيءَ ڪاھہ، ڪانهي ويل وهڻ جي،
متان ٿئي اونداھہ، پير نہ لهين پرين جو.

Whether hot or cold, march on, there is no time to rest,
Lest darkness falls, you fail to find Beloved's tracks.

(Sur Hussani)

# THE SURS

# Kalyan

## (Peace)

## Introduction

Shah Abdul Latif's poetry was originally to be sung, hence it is composed on the various notes of music. Kalyan is a basic melody in music which brings peace when played. It is to be sung at late evening or at dawn since both of these are considered sacred as they are suitable for devotional purposes. Kalyan is a Sanskrit word which means peace, "peace that passeth understanding".

The Risalo begins with the praise of Almighty Allah and Holy Prophet Muhammad (PBUH). Holy Prophet is referred to as the cause of creation and the messenger whose message was to propogate the oneness of God. He is the guide and intercessor between man and God. God is one. He is all-encompassing for He is all-knowing, all-seeing and all-powerful: at the same time He is compassionate and most merciful. We fail to fathom His ways but there is always some good in them, which human limitations hinder us from understanding. Nature and all that we behold and perceive, is a manifestation of God, hence every object in some form or the other, reflects Divine beauty and glory. Unity has led to diversity.

God's 'lovers and seekers of the Divine path are put through many trials and tribulations symbolised in drinking poison, giving up one's life on gallows and cutting of limbs, to which they cheerfully submit as coming from God. He becomes for them a surgeon, a butcher and even a hangman. When a seeker becomes restless under these severe methods of purification. He then becomes the physician who applies the soothing balm or the cup bearer offering the Divine wine. Quoting the words of the Holy Quran, Latif reminds us that those who remember God are remembered by Him also.

Peace can come to the seeker after observing in the beginning ritual of prayers and performing other religious obligations, repenting for the wrongs done and controlling his base passions. He has then to pass through the three stages of Triqat or self-effacement, Marifat or knowledge of Divine, unfathomable workings and Haqiqat, knowledge of God, ultimately being assimilated in God. The above guidance is for the sufis, to the ordinary man Latif's message is to lead a righteous life through repentance, piety and prayers which would bring him peace.

A great poet's creative production is capable of more than one interpretation. Although Latif is mainly referring to the sufis who are the seekers of the path which leads them ultimately to the revelation of eternal truths, it can be applied to any one

who pursues an ideal and struggles for its achievement. He too is confronted with many hardships and has to sacrifice much in various ways. If he is selfless, sincere in the pursuit of his goal, is not dismayed by the many obstacles and hurdles that come in his way, then undoubtedly he will succeed in achieving his ideal. This in fact is the undercurrent of nearly all the surs[1] of the Risalo.

It has to be emphasised at the very outset that God is Shah Abdul Latif's beloved in all the surs of the Risalo.

## Section I

1

Foremost, omniscient and supreme is world's Lord,
Of His own might in existence since aeons old,
Mighty creator, merciful, sustainer, one and only,
His praises sing, He planned and perfected the universe.

اَوَلِ اَللهُ عَلِيمُ، اَعليٰ، عَالَمَ جو ڌڻي،
قادِرُ پَنهنجِي قُدرتَ سين، قائمُ آهِ قَدِيمُ،
والِي، واحِدُ، وَحدَه، رازِقُ، رَبُ رَحِيمُ،
سو ساراهِ سچو ڌڻي، چَئِي حَمدُ حَڪِيمُ،
ڪَري پاڻَ ڪريمُ، جوڙُون جوڙَ جهان جي.

2

Those who in Lord's peerless oneness believe,[2]
Accept Muhammad's (PBUH) guidance, with heart and speech,
Their's is abode of bliss, for they abide God's decree
Never misled are they to paths that dubious be.

"وَحدَه لاَ شَرِيڪَ له"، جَن اُتوسين اِيمانَ،
تن مڃيو مُحَمَّدُ ڪارڻي، قَلبَ ساڻ لِسانَ،
اُو فائقَ ۾ فَرمانَ، اَوَتَرِ ڪنهن نه اوليا.

3

Never misled are the firm and pure in heart,
The knowing ones become one with the only Lord,
For peerless in origin they are.

اَوَتَرِ ڪنهن نه اوليا، سُتَرِ ويا سالِمَ،
هيڪائي هيڪ ٿيا، اَحَد سين عالِمَ،
بي ٻَها بالِمَ، آگي ڪَيا اُڳهين.

4

All light, Master made them unique of old,
Nor fear nor sorrow such ones can hold,[3]
For He made them fortunate, in their origin bold.

آگي ڪَيا اڳهين، نِسوروئي نُورُ
لاَخَوف عَلَيهِم وَلاَهُم يحزَنُونَ سچَن ڪونهي سُورَ،
موليٰ ڪيو معمور، اَنگَ اَزَلَ ۾ اُن جو.

5

Seekers severed keep repeating,
There be no other God save Him,
Their souls united in spiritual traits,

وَحدَه جي وِڍيا، اِلّا اللهَ سين اورِين،
هِنيُون حَقيقَتَ ڳَنڍيو، طريقت تورين،
مَعرفَتَ جي ماٿِ سين، ڏيساندرُ ڏورِين،

With care they tread the sacred ways,
To seek eternal abode with knowledge rare,
No rest they know nor idle sit,
Their being in non-existence reversed.

سَک نہ سُتا ڪذهين، ويهي نہ ووڙِين،
ڪُلَهنئون ڪورِين، عاشِقَ عَبدُاللَطِيف چئي.

6

"There be no God but He, unique is He,"[4]
Your deaf ears this must clearly hear,
Conscience's voice loudly proclaims,
When witnesses confront, bitter tears will be your share.

"وَحدَہ لَا شَرِيڪَ لَہ"، ٻُڌءِ نہ، ٻوڙا!
ڪِ تو ڪَنين نہ سُئا، جي گهَٽَ اندر گهوڙا
ڳاڙينِدين ڳوڙها، جِتِ شاهد ٿيندءِ سامُهان.

7

These words repeat and repeat,
He be one, no kith, no kin has He,
You win or lose in world's battlefield,
Heavenly cup filled to the brim,
He himself will reward you there with.

"وَحدَہ لَا شَرِيڪَ لَہ"، اهو وهائج وِي،
ڪٿين جي هارائين، هندُ تنهنجو هي،
پاٽان چوندءِ پي، پِري جام جنت جو.

8

He be one, no kith no kin has He,
This faith's sound test be,
Repenting losers are followers of duality.

"وَحدَہ لَا شَرِيڪَ لَہ، اِيءُ هيڪڙائي حَقُ،
ٻيائيءَ کي ٻَکُ، جَنِ وڌو سي وِرسيا.

9

Neither my body nor head I find,
Hands, wrists, fingers severed since some time,
In oneness' union self's possession disappeared.

سِرُ ڏُونڊيا، ڌَڙُ نہ لَهان، ڌَڙُ ڏُونڊيان، سر ناهِ،
هَٿَ ڪَرايون آڱرِيُون، وَيا ڪَپجي ڪانہ،
وَحدتَ جڳ وِهانءِ، جي وَيا سَي وَڍِيا.

10

Neither call Him a lover nor Beloved is He,
Call Him not creator nor a creature,
This spiritual secret to him relate,
Who free from all weakness is of late.

عاشقُ چَوءُ مَ اُنَ کي، مَ کِي چَو معشُوقُ،
خالِقُ چَوءُ مَ، خام! تون، نہ کِي چَوءُ مخلوقُ،
سَلِج تَهِين سُلُوڪُ، جو ناقِصنئا نِڳيو.

11

Unity to diversity led, diversity, Unity's outcome,
Truth is one, be not forgetful of this,

وَحدَ تان ڪثرتَ ٿي، ڪَثَرتَ وَحدتَ ڪُلَ،
حَقُ حَقِيقي هيڪڙو، ڀولي ڀِي مَ ڀُل،

I swear, existence tumulous glamour His reflection is.

هُو هَلا چو هَلَ، بِاللهِ سَندو سَجِڻين.

12

Glorious be He, essence of beauty He,
Himself image of Beloved, Himself perfeet being,
Himself the Divine, the disciple and the idea indeed,
Solution of this secret only our inner being can find.

پاڻهين جَلَّ جَلَالُه پاڻهين جانِ جَمالَ،
پاڻهين صُورتَ پرينءَ جي، پاڻهين حُسنَ ڪمالَ،
پاڻهين پيرُ مُريدُ ٿئي، پاڻهين پاڻ خيالَ،
سڀ سيوئي حالَ مَنجهائي معلوم ٿئي.

13

Himself perceives and loves His own sclf,
Himself is desirous of the perfect creation He creates.

پاڻهين پسي پاڻ کي، پاڻهين محبوبُ،
پاڻهين خَلقي خُوبُ، پاڻهين طالِبُ تَنِ جو.

14

Echo and sound are one and the same,
Language's twist and turn understand,
Both were one, hearing has much difference madc.

پڙاڏو سو سَڏُ، وَ رُ وائيءَ جو جي لَهين
هُئا اِڳهين گَڏُ، ٻُڌَڻ ۾ ٻه ٿيا.

15

One Palace, doors in lacs, windows inumerable,
I look from one or all, behold! the Lord is there!

ايڪَ قَصَرُ دَرَ لَکَ، ڪوڙين ڪَڙِ ڳِڙکِيُون،
جيڏانهن ڪريان پرکَ، تيڏانهن صاحبُ سامهون.

16

Thy countless manifestations, nay inumcrable ones,
Same spirit resides in all, manifestations change,
Beloved, which of your signs to describe, how to relate?

ڪوڙين ڪاياٿون تَنهنجون، لکن لَکَ هزارَ،
جيءُ سڀ ڪنهن جيءَ سين، دَرسَنُ ڏارون ڏارَ،
پريمِ! تنهنجا پارَ، ڪهڙا چئي ڪيئَن چوان!

Vai

Each one adores the loved one,
To express such love these eyes are accustomed.
What I hide in my mind,
Beloved always manages to find.
Latif's melodious song will always be heard.

سَيَڪا پريان ڪونَ پُوڄي،
نيڻن نيڻين، ڳُڻ ڳالِ وو.
جاچِتايم چِتَ ۾، سجَڻَ سا تو ٻجهي،
لاتِ جا لطِيف جي، سَڏُ تَنهنجو سُجي!

## Section II

1

My sickness distressed my Lord,
On gallow's board true health I got.

اگھي اگھائي، رَنجُ پرِيان کي رَسِيو،
چَکِيَمِ چڱائي، سور انگھي سُوريءَ تان.

2

Blind and inefficient physician, why burn my skin?
We are in plight of distress,
You prescribe medicines!
Gallows for such is comforts' scat,
In death alone is Lord revealed.

اَنڌا اُونڌا وَيجَ! ڪَلَ ڪُڄاڙِئا ڪانئيين؟
اسان ڏُکي ڏِيلَ ۾، تُون پياريين پيچَ!
سُوري جَنِين سيجَ، مَرڻَ تَنِ مُشاهِدو.

3

Gallows is lovers' adornment ever,
To bend, to return, to them is shame,
In full public vicw they stand to fulfil,
Their initial vow of being cut to pieces.

سُوري آهه سِينگارُ، اِڳھين عاشِقَن جو،
مُڙڻُ موٽڻُ مِهڻو، ٿيا نِظاري نِروارُ،
ڪُسَڻ جو قرارُ، اَصلِ عاشِقَنِ ڪي.

4

Why jubilant Lord's lovers are on gallows?
Gallows is comfort's couch, since their eyes did Him behold.

سُوريءَ مٿي سَيڻَ، ڪَهڙي ليکي سَزا،
جڏهن لَڳن نيڻ، تہ سُوري سيج ٿي.

5

Though hundred times gallows be your lot,
Give not up the path of love for the Lord,
Love's secret from its origin is to be sought.

سُوريءَ تي سَوءُ وارَ، ڏيهاڙيو چَنگ چَڙهين،
جِمَ وِرچي ڇَڏيين، سِڪَڻ جي پَچارَ،
پرتِ نہ پَسين پارَ، نينهن جِئائين نِگيو.

6

First with knife let your head be severed,
Like an organ let your body viberate with love's secret sadness,
Since you seek Lord's love, on iron bars roast your flesh.

پهرين ڪاتِي پاءِ پُڇج پوءِ پرِينَٽون،
ڏُکُ پرِيان جو ڏِيَل ۾، وَاڄتَ جِيئَن وڄاءِ،
سِخُنِ ماهُ پَچاءِ، جي نالو ڳيڙُءِ نيهن جو.

7

No blame on knife, its handle in cutter's hand,
Iron itself trembles at Beloved's ways.
Lovers always are engrossed in His thoughts.

ڪاتِيءَ ڪونهي ڏوهُ، ڳَنُ وَڍِيندڙَ هَٿَ ۾،
پَيو پِرِ عَجيبَ جِي، لِچڪيو وَڃي لوهُ،
عاشِقَنِ اَندوهُ، سدا معشوقَن جو.

8

Let the knife be blunt not sharp,

May Beloved's hands on me then longer last.

کاتي تکي م ٿيئي! مَر منيائي هوءِ،
مان وِر مَنِ توءِ مون پرين جا هٿڙا.

9

Heads of those in front on cutting block,

Are thronged by others to join this lot.

To be accepted have your head severed,

Nothing less than that can acceptance find,

See you not on the ground severed heads lie?

Within the wine shop slaughter of heads is brisk.

اڳيان اڏِنِ وَٽِ، پوين سِرَ سنباهيا،
ڪاتِ تہ پوين قبول ٿِيا، متان پائئين گهٽِ،
مٿا ماين جا، پيا نہ ڏسين پٽ؟
ڪلالڪي هٽِ، ڪُٺَ جو ڪوپ وهي.

10

If you desire eternal drink, seek tavern's street,

Place your severed head next to wine's barrel,

Bridegroom! drink a draught of that which senses dulls,

Cheaper in exchange of head this bargain find.

جي اٿئي سِڌَ سڪَ جي، تہ وڃ ڪلالن ڪاتي،
"لاهي رکُ" لطيف چئي، "مٿو وٽِ ماٽي"،
"تِڪَ ڏيئي پِڪَ پِيَ، تون گهوٽ! منجهان گهاٽي"،
"جِص ورنہ وهاٽي، سو سِروَٽِ سَرو ساهنگو".

11

Eternal drink if you desire, seek tavern's street,

Where cry for such drink is always heard,

Cheaper head's bargain find, when this mystery is unfurled.

جي اٿئي سڌ سرڪ جي، تہ وڃُ ڪلاڪي ڪوءِ،
مهيسر جي منڌ جي، هٽِ هڏهين هوءِ،
جان رمزپروڙيم روءِ، تان سِروَٽِ سرڪي سڳڀي.

12

Divine drink money cannot get,

Its price is severance of your head,

Tavern is their abode who near wine jars die.

ناٽي ناهِ ڪڪوه، ڪي مُل مهانگو منڌ؟
"سنباهِج، سيدَ چئي، ڪاتَرَ ڪارڻ ڪنڌ"،
"هِيءَ تنين جو هنڌ، مٽن پاسِ مرنِ جي".

13

Lovers of Lord, are accustomed to poisonous draught,

Poison's sight to them is great joy.

Engrossed in love's thoughts, steeped in separation's scres,

Their festering wounds in public they expose not, nor utter a sigh.

عاشق زهر پياڪَ، وِهُ پسيو وِ هسن گهڻو،
ڪڙي ءِ قاتل جا، هميشہ هيراڪَ،
"لڳينِ لنوءُ"، لطيف چئي "فنا ڪِيا فِراق"،
"توٽي چڪنِ چاڪَ تہ بہ انت نہ ڏين عام کي".

14

Desire not Divine wine, if bitter poisonous drink you shun,

Whose draught drains spirit out of veins.

On tavern's door display, your severed head,

Before a draught of Divine wine you can taste.

مَ ڪر سڌَ سَري جي، جي تون نٿارئين ٿُوهَ،
پيتي جنهن پاسي ٿيئي، منجهان رڳن روح،
"ڪاتي چڪ ڪڪوهه، لاهي سر" لَطيف چئي.

15

Vain desire! Why crave for wine Divine?

They turn back seeing wine distiller's blade,

Only they can this draught drink,

Who from offering heads in this bargain do not shrink.

سَڌَڙيا يا شراب جون، ڪوه پچارون ڪن؟
جيئن ڪاتَ ڪلالن ڪڍيا، تہ موٽيو پوءِ وڃن،
پڪون سي پيئن، سِرَ جنين جا سَٽ ۾.

16

Head severed, body in pieces, limbs in qualdron,

Let such seek the eternal draught,

Who in their hands hold their heads high.

سِرَ جُدا، ڏڙَ ڏار، دوڳَ جنين جا ديڳ ۾،
سي مُرڪن پچارَ، حاضر جن جي هٿَ ۾.

17

Preserving heads from beginning is not lovers task,

Divine friends' company hold better than hundred heads held high,

A sip from its cup is better than those bones and skin dry.

اَصل عاشقن جو، سِرَ نہ سانڍڻ ڪمُ،
سَوَ سِئا اڳرو، سندو دو سان دمُ،
هي هڏو ۽ چمُ، پڪَ پريان جي نہ پڙي.

18

In head's exchange Divine Love's union all would claim,

Lovers would throng for such rare bargain,

With what other commodity can you Divine Love exchange?

جي مٿي وَٽِ مِڙن، تہ سڀ ڪنهن سَڌَ ٿئي،
سِرَ ڏِني سَٽِ جڙي تہ عاشق ايئن اَچن،
لِڏا تي لَيَن، مُل مهَنگا سُپرين.

19

Where drop of wine Divine is beyond all price,

There longing calls only for sacrifice.

Ours to worship, Beloved's to graces shower.

مُلهہ مهانگو قطرو، سِڪَڻ شهادتَ،
اَسان عِبادتَ، نَظَرُ نازُ پرين جو.

Vai

Drinking love's wine, I learnt of Beloved's reality,

Sipping love's cup, I comprehended its beauty.

Life on this earth is just for days few,

All that I perceive is You, only You.

مَنڍُ پئندي مون، ساجَنُ سَهي سُڃاتو،
پي پيالو عشقَ جو، سَپ ڪِي سمجهون سُون،
پريان سَندي پارَ جي، اندرِ آڳِ اَٿون،
جِئڻ ناهي جڳَ ۾، ڏينهن مِڙيئي ڏُون،
"الله" عَبدُاللطِيفُ چئي، "آهين تُونهين تُون"،

## Section III

1

Having awakened me and putting me in love's pain,

The Divine Beloved has now disappeared,

Physician's talk since then, I cannot bear.

اُٿياري، اُٿي ويا مَنجهان مُون آزار،
حَبيبَ ٺي هَٽي ويا، پيڙا جي پچارَ،
طَبِيبَن تَنوارَ، هَڏِ نہ وڻي هاڻ" مُون.

2

Strange affliction under Divine guidance he has got,

Physician's treatment not a bit of change has brought,

For God alone is his caretaker and cure, He directs his path.

اَور ڏکندو اُو ٿِئي، هادِي جنهن حَبِيبُ،
تِرَ تفاوَتَ نہ ڪَري، تنهن کي ڪو طَبِيبُ،
رَهنُما، رَقِيبُ، سا ٿِر صَحتَ سُپرِين.

3

Soothing balm for health is love Divine,

Pain He gives none to such a kind.

In society amicable without a fault,

In lone presence wrathful Lord.

Daggers' blows He gives to him,

Who seeks his friendship,

And purges the very veins, then overlooks his faults.

سا ٿِر صَحتَ سُپرِين، آهي نہ آزارُ،
مجلسَ ويَر منو ٿِئي، ڪونيِندي قَهارُ،
خَنجرُ تنهن خوبُ هَٽي، جنهن سين ٿِئي يارُ،
صاحبُ رَبَ سَتّارُ، سوجهي رڳون ساهَ جُون.

4

Veins became musical organ, producing music ever,

Silently suffer pain, for from Beloved comes no answer.

He who has me baked, is my love stead-fast,

He gives severe pain, He alone is soul's solace.

رڳون ٿِيون رَبابَ، وَڄن ويلَ سَپَ ڪَنهن،
لُڇڻُ ڪَڇڻ نہ ٿيو، جانبُ ريءَ جَبابَ،
سوئي سَنڌِيندُم سُپرين، ڪيو جنهن ڪَبابَ،
سوئي عينَ عَذابَ، سوئي راحتَ روحَ جي.

5

He alone blocks the way, He alone directs,

He elevates whom He pleases, He degrades whom he wishes.

سوئي راهہ رَدِ ڪري، سوئي رَهنماءِ،
وَ تُعِزُ مَن تَشاءُ، وَتُذِلُ مَن تَشاءُ.

6

Why long for Divine Love's salutation?

Why not go and make obeisance?

Other doors are forbidden to those who seek this one.

سِڪين ڪُه سلام کي، ڪَرين ڪُه نہ سَلامَ؟
ٻيا دَرَ تَنِ حَرامُ، اِيءُ دَرُ جَنِين ڏٺيو.

7

Divine Love's sayings are not bitter but sweet,

Even His silence radiates peace.

مِٺايان مِٺو گهَٽو، ڪَڙو ناهِ ڪَلامُ،
سُڪُوت ئي سلامَ، پِريان سَندي پارَ جو.

8

What comes from Divine Beloved is all sweet,

There is nothing bitter if wisely perceived.

پِريان سَندي پارَ جِي، مِڙئي مِٺائي،
ڪانهي ڪَڙائي، چِڪين جي چيتُ ڪَري.

9

He whose remembrance you crave, longs for you too

"Recollect me that I may remember you."[5]

Try to understand the deep truth of it,

Sweetness on tongue, knife in hand, is for you, His concern.

تو جَنين جِي تاتِ، تَنِ پُڻ آهي تنهنجي،
"فَاذكُرُوني اَذكُركُم". اِيءُ پَروڙج باتِ،
هَٿِ ڪاتِي ڳُڙواتِ، پَچَرَ پِرين جِي.

10

Smiling the Divine Beloved from me once asked,

"Am I not your Lord"?[6]

Since then love's pains' thorn from me never departs.

پاٻوهي هيڪار، مون کان پُڇيو سَڄَڻين،
"اَلَستُ بِرَبِڪُم"، چَيائون جنهن وارَ،
سندِي سور ڪِنارَ، تَنَ تڏاهَڪُون نہ لَهي.

11

With smile on lips, lovers ask where lies Beloved's hand?

From love's spear, they shift themselves not.

With heads raised high before death they march

Sacrifice for them is love, death is union with God.

پاٻوهيو پُڇَنِ، ڪِٿي هَٿُ حَبِيبُ جو؟
نيزي هينان نينهن جي، پاسي پاڻُ نہ ڪَنِ،
عاشقَ اَجَلَ سَامهان، اوچي ڳاٽِ اُچَنِ،
ڪُسڻ قُربُ جَنَ، مَرَڻُ تَنِ مُشاهِدو.

12

Divine Beloved's call is for lovers non-existence,
Their non-being is Beloved's union,
Hence shift not yourself from love's spear.

ڪوني ڪھي سپرين، ڪوني ڪھڻ ساڻ،
نيزي هيٺان نيھن جي، پاسي ڪرم پاڻ
ڄل وِڃائي ڄاڻ، عاشق! اجل سامهون.

13

To drive away lover, is to have him nearby,
What contradiction appears, is love's reply,
Lose not hope, to connect or break, is His task.

ڪوٺڻ قريبن جو، عين تڙڻ آهِ،
ايءَ اُلٽي ڳالھڙي، سِڪ وٽندي ساءِ،
آسرو هڏم لاهِ، ڇنڻ ڳنڍڻ اُن جو.

14

He kills, when cares, He cares when He kills fast,
Mother! suffering comes from Him and He is souls' solace.

ڪھن تان ڪرلھن، ڪرلھن تان ڪھن،
سيئي ماءِ! مھن، سيئي راحت روح جي،

15

Killing equates with care, such always is Beloved's path,
The Surgeon who incised your wound,
Is the same who is your soul's solace.

ڪھي سو ڪرلھي، ڪوٺي سو قريب،
اِها عادت سِکيو، هر زمان حبيب،
تِڇي سو طبيب، سوئي راحت روح جي.

Vai

Physician of my body's ailment will He be,
Beloved will shower His graces on me,
Gracious one Himself enquired after me.
My body's ailment He removed,
For, Latif says, expert physician is He.

ٿيندو تن طبيب داروُن منھنجي درد جو،
ٻڪي ڏيندم ٻاجھ جي، اَچي شال عجيب!
پرين اَچي پاڻ ڪيو، سندو غور غريب
ڏکندو سيوئي ڏور ڪيو، منجھون تن طبيب،
"اديون!" عبداللطيف چئي، "هاتڪ آهه حبيب"،

# Yaman Kalyan
## (Passage to Peace)
## Introduction

The word Yaman means to control one's mind and make it so conscious that it finds peace. In this Sur, Latif gives guidance to the seeker of the Divine path or the sufi' who embarkes on a spiritual journey how to control his own self and how to subdue his passions. Its early part deals with the subject of who is a sufi, not one who puts on a tall cap and a long gown but one who is able to control his anger, is patient and deals with every one in a kind and humble way. He seeks the company of those who give comfort to the distressed and not of those who cause more suffering to the already distressed ones. The true sufi (mystic) is engrossed in God's rememberance and sees His oneness in the multitudinous creation around him. Latif gives the pith of Roomi's philosophy by saying that every one seeks beauty's source and all that they have to do, is to remove the veil from their hearts and behold the vision beautific.

Our Saint-poet then brings out the distinction between the true seeker and the pretender. The pretender sheds tears in public but when he is made to pass through severe tests, abandons his search. The true seeker is silent, and avoids public gaze. He welcomes the ordeal of rigorous trial.

Latif like Plato considers this world as a reflection or mirror of eternity but the people of the world refuse to understand this. The more the learned ones try to read, the more confused they become as there is no collaboration in what they read and what they practice. Those who have true knowledge are silent, for they spend their lives in contemplation and prayer through which God is revealed to them in various ways.

This sur is replete with poetic beauties in addition to the deep mystic philosophy of perceiving unity in diversity. The spiritual guides are the prophets who are essential for this path. Such a guide or the Divine Beloved is compared to a physician, to a surgeon, to an archer, to an ironsmith, to a wine distiller, to a vintner, to an eagle and to a gorgeous rider. God's love is symbolised in wine and those in its grip, to drunkards.

The sur further contains golden advice not only to the sufis but toother people also as to what makes a righteous life and how to live it which chiefly consists in following the path of self control so as to bring peace, through humility, kindness, courtesy, patience and forbearance.

## Section I

1

You are the Beloved, you are the physician,
You alone are pain's medicine,
Within me are aches of inumerable kinds,
Lord! heal Thou my afflicted mind.

تون حبيبُ، تون طبيبُ، تون درد جي دوا،
جانب! منهنجي جيءَ ۾، آزار جا انوا،
صاحب! ڏيءُ شفا، ميان! مريضن کي!

2

You are the Beloved, you are the physician,
For all ailments, you are the medicine
You give, you cure, Oh! gracious One,
Treatment only then affects when you order it.

تون حبيبُ، تون طبيبُ، تون دارون کي دردن،
تون ڏئين، تون لاهين، ڏاتر کي ڏکندن،
تڏهن ڦڪيون فرقُ ڪن، جڏهن امر ڪريو اُن کي.

3

Strike Beloved, raise your hand, take arrow's aim,
My place be your lap on this pretex,
Let this be a means for me to join You.

هڻُ حبيبَ هٿ ڪڍي، ٻنگا لهي ٻاڻُ،
ماڳهين مون منهن ٿيئي، جهولي وڃان پاڻ،
اِن پر ساجن ساڻ، مان مقابلو مون ٿئي.

4

Where You aim your love's dart,
There physicians forget practising their art.

جتِ حبيبَ هڻن، ناوڪ پري نيهن جي،
تتي طبيبن، وڃا وڃي وسري.

5

Divine Love, if you kindly wound on me inflict,
Physicians I will not seek,
But live with those whom You so afflict.

هڻين جي حبيب! محبتي ميا ڪري،
پڇان ڪين طبيب، هوند گهائن سين ٿي گهاريان.

6

Afflicted with arrow's lead point they rumble,
In love's pain, covered with blood, they smart,
Themselves their wounds they treat and bind,
And spend a night with the suffering lot.

ڪانارئا ڪُڙڪن، جنين لوهه لڱن ۾،
محبت جي ميدان ۾، پيا لال لڇن،
پاڻهين ٻڪن پٽيون، پاڻهين ڇڪئا ڪن،
وٽان واڍ وڙهن، رهي اڄجي راتڙي.

7

Spend a night with those afflicted,
In secret they bind their wounds, having reflected.

رهي اڄجي راتڙي، تن واڍوڙهن وٽاءِ،
جن کي سور سرير ۾، گهٽ منجهار اگهاءِ،
لڪائي لوڪاءِ. پاڻهين ٻڌن پٽيون.

8

Even today are heard wounded ones groans,
They treat and with plaster bind their sores.

اَڄُ پُڻ ڪَنجھو ڪَنجھَ، واڍوڙڪيءَ مَنھَي،
جُو پُڻ پِين سَنجھَ، ھُو پِنيُون ھُو پَٽِيُون.

9

Those in good health, know not life of afflicted ones,
On floor they lie and turn for help to none.
In secret for Divine Love's union they pine,
Shedding tears in its memory, their night is passed.

سَگھَن سُڌِ نہ سُورَجِي، گھايَلَ ڪيئَن گھارين،
پِيل پاسو پٽ تان، واڍوڙ نہ وارِين،
پِرِ ۾ پَچَن پِرينءَ لئي، ھَئي! ھنجُون ھارين،
سَڄَڻُ جي سارين، تَن رويو وِھامي راتڙِي.

10

The healthy ones know not the plight of those afflicted,
On ground they lie in great distress.
Seized with perpetual longing, Latif says,
In tears their whole night they pass.

سَگھَنِ سُڌِ نو سُورجي، ٿا رُنڪِن رَنجوري،
پيا آھن پَٽَ ۾، مَيِن ماموري،
"لَڳَيِن لَنوءُ" لَطِيفُ چَئي، "سدا جِي سُورِي"،
پِرِتِ جَنِ پورِي، تَنِ رويو وِھَامي راتڙِي.

11

Mother, I believe not in their ostentatious tears,
Their eyes are filled with tears for public gaze,
Those whose love is true, neither weep nor speak of it.

آيل اُنِ نہ وِسَھان، ھَنجُون جي ھارين،
آٽيو آبُ اَکين ۾، ڏيھَ کي ڏيکارين،
سَڄَڻُ جي سَارين، سي نہ ڪِي رُون نہ چُون ڪِي.

Vai

Confused physicians depart, love's pain is in my heart,
Rise physicians, do not tarry, be quick to depart.
He who gives pain and takes it away, is here,
He who revives my sick heart is near.

وِرسِيا ويجَ ويچارا! دِلِ ۾ دردُ پِرِيَنِ جو،
اُٿو ويڄا! مَ وِڃو ڍَبَ ڪَٽِي،
ٻُڪي ڏيندا ٻاجھَ جِي، آيا سُورَ ڏَٽِي،
آيا جِيءَ جيارا، دل ۾ دَرد پِرِيَنِ جو.

## Section II

1

Physicians you cannot treat my ailment,
Collect your medicines, bury them under the earth,
I desire not life without union with Divine love.

تَنَ طَبِيبُ نہ تون، سُڌِ نہ لھين سُورَجِي،
سانڍِ پنھنجا ڏَٻَڙا، کَڏُ کَٽِي ۾ پُون
ڪانَ گھُرجي مُون، حياتي ھوتن ري.

2

With true physicians they bandied words obeying them not,

Their efforts bear no fruit, for their advice is followed not.

ويڄن سين وائي پيا، ڪري نہ ڪيائون،
جي پند پاريائون، تہ سگھائي سگھا ٿيا.

3

Physicians give to the sick much attention,

Their treatment is of no avail without prevention.

آهي گھڻو اگھن جو، ترس طبيبن،
ڪيو وس ويڄن، تان ڪري ريءَ ڪين ٿئي.

4

I shunned them when physicians were my neighbours,

For I had in my eyes cataracts rare.

پاڙي ويڄ هيام تان مون مور نہ پڇيا،
تيلاهين پيام، موريسر اکين ۾.

5

Fool! by physicians' guidance you did not abide,

You harmed yourself, health you had found otherwise.

"هاريا! تو هري، ڪڇ ڪاياسين ڪيو".
"ڪرئين جي ڪري، تہ تون توانو ٿئين".

6

If you seek Divine Love's union, learn from thieves,

Who, whole night rejoice and vigil keep,

And utter not a word when exposed,

Bound together and tortured, tongue-tied they remain,

Though big blades wounds inflict, to disclose secrets, they refrain.

جي پائئين پرين مڙان، تہ سک چوران ڪي ذاتِ،
جاڳڻ جشن جن ڪي، سک نہ ساري راتِ،
اُجهي ٻُجهي آئيا، وائي ڪن نہ واتِ،
سلي سوريءَ چاڙهيا، ٻيان ڪن نہ باتِ،
توڻي ڪٽن ڪاتِ، ساڙي سلن ڪين ڪي.

7

Physician drove afflicted ones from their doors,

Wounds fester, nor do they form scabs,

Divine Love's sight can heal and cure.

Physicians unaccomplished return, Divine Love come,

That health to me be restored.

تڙي طبيبن، گھايل گھران ڪڍيو،
چڪيا چاڪ چيھون ڪري، ڪرُيون مورنہ ڪن،
دوست جي درسن سين، پئي تارُ تپن،
ورچيو ويڄ وڃن آءُ تہ پرئين اُبهان!

8

He who inflicted bruises alone is my physician,

In haste were bandaged my wounds,

وڏي جن وڏياس، وري ويڄ ئي سي ٿيا،
ترت ٻڌائون پٽيون، روز ڪيائون راس،

Oh! my mind, keep His company, lest you guidance lose.

هينئڙا! تنين پاسِ، گهارِ تہ گهايَلُ نہ ٿئين

9

Physicians give me no pills, lest I get well,

Remaining ill, some day Beloved may enquire my health.

ويجَ! مَ ٻُڪي ڏي! اَلا! چڱي مَ ٿيان،

سَجَڻُ مانَ اَچي، ڪَرَلا هُوتِي ڪَڏهِين.

10

You were with physicians, how did you sickness contract?

In exchange of your head, why did you not medicine get?

هُئين تہ ويجَنِ وَٽِ، تون ڪيئن جِيءَ جَنْوتيئن؟

سِر ڏيئي مِ سَٽِ، ڇو نه ڪِئي ڏَبَڙا؟

11

Inexperienced physicians inflicted on me many cuts,

My weak limbs they cauterized, causing me much hurt.

ڪُتِيسَ ڪُويجَنِ، تَنَ طَبِيبَ نہ گَڏيا،

ڏيئي ڏَنپ ڏَڏَنِ، پاٽان ڏِيل ڏُکوئيو.

12

The sick paid no heed to physician's instructions,

How could medicine bring them restoration?

تَرَسُ طَبِيبَن جو، جَڏَن ڪَيو نہ جات،

جي ويجَن جي واتِ، دارُونئان سي دُورِ ٿيا.

13

Physician's pills and medicines were of no avail,

Beloved my pulse will check and mercy's medicine make,

Such care on Beloved's part will make suffering depart.

دارُون ۽ ڪارُون، جان ڪي ڪِيا ويجَ مون!

ٻُڪي ڏيندا ٻاجَهہ جِي، نماري ناڙُون،

جَنِ جُون سيڻ لَهن سارُون، تَنِ تان ڏکندو ڏورِ ٿئي

14

Today the suffering ones called health in unison,

Disease disappeared when loved one's face was seen.

اَڄ مِڙِيي اَڄُ، ڪَيو سَڏُ صِحَتَ کي،

ڏورِ ڏکَندَا! ڀڄُ، مِهرِيءَ مُنهن ڏيکارِيو.

Vai

Beloved! come and heal your love-lorn one,

Blame me not if I die in your longing,

Be my cure, come with handful of medicines.

اَچِي سارَلِهيج، ساجَنَ! سُورَتُماري آئون مارِي،

سُورَتُماري جي مَران، تان مُون ڏوهُ نہ ڏيج،

ڏبَن پَري هَٿَڙا، دارُون دوستَ! ڪَريج،

## Section III

1

Alas! Alas! longing laments' seat is my heart,
Liver and kidneys in this fire roasted I find,
Come and see the flames over me, if you have a mind.

هَئي هَئي! وَهي هاءِ، مَن ۾ محبوبن جي!
جيرا جوش جلائيا، ٻُڪين ٻري باهِ ،
پَسو مَچ مَٿاءِ، جي ويساهه نه وِسهو!

2

May I roast on desert trees' coals!
Liver and kidneys all in skewers,
Beyond physician's cure, ready for Beloved to health ensure.

ڪانڊين ٿانڊين ٻاٻرين، پَچان مَرُ پيئي!
جيرا جِگرُ ٻُڪيون، سيخُن ۾ ٽيئي
ويڄُن ويئي، ٿي وَهيڻي سَڄڻين

3

Divine love aimed arrow again,
Whistling and wheezing to me it came,
Passing through liver and kidneys far it went,
Though hard I pull, the struck dart, I cannot extract.

سَرُ جو سَڄَڻَ سَڄڻين، ٻيهَرَ ٻاڻ ٻَري،
چَمڪيو سو چوه مان ڪَڙڪَڙڪانُ ڪَري،
جيرا جِگرُ، ٻُڪيون، لنگهي پيو پَري،
لڳوَ جيءَ جَڙي، تاڻيان ٽيرُ نه نِڪري.

4

Ask moths the process of burning,
Who throw themselves in fire raging,
Their hearts being pierced with arrows that come whistling.

پُڇ پَتنگن کي، سَنديون ڪامڻ خَبَرون،
آڻيو وِجهن آگ ۾، جيءَ پنهنجو جي،
جيري جَنين جي، لڳا نيزا نِينهن جا.

5

Come and put off passions' fire, if you are a moth,
Fire has burnt many, you burn the fire's wrath,
Guard the secret, like an adept put the fire off.

پتنگُ چائين پاڻ کي، ته اُجهي آگ اُجهاءِ،
پَچڻُ گهڻا پَچائيا، تون پچڻ کي پَچاءِ!
واقفُ ٿي وِساءِ آگِ نه ڏجي عامَ کي

6

If you are a moth, turn not away from fire's wrath,
Enter into Beloved's effulgence, be the one elect,
You being immature know not furnace's depth.

پَتنگُ چائين پاڻ کي، پَسي مَچُ مَ موٽُ!
سَمائي سُپيرين جي، کِمڙُ ته ٿيئن کوٽُ!
اَڃان تون اَروٽُ! ڪُوري خَبَر نه لهين.

7

Moths united, gathered over the blazing fire,
Heat unnerved them not for truth's sake they scorched,
Many necks were lost, consumed in fire's wrath.

پَتنگن پهه ڪيو، مِڙيا مٿي مَچَ،
پَسي لَمسَ نه لِڇيا، سَڙيا مٿي سَچَ،
سَندا ڳِچين ڳَچَ، ويچارن وِڃائيا.

8

Like a furnace if your body burns, sprinkle patience over it,
In discipline's fire, scorch your limbs,
Cover with confidence, your stages spiritual,
Disclose not your restlessness, Latif says,
Lest it may to union hinderence bring.

جي تَتو تَنُ تَنُورَ جيئَن، تہ ڇَنڊي ساڻُ ڇَماءِ،
آٽي آگِ اَدبَ جِي، ٻاري جانِ جَلاءِ،
ٻُرقِعا اِندر بازُيون، پنهنجون سبِ پَچاءِ،
"لُڇَڻُ لَنوءُ" لَطيفُ چَئي، "پَڌَرَ هَڌِمَ پاءِ،"
مَتان لوڪَ لَکاءِ، وِصالا وِچَ پَئي.

9

Only yesterday Beloved from furnace did me extract,
To the path of oneness in haste, I am dragged,
Blaze above lover's head, never is swept.

اڃا تُنو ران، ڪالہ ڪڍيوسون سڄڻين،
پُڻ تاياٺون تڪڙو، وحدت جي وڏان،
محبتين مٿان، مچ موراٺين نہ لهي!

10

Those who melted ore and made it steel,
Their worth blacksmith alone can feel.

پچائي پهاڻ، جن رساٽيو رڪ کي،
تنين سندو ڄاڻ، آهي آڳڙين کي.

11

Today too blacksmith's hammer strokes are heard,
Loves fire heaped with coals is in a blaze,
Apprentice! Keep close to fire lest into bits ore breaks.

ڌَنءَ ڌَنءَ ڌمڻ وار، اڄ پڻ آڳڙين جي،
ٻاري مچ مجاز جو، اوتياٺون انڱار،
ڌوڏا! ٿيءُ مَ ڌار، جم ڪچو رُڪ ڪٽيون ٿئي.

12

Apprentice! you use not the beater, nor come close to fire,
The flames of love you do not bear,
Standing there, being blacksmith you proclaim.

ڌوڏا! تون نہ ڌئين، آگ اوڏو نہ وڃين،
الاجي عشق ڄا، سي تان تون نہ سهين!
اُڀو ايئن چئين، تہ آئون آڳڙيون آهيان!

13

Let your head be an anvil, then ask for smith's abode,
So you be changed to steel after many a stroke.

سر سانداڻ ڪري، پڇج گهر لهار جو،
ڌڪن ميٺ ڌري، مان گڏينئي رڪ سين!

14

Bear like anvil, stroke after stroke,
In Love's ecstasy annihilate yourself with hammer's blows.

سهين جيئن سانداڻ، ڌڪن مٿي ڌڪڙا،
وهہ وڃائين پاڻ، ڏي ڏباٺون ڏگرين.

15

Today smiths expert in whetstone have come,

اڄ آڳڙيا آئيا، سوڏا سراٽي،

Whetting swords of steel, will sharpen some.
پياري پاڻي، تيغون ڪندا تکيون،

16

Today the well informed smiths are here,
Rust will they remove, steel will brighter then appear.

اڄ آڳڙيا آئيا، سائو ڪي سڃاڻ
لاهيندا مورياڻ، رڪ ڪريندا پڌرو

17

I saw them happy, who knew whetstones worth,
Never do their swords gather on them rust.

سرها ڏٺم سي، جني ساڃاءِ سراڻ سين،
تيغ تنين جي کي، ڪٽ نه لڳي ڪڏهين

Vai

Revive my heart, revive my heart, depress it not,
Loved one's thoughts, save Him nothing is sought,
From grace's oceans depth, love offered me a large drink,
With one gesture remove my ailment.
Bless this unworthy me with your grace,
With your pure glances, look at my face,
Like your concern for the needy, bring out the drowning ones.

جيءَ جياريو، جيءَ جياريو، ڪين منهنجڙو هاريو،
پرين جي پچار، سيڻن جي سنڀار، جڏڙو جيءَ جياريو،
اجيو تن عميق مان، پرين پر پياريو،
مرض مريضن تان، اشاري ساڻ اتاريو،
ڪرم ڪريمن جي مون کي، اهڪيءَ مان اڪاريو،
سڱون منهن ڪري سپرين! اوهين نرمل نهاريو،
سائلن جيئن سڌ ڪري، اوهين طالحن کي تاريو،

## Section IV

1

One cup! Two to drink! Love prohibits it,[2]
Can the calculating ones come close to love?
Engrossed in their own being, union to them cannot come.

ايڪ پيالو! ٻه ڄڻا عشق نه ڪري ايئن،
ليکيا جي لکڻ ۾، سي قرب رسندا ڪيئن؟
هئڻ ڪيا هيئن، وانجئا، پس ! وصال کان.

2

One Cup! Two to drink! Love allows not this,
Satiated in love's grasp, they become one,
By love's blade, is duality to pieces cut.

ايڪ پيالو! ٻه ڄڻا! عشق نه ايئن ڪري،
آئي سي ايڪ ٿيا، جي گتا نيهن ڳري،
دوئي ڏار ڏري، خلت خنجر آئيو.

3

One cup! Two to drink! Love forbids this sharing,
Poet! this habit of Qawal's, refrain from learning.

ايڪ پيالو! ٻه ڄڻا! عشق نه ڪري اڏ،
ايءَ تان شاعر سڌ، ڪيتيءَ جا قوال سين

4

Vanquishers of passions, turn poison to honey sweet,
Sit beside them, give yourself a few cups treat.

قاتل ڪمائي ڪري، وه ماکي جي ڪن،
وٽان ويهي تن، پيج ڪي پياليون.

5

Hide not your wine[3] from those who drink,
In abundance offer it to side walk seekers, Vintner,[4]
this way alone your wine becomes dear.

هوندو هڏ م سنڌ، لاءِ پيا ڪن پنهنجو،
پوج پيارج پنهيڙا، ويندا وٺيو ڪنڌ،
تہ هٽ تنهنجي هنڌ، موکي! ڪومانُ لهي.

6

Hide not your stored wine from those who drink,
Offer its draught to travellers who seek it,
One single drop will fetch lacs, offered to such ones.

هوندو هڏم رک، لاءِ پيا ڪن پنهنجو،
وٽي واٽاڙئن رکي، تان پياري پرک،
سالک لهي ٿي لک، جا تو ايندي ان سين.

7

The habitual drunkards[5] are choked with poisonous wine,
Oh Saqi! up and offer to friends the drink Divine,
One drop satisfies them not, their glance is on the pot.

گهٽن ۾ گهٽڪن، وٽيون پين وه گاڏيون،
برخيز بده ساقي! پيار ڪي پرين.“
پڪين نہ پرچن، مٽ تڪيائون منجهيان.

8

Breeze blows from north, vintners open wine pots,
Drunkards prepare their heads to taste this sort.

آئي اُتر واءَ، موکيءَ مٽ اپٽيا،
متارا تنهين ساءَ، اچن سر سنباهيو.

9

Vintner! sprinkle wine shop's dew on drunkards,
That all may it know and sing your praises,
When at dawn drunkards' foot in your yard is set.

وجهج واٽاڙئن تي، ميخاني جي ماڪ،
ٿيندي سڌ سڀڪهين، هنڌ هنڌ پوندي هاڪ،
پرهہ جا پياڪ، جيئن سي اڱڻ آئيا.

10

Assembled in your yard, all wine they will drink,
Their thirst still unquenched, more they will ask you to bring.

جيئن سي اڱڻ آئيا، تہ سرو ڪندا سج،
سائي ٿيندين اڄ، هي پيتو! هو آڻ ڪي!

11

Mean vintner is indifferent to all,
Delivering cup after cup, he brings about their fall.

موکي چوکي نہ ٿئي اصل اوڇي ذات،
وٽيون ڏيئي وات، متارا جنهين ماريا،

12

Drunkards are dead you must not die,

Distressed one! can you live without the generous lot?

متارا مري ويا، موکي! تون نـ مرين!
کيهي پر پرين، ڏکي! ڏاتارن ري؟

13

If drunkards are dead, vintner you die too,

For who will now bear your warning, whom would you accuse,

متارا مري ويا، موکي! تون بي مرُ،
تنهنجو ڏوس ڏمر، کونـ سهندو اُن ري.

14

Notty wine but by vintner's accusing finger[6] they died,

Saqi's words did pierce their hearts,

Drunkards died of that smart.

سري ڪين ڪيون، ويڻ موکيءَ جي ماريا،
ڪوجو سخن ڪلال جو، پٽي تي پيون،
تهان پوءِ ٿيون، مرڻ متارن کي!

15

Drunkards habitual are with cup on eager lips,

Blade over head, in state of trance

Wine they drink cup after cup.

ڪنڌ ڪٽارو، منهن وٽي، عادت جنين ايءَ،
تنين تکون ڏنيون، جنبي منجهان جيءَ،
سروتن سبيءَ، جي حاصل ڪيو حال کي.

16

Vintner loved them not less, nor poison made them drowsy,

For a drink and sublime talk they assembled there,

Their graves near furnace you will see here.

موکيءَ منو نـ گهريا، وه نـ وهاتيا،
"سرڪيءَ ڪاڻ" سيد چئي "اُتي تي آئيا"
"جي ڳالهين ڳنگاتيا، تن ٻٺن پاسي ٻٺيون."

17

At your head's cost vintner makes bargains,

Knife, rapier or dagger pierce in your head,

Turn not away from death, cup costs more than that.

سِرِ ڏيئي ست جوڙ، ڪنهين پر ڪلالن سين،
ڪاتي ڪرت ڪپار ۾، خنجر آٽي ڪوڙ،
مرٽان! منهن ۾ موڙ، وٽي ٿي وڏ لهي!

18

Every cup new secrets holds, every pot new wine,

Drunkards alone value vintner wise,

To offer heads at his shop they come,

Cheerfully in heads' bargain they taste a sip.

وٺ وٺ وٽيءَ ۾، مٺ مٺ منڌ ٻيو،
قدر ڪيف ڪلال جو، پياڪن پيو،
اچن درسن دڪان تي، ڪنڌ قبول ڪيو،
"سرها سر ڏيو، چکن سرڪ، سيد چئي.

19

Why learn not from wine distillers, oh ! my heart?
Weeping and distilling, their whole night is passed.

ڪلالڻئون ڪاءِ، مت نہ سکين مون ميان!
روئندي رات، وهاءِ، چڪائيندي ٻنيون.

Vai

Friend enters my home, an occasion to repose,
After long spell of separation, God brings him close,
Separation disappears, wind of union blows,
He who was so far has come close,
Gracious one, has himself now disclosed.

دوس پيهي در آئيو، ٿيو ملڻ جو ساعيو،
ڏيهين پڇاڙون آئي اسان کي، مولي محب ملائيو،
ويو وڇوڙو، ٿيو ميلاپو، واحد واءُ ورائيو،
هو جهين جو ڏس ڏورهون، اوڏو اوچ سو آئيو،
عبداللطيف چئي، اڇي عجين پاڻ فضل فرمائيو“

## Section V

1

Shunning diversity, sufis safely passed,
Lovers of Lord forget not their task,
Leaving diversity aside, sufis unity got.

صوفي سالم سي ويا، جي اڪثر سي اڏيار،
بازي بازندن کي، آهي اويسار،
پريان سين پهڪار، رنديءَ رساڻي ڪيا

2

Sufi is made one with all,
Like breath in veins, what he achieves he discloses not,
To disclose is a sin, by this he abides.

صوفي سير سين ۾، جيئن رڳن ۾ ساهه
سا نہ ڪري ڳالهڙي، جيئن پويون پروڙي پساهه،
آهس ايءُ گناهہ، جي ڪاڪري پڌري.

3

If given grieved, not given pleased,
So they sufi became, taking with selves not a reed.

ڏني ڏکويا، اڻ ڏني راضي ٿيا،
صوفي ڪي ٿيا، جيئن ڪين ڪيائون پاڻ سين.

4

Sufi is not limited by religious bounds,
He discloses not the war he wages in his mind,
Helps and assists those who with him fight.

صوفي لا ڪوفي، ڪون پائيس ڪير،
منجهائي منجهہ وڙهي، پڌر نہ آهيس پير،
جنين ساڻس وير، ٿئي تنين جو واهرو.

5

When sufi purged his inner self,
Only then, while alive, God's vision he beheld.

صوفيءَ صاف ڪيو، ڏوئي ورق وجود جو،
تهان پوءِ ٿيو، جيئري پسڻ پرينءَ جو.

6

You want to be called a sufi! that behoves you not,
Tear that tall cap, consume it in fire's wrath.

صوفي چائين! سڏ ڪرين! صوفين ايئ نہ صلاح،
ڪاتي رک ڪلاه، وجھہ اچلي آگ ۾.

7

If you don sufi's cap, be sufi in spirit,
Secure poison's cup, drink it to the drain,
This is place of those immersed in spiritual realm.

جي ڪلاه رکين ڪنڌ تي، تہ صوفي سالن ٿيءُ،
وه وٽي هٿ ڪري، پر پيالو پيءُ،
هنڌ تنين جو هيءَ، جن حاصل ڪيو حال کي.

8

Let your body be Lord's secret tent,
Let your tongue always utter His praise,
In Holy Quran His hidden name seek out,
Go not to other doors, this peerless pearl in Quran find.

جسي ۾ جبار جو، خفي خيمون کوڙ،
جلي تون زبان سين، چارئي پھر چور،
فڪر سين فرقان ۾، اسم اعظم ڏور،
ٻئي دروَڙي م ووڙ، اي امل اتائين سپجي.

9

Whole world with "I" flaunting twists and turns,
Knowing not that all this magic show He unfuris.

عالم "آئون" ساڻ، پريو ٿو پري ڪري،
پاڻ نہ آهي ڄاڻ، مانڊيءَ منڊ پکيڙيو.

10

Roomi believed whole world Beauty's origin seeks,
Those who know of it, not a word of it they speak.

طالب ڪثر، سونھن سر، ايءَ روميءَ جي رويءِ،
جَنين ڏٺي جوءِ، تنين ڪڇيو ڪين ڪي.

11

Roomi believed whole world Beauty's origin seeks,
Whence came human beings, see you not the magic feat?

طالب ڪثر، سونھن سروَ، اندر روميءَ راءِ،
ماڻھو ات ڪٿاءِ، منڊ نہ پسين منڊيو!

12

Roomi said all seek Beauty's source,
From your heart, veil remove and vision beautific behold.

طالب ڪثر، سونھن سر، روميءَ چيو آهي،
تاڙي جي لاهي، تہ منجھين مشاهدو ٿئي.

13

In appearance evil ones, but lost in contemplation,
Blade of true knowledge's search, stuck in their veins,
Within their hearts they repeat dear Lords' name.

ظاهر ۾ زاني، فڪر منجھہ فنا ٿيا،
تنين کي تعليم جي، ڪٽڙه اندر ڪاني،
حرف حقاني، دور ڪيائون دل ۾.

14

In their hearts sufferings' lesson they repeat,
Contemplation's slate in hand, in silence they read,
that page alone they peruse, wherein Lord is revealed.

جن کي دور درد جو، سبق سور پڙهن،
فڪر ڦرهي هٿ ۾، ماٺ مطالع ڪن،
پنو سو پڙهن، جنهن ۾ پسن پرينءَ کي.

15

Those who seek not sentence that with Alif[7] begin,
Aimlessly pages turn, nothing without love they will learn.

سا سٽ سارين، الف جنهن جي آڳ ۾،
ناحق نهارين، پنا ٻيا پرينءَ ليءِ.

16

Those who memorised sentence that with Alif begin,
Their purpose in both the worlds save Lord is none,[8]
Traversing the narrow path, reconciled with Lord they become.

سا سٽ سارِيائون، الف جنهن جي آڳ ۾،
”لا مقصود في الدارين“ ان پر اُتائون،
سَگر سوٽائون، ٿيا رسيلا رحمان سين.

17

Unfortunate one! does knowing words make you learned?
Come not nigh with confusion and conceit,
This drink's taste Azazeel[9] to you will teach.

”اکر پڙهي، اياڻا! قاضي ٿيئن ڪياءُ“!
”پيرئين ءِ پائيين، ايڏان ايئن نہ آءُ“!
ان سرڪيءَ سندو ساءُ، پڇج عزازيل کي.

18

Azazeel alone is lover true, others make empty boast,
Through love's extreme, sans obedience, accursed he became in heavenly host.

عاشق عزازيل، ٻيا مڙئي سڌڙيا،
منجهان سڪ سبيل، لعنتي لال ٿيو.

19

When I perused the lesson "Am I not your God"?[10]
My souls' original abode I came to know,
Where daily souls true knowledge learn,
Separation's wound was healed, destiny's page was turned.

جو مون پڙهيو پاڻ لئي، سبق سابق جو،
پهرين سڃاتم پنهنجي، نفس جو نهو،
جت عرفان اصل ۾، ٿي روحن روز ڪيو،
وري ورق پيو، ڳڏيم وڍ وصال جو.

20

The learned ones, page after page turn,

پڙهيو ٿا پڙهن، ڪڙهن ڪين قلوب ۾،

Their hearts accept not what they learn,
The more pages they turn, the more they sin.

پاڻان ڏوھ چڙھن، جيئن ورق ورائين وترا.

21

Peruse letter Alif alone, forget rest of pages,
Turn not more leaves, brighten your inner self.

اکر پڙھ الف جو، ورق سڀ وسار،
اند تون اُجار، پنا پڙھندين ڪيترا؟

22

The more leaves you aimlessly turn, the more prone to sin you become,
If he himself abides not, of what use are guide's admonitions.

جيئن جيئن ورق ورائين، تيئن تيئن ڏنو ڏوھ،
تھن ڪھڙيءَ ڪيو ڪوھ، جنھن رھڙيءَ رھيو نہ سپرين.

23

As scribes joining Lam with Alif[11] write,
So in our souls is Beloved Divine.

"ڪاتب! لکين جيئن لايو لام الف سين،
اسان سڄڻ تيئن رھيو آھي روح ۾"!

24

Compare not forty days fasting to loved ones' sight,
Scribe! why pages one on another pile?
Turn leaves twenty, find same letter in all that plenty.

تھڙا چاليھ نہ چاليھ، جھڙو پسڻ پرينءَ جو،
"ڪھڙي" ڪاتب! "متي پنن پيھ"؟
"جي ورق وارين ويھ، تہ اکر اھوئي ھيڪڙو"

25

Your body is the mosque, your mind contemplation's chamber
Why day and night your Lord you remember not?
Know yourself that you may see Him, in one and all,

تن ڪڏي، من حجرو، ڪيم چاليھا رک،
ڪوه نہ پوڄئو پوڄيين، اٺئي پھر الک؟
تان تون پاڻ پرک! سڀ ڪنھن ڏانھن سامھون.

26

No place is without Him, He is facing all,
Of what use are those cowards who Lord's oneness deny?
Beloved is within me, ignorant have I been of this so far.

سڀ ڪنھن ڏانھن سامھون، ڪو ھنڌ خالي ناھِ
احد جي ارک ٿيا، سي ڪانئر ڪبا ڪاھِ،
محب منجھين من ماہ، مون اڄاڻيندي اُجھيو.

Vai

Forget not this saying, youth's bloom is few days

وساريج مَ ويڻ، جوڀن ڀ ٿي ڏينھڙا،

Careless ones sleeping till dawn are reproached,
While they slept, their loved ones left.
Friends! trust me, let not your eyes sleep's habit form,
They who keep awake, with them I will be friend,
Prevent your eyes from sleep, at mid-night awake.

لوٽيون سمن لوڪ جا، وهاڻيءَ ٿيون ويڻ،
اصل اسارين جا، ستي ويڙا سيڻ،
جيڏيون جي مان وسهو، ننڊ ۾ هيريو نيڻ،
راتڙيون جاڳن جي، سي آئون ڪندڙي سيڻ
آڌي رات اٿي ڪري، جهل تون ننڊان نيڻ،

Section VI

1

Like Daud[12] is his granduer, disciples helpless feel,
Indifferent to all, his armour bearers behind his horse he leaves

دائودي ديون ڪري، رنڪن ڪونهي رنگ،
گهوڙيءَ هيٺ اينگ، ڪاهيون پاڪريين هٽي

2

Daud's glory he assumes, disciples senseless remain,
The knowing armour bearers tread beside his horse's mane.

دائودي ديون ڪري، رنڪن ڪونهي چيت،
گهوڙيءَ هيٺ سچيت، ڪاهيون پاڪرين هٽي.

3

Oh Kabeel![13] in your eyes are sharp darts,
To the crazed ones in their abode, you ravages cause,
Such destruction you make with your eyes' darts!

او قابيل! اکين ۾، توکي باري بان،
اپو اڳرايون ڪرين، ماڳ هٽيو مستان،
جانب! تون زيان، اکين سين ايذا ڪرين!

4

If He fits arrow in bow, you be the shield,
Let your face be inflicted with wounds so deep
Cast no doubt on gallows, be true in love to win.

جي هو پائين ڪان ڪمان ۾، تہ سينون سپر ڪ،
مُنهن ۾ معشوقن جا، چاڪ چٽڪا چڪ،
سوري پانءِ مَ شڪ، عاشق ٿيءُ، تہ ابهين.

5

Make your chest a shield for Beloved's darts,
Bravely bear cuts and wounds on your face and chin,
Retreat not, be true in love, that you may win.

جي هو پائين ڪان ڪمان ۾، تہ سينون سپر ڏيج،
مُنهن ۾ معشوقن جا، جهالو ٿي جهليج،
پاهان پيگ مَ ڏيج، عاشق ٿيءُ تہ اُبهين.

6

Lord! Fix not arrow in the bow to aim at me,

پائي ڪان ڪمان ۾، ميان! مار مَ مون،

Yours may strike you, you being within me.

مون ۾ آهين تون، متان تنهنجوئي توکي لڳي.

7

Pretenders avert dart in various ways,
The true ones with first aim life do lay.

ڪيو ڇڏين ڪان، هڏ نہ هٽائين ٽا،
ٽيا جي نيشان، تہ پهرين سان پورا هيا.

8

I stand still where with arrow I am struck,
Another one in His mercy He may aim, if it be my luck.
Head on gallows, body on parapet, utter no word,
Bitten ones alone know the serpent love.

لوري جت لڳوم، ات اپوئي آهيان،
سوره پرين سندوم، مان ٻاجهائي ٻيو هڻي!

9

In love's meadow, care not for your head,
Be a martyr, if you desire to have sound health.
Love is a serpent, bitten ones alone know this.

محبت جي ميدان ۾، ڪر پڙاڏو پٽ،
سر سوريءَ ڏر ڪُنگرين، متان ڪڇين ڪٿ!
عشق نانگ نپٽ، خبر ڪاڏن کي پوي.

10

Love that destroys links of body, mind and soul,
Consider it not a child's sport,
To be cut in two, place your head where arrow goes.

عشق نہ آهي راند، تہ کي ڪنس ڳيرو،
جيءَ، جسي ۽ جان جي، ٻجي جو هيڪاند،
سي نيزي پاند، اچل تہ اڏ ٿيئي.

Vai

My love is at its zenith, for Beloved I long,
Lying on comforts' coach, my eyes sleep not.
To keep awake, Lord to recollect, is devotees' task,
Where love takes lead, intellect is at a total loss.

عشق تمام، بره تمام، ووا ميين لوني يار لوڪو!
سيج ستي نون جهپ، نہ آوي نيڻين ننڊ حرام،
راتيان جاڳڻ، صاحب سنڀالڻ، اي فقيراندا ڪام،
مت عقل دي منجهہ ڳئي، آيا عشق امام،

Section VII

1

God's lovers for a moment forget Him not,
They long for Him till their breath does last.

عاشقن الله ويرو تار نہ وسري،
آهہ ڪريندي ساهہ، ڪڏهن ويندو نڪري.

2

God's lovers are not like you, hale and hearty,

عاشقن ايئن نہ هون، جيئن تون سڄين آڱڙين،

At Beloved's door daily they bitterly weep,

For in no other way can they acceptance reap.

وجي در دوستن جي، رت ڏيهاڙي رون،
ٻيءَ پر ڪنهن نہ پون، ماڪر محبوبن سين،

3

Let him not claim to be a lover if his body has some blood,

Love's condition is pale face, beauty gone, longing's flood,

Wealth is not his concern, he bargains with his head.

جان عاشق مٿي رت، تان دعويٰ ڪري مَ نينهن جي،
سائو منهن، سونهن ڳئي، سڪڻ اي شرط،
نہ ڪي گوڏ گرٿ، مٿا سر سودا ڪري.

4

As yet, from your face a straw brings forth blood,

How would you on your face bear Beloved's cuts?

So why make vain wishes of longing and love?

اڃا تو منجهاء، ڪک ڇتي رت نڪري،
منهن ۾ محبوبن جا، ڪيئن جهليندين گهاءَ،
سو تون ڪڇاڙياءَ، سڪڻ جون سڏو ڪرين؟

5

Longing and gallows mean one and the same,

Sitting on the way side for this essential became,

You must sacrifice your head, to accomplish this aim.

سڪڻ ۽ سوري ٻئي اکر، هيڪڙي،
وهڻ واٽڙين تي، گهارڻ ضروري،
ٻنهي جي پوري، جيءَ ڏني ريءَ نہ جڙي

6

Either longing learn or sit beside such ones,

Hide not behind those who have that knowledge none.

جيڪي سڪڻ سک، نات پس سڪنديون،
پاسي تنين مَ لڪ، نينهن نہ سڃاڻن جي.

7

Lover! Keep sitting in love's lane,

Do not ever leave doing the same,

He will give ointment to heal your wounds.

Oh Love! without you, we cannot do, how can you?

عاشق! معشوق جي، وٺي ويهہ ڳري،
جمہ ورچي ڇڏئين، سندي دوست دري!
ڏيندا هڪي ٻاجهہ جي، ويندي ءَ ٽپ ٽري،
اسان تان نہ سري، تو ڪيئن سري، سپرين؟

8

Lover! Keep sitting at love's shop,

Be humble before love with head bowed,

That you may in honour with Him live.

عاشق! معشوقن جو، وٺي ويهہ دڪاڻ،
پئج پيش پرين جي، پٽي وجهي پاڻ،
تہ تون تنين ساڻ، سدا رهين سرخرو.

9

Lover, leave not Beloved's street's entrance,
Feel not bored and give not up vintner's pot,
In exchange of your head, drink a few cups.

عاشق! معشوقن جو، وٺي ويهج گهٽ،
جم ورچي ڇڏئين، موکيءَ سندو مٽ،
ڪري سر سٽ، پيج ڪي پياليون.

Vai

Beloved's beauty's talk, I forget not.
On His threshold sacrifice your head and heart.
All others run away, lovers alone face darts,
Prepare your head first, then about love ask.
This puzzle no one can solve, wise ones are at a loss.

سپريان جي سونهن جي، ڳالهه ڪين وچي،
وڃي در دوستن جي، سوريءَ سر هڃي،
عاشق انگمن چڙهيا، ٻيو سڀڪو ڀڃي،
پڇج پوءِ پيرٽئون، پهرين سر سڃي،
عاقل ٿي اوچون ٿيا، پورو ڪين پڇي.

## Section VIII

1

Folly it is, if you friend's house frequent,
Foolish one! go not to his street in haste.
Disclose not this secret to those unaware of it,
Through suffering says Latif, joy you will get,
Through secret talk share your mutual love.

هر هر هوڙائي، وڃڻ در دوستن جي،
پاڙا ڏانهن پرين جي، اڄ مَ اوائي!
آلڙ ٿي آڇ ۾ تون، واڻاڻن وائي،
لائيندءِ لطيف چئي، سوران سرهائي،
ڳجهو ڳالهائي، پرت وٺجي پاڻ ۾.

2

Those who suffered pain got health,
Suffering is sweet to those who never Lord forsake,

سور جنين کي سرئو، سري تن صحت،
مٺي مصيبت، آهي عاشقن کي.

3

If Love Himself offers you water, like a camel drink,
For no uncalled person drank from this spring.

جي پياري پاڻ، ته ڪرهو ٿي پاڻي پئين،
اڱي ان نياڻ، اڻ ڪوٺيو ڪونه گهڙي.

4

Unexpressed remains hidden, expressed none understands,
These golden words, men fail to comprehend.

اڻ ڪي عيان نه ٿئي، ڪي پروڙي ڪون،
سچي جيهي سون، منهن نه پيئي ماڙهوئين.

5

Unexpressed remains hidden, expresed none understands,

اڻ ڪي عيان نه ٿئي، ڪي پروڙي ڪونه،

These golden words, they comprehend who seek spiritual gains.

ساسونهين ٿي سون، امر عطا جنهن جو.

6

If love's thread Beloved breaks, mend the broken warp,

If He in you defects find, consider it your gain,

Go bow and humbly beg to restore this holy knot.

ڇنن توڙ مَ ڇن، پاءِ اميري ان سين،
جي هو اوڳڻ ڪنئي اسهين تون، ڳڻان ٿي ڳڻ،
پاند جهليون تون پن، هن سنهاري سڳ ۾.

7

Be humble and gentle, anger brings sorrow and confusion,

True wisdom you will find, if you are firm in this decision.

نمي ڪمي نهار تون، ڏمر ڏولائو،
ٿيءَ ساڃائو، جي اڀئين انهيءَ پير تي.

8

Be patient, patient ones win, anger brings suffering,

Vile ones know not what gain patience brings.

ڪمر! ڪمندن ڪٽيو، هارايون هوڙن،
چکيو نہ چوندن، هو جو ساءُ صبر جو.

9

Peace resides in patient ones' abode, wranglers lose,

Wrangling does no good even to those who so choose.

ڪمندڙن گهر ڪين، چوندڙ چڱا نہ ٿيا،
ويڙهئون ويڌ پئي، هٽ نہ اچي ڪين.

10

Retaliate not harsh talk,

Initiator of such is at a loss,

Envious ones no gain ever got.

هو چوئي تون مَ چو، واتان ورائي،
اڳ اڳرائي جو ڪري، خطا سو کائي،
پاند ۾ پائي، ويو ڪيني وارو ڪين ڪي.

11

Wrath gains naught, none profits by it,

The bow too tightly strung, snaps the string.

ڪنين ڪين پرائيو، ڪيني منجهان ڪي،
جي هوءِ سٽائي سيگ، تہ ژه ڇني جوکو ٿئي.

12

Offend not those who offend you not,

Ignore the cutting remarks at you passed.

In humility and modesty live, nor from it ever budge,

Keep a lawyer within that you blush not before the Judge.

اڻ چوندن مَ چوءِ، چوندن ڇيو وسار،
انئي پهر ادب سين، پر اهائي پار،
پايو منهن مونن ۾، غربت ساڻ گذار،
مفتي منجهہ وهار، تہ قاضيءَ ڪانيارو نہ ٿئين.

13

Hidden is positive response in their indifference,
Oh my heart! build your hut next to theirs in all reverence.

جنين سنديءَ "بوڏ"ِ ۾، پتون پتين "جيءَ"،
تن! تنين پيءُ، اوڏا اڏي پکڙا.

14

Sit not beside those who increase your suffering,
Ignore the material gain, avoid such a gathering.

ويٺي جنين وٽ، ڏکندو ڏاڍو ٿيئي،
سا مجلس ئي مٽ، جي حاصل هوءِ هزار جو.

15

Sit close to those who lessen your pain,
Build your hut beside them, with them your time spend.

ويٺي جنين وٽ ڏکندو ڏور ٿيئي،
تن! تنين سين ڪٽ، اوڏا اڏي پکڙا.

Vai

Beloved's separation kills me friends,
At His door, many like me, their knees bend.
From far and near is heard His beauty's praise,
My Beloved's Beauty is perfection itself.

يار سڄڻ جي فراق، ڙبي جيڏيون! آئون ماري!
در دوسن جي ڪئين هوندا! مون جيها مشتاق،
جاتي ڪاٿي محبوبن جي، آهه حسن جي هاڪ
سرمو سهي ڪراکين جو، خاص پريان جي خاڪ
عبداللطيف چئي "پرين اسان جو آ هميشه حسناڪ"

# Khambat

## (Refuge)

## Introduction

Khambat means a shelter or refuge. It is also the name of a port in Gujrat and of a melody in music. It is a short sur comprising of only two sections. The theme of the first section is adolescence and praise of beauty. The second section tells us how to discipline our mind.

Beauty in nature and in human beings is the handiwork of God, hence is worthy of our adoration. Beloveds' beauty surpasses that of the sun, moon and stars who lower their own light in obeisance to such a wonderful sight.

Some annotators of the Risalo consider the verses pertaining to the beauty of the beloved as reference to the excellence of the Holy Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) which far exceeds the light of the sun, moon and the stars. Further on, they express Shah Abdul Latif's great love for the Holy Prophet (PBUH) and his strong desire to visit his resting place at Madina, lamenting his inability to undertake the long journey due to his old age and the expenses envolved.

The mind and soul of man seeks God but the body is attracted to the desires of the flesh. Body is like the camel, you may decorate it with all sorts of expensive precious stones and ornaments of gold, you may feed it on the best of herbs but it will go back again and again to the salty jungle bushes of Ak and Lani, unless bound with strong ropes and strictly observed. In the same way, bodily desires and base passions keep man away from fulfilling his spiritual needs unless he invokes Divine help, keeps vigilence and exercises strict control, so that the body become an assest to him.

### Section I

1

Beloved is wholly good, He is goodness itself,
Never does He confront and accusations make,
I have many shortcomings, my friend is perfection itself.

ڀلائي آهين، پرينءَ! ڀلائي ڀنڀجي،
سپاجها سر چڙهيو، ڏوراپو نه ڏين،
مان ڏي مديون ٿين، سڄڻ سڄاين م،

2

Oh moon! you are the one that can see my love,
Convey my message that in tears I to you give,
May I be with my love, may he from me never depart!

"تون چنڊا! اڀري، جوهت پسين ٿو پرينءَ کي"،
"آڏت چئج ان کي، ڏيانءِ جو روئي"،
"هيڪا نديءَ هوئي، سانگ م پوي سڄڻين"،

3

My beloved be with me always, never any journey undertake,

In my soul are his gracious glances imprinted,

By his speech modest and subdued, my soul is comforted.

مر هيڪاندا هون، پرين، سانگ مَ وڃن سيڻ،
رهيا آهين روح ۾، نت جنين جا نيڻ،
وماسيا جن ويڻ، ٿو تاريءَ تڳي تنن هنئون.

4

Moonlit night, levelled land, take courage brother,

Camel! before you proceed, eat cardamom and sandal wood in manger

Keep on making sounds that envious ones' ire may rise.

رات سهائي پون سنئين پائي! ڳهرجي پل،
اهر ۾ الاچيون، چندن چري چل،
مون توئي سين ڳالهڙي، ٻئي ڪنهين مَ سل،
هاهر ڪندو هل، تہ ڪجايون ڪرن ڪي.

5

Oh full moon! with thousand adornments you rise,

With all your arts never can you beloved's beauty reach;

Your whole life's beauty in his moments' appearance lies.

چوڏهينءَ، چنڊ! تون اڀرين، سهسين ڪرٿين سينگار،
پلڪ پريان جي نہ پڄين، جي حيلا ڪرين هزار،
جهڙو تون سڀ ڄمار، تهڙو دم دوست جو.

6

Several suns may rise, four score four moons may shine,

By God, without my love, in darkest night all I find.

سهسين سجن اڀري، چوراسي چنڊن،
بالله، ريءَ پرينءَ، سڀ اونداهي پانئيان.

7

Oh moon! how can I compare thee with my love's graces?

Thou art bright at night alone, my love is light always.

چنڊ! تنهنجي ذات، پاڙيان ڪين پرين سين،
تون اڄو ۾ رات، سڄڻ تہ سوجهرو.

8

Oh moon! take it not ill if I tell thee true,

At times you wax and at times you wan,

Your full face cannot stand loved ones bright forehead.

چنڊ! چوانءِ سچ، جي مٺي نہ پانئين،
ڪڏهين اڀرين سنهڙو، ڪڏهين اڀرين ڳچ،
مُنهن ۾ ٻرندي مچ، تو ۾ ناهہ پيشاني پرينءَ جي.

9

Before Beloved's glances of grace and beauty,

ڪٽي نيڻ خمار مان، جان ڪيائون ناز نظر،

Suns' rays dimmed, Moon's light wanned,
Stars and Pleiades in obeisance declined,
Precious stones their brightness lost at such beauty's sight.

سورج شاخون جهڪيون، ڪوماڻو قمر،
تارا، ڪتيون تائب ٿيا، ڏيکيندي دلبر،
جهڪو ٿيو جوهر، جانب جي جمال سين.

10

Oh morning Star! when at morn you are most bright,
Then are you akin to Beloved's constant light.

تارا! تيليءَ روءِ، لڏا لالن! اُپرين،
جهڙيءَ تو صبوح، تهڙي صافي سڄڻين.

11

Oft I raise my glances towards your side,
for where you first rise, loved one there resides.

"تو ڏانهن گهڻو نهاريان تارا تيلاهين"
سڄڻ جيڏاهين، تون تيڏاهين اپرين"

12

Beloved abides where that distant star lies,
Honey sweet is he, bitterness beside him shies.

هن تاري هن هنڌ، هت منهنجا سپرين،
سڄڻ ماکيءَ منڌ، ڪوڙا ٿين نه ڪڏهين.

13

On loved one's face are beauty spots and moles,
Days and nights I spend, thinking of those.

تارا، تر، ترو ڪٽيون، مٿن ڦلڙيون،
ڪوءِ سي راتڙيون! جي مون پرينءَ پڄاڻا پيئيون.

Vai

Night, tarry a while, pass not so fast, let me my love pacify,
Like nights' candle I will burn with joy.
Like jogis' fire let me die out and revive again.
My love cannot be by the vulgar fathomed,
Beloved's pain always within me dwells,
Being a friend of blessed Sayed,[1] no blemish in me remains.
That true attachment I will always retain,
He whose guide is Beloved, easy he finds dark day of judgement,
I will live, till I become spiritual preceptor of men.

وهلي وڃ م وهامي! ره رات، راڻنديس پرينءَ کي،
شمع ٿينديس شب ۾، ان خوشيءَ کان کامي،
بابوئن، سندي باه جيئن، ٻران شال اجهامي!
پرت پريتم جي، ساڪين پروڙي عامي،
مون کي مون پرين جو، آهي درد دوامي،
آهيان يار سيد جو، ڪانه رهي ڪا خامي،
"هوءَ جا لنوءُ" لطيف چئي، "مون کي آهه مدامي،"
روشن ٿيا رڃن ۾، جي هئان لنوءُ انهي ۾ لامي،
ڪاري سا قيام سئين، هوت منهنجو حامي،
آيم تنهن لوڪ سين، جيسين مان ٿيان سوامي،

## Section II

1

Oh moon! cast your eyes on loved one as you rise,
Relate this humble ones' woes by God,
"Eyes are daily cast on your path."

ناسيندي نگاه، پهرين ڪج پرين ڏي،
احوال عاجزن جا، آکج لڳ الله،
روز نهارين راهہ، اکيون اوهان جي آسري."

2

Good moon! above my love's yard rise,
Bowing humbly, speaking softly, my message deliver likewise.

چڱا چنڊ! چئج، سنيها کي سڄڻين،
متان اگهڻ اڀري، پرين جي پٽيج،
جهيڻون ڳالهائيج، پيرين وجهي هٿڙا.

3

Rise oh moon! my distant love is close to you;
Sleeping in open, hair perfumed with sandal wood.
Walking I can't reach, father permits me no camel,
To ride at dawn, and reach where my love is found.

اڀر چنڊ! پس پرين، تو اوڏا، مون ڏور،
سڄڻ ستا ولهہ ۾، چوٽا ڀري ڪپور،
پيرين آئون نہ پڄڻي، بابل ڏئي نہ ڀور،
جنهن تي چڙهي اسور، سنجهي سڄڻ سيٺيان.

4

Lord! When will thou unioin this life grant?
Havoc that plays in lovers' hearts,
Whom to relate? Beloved lives so far.

ڏٽي ڪريندين ڪڏهين، حياتيءَ هيڪاند؟
من ۾ مشتاق جي، ڪي رنجائي راند،
پرين ڏيساندرپاند، ڳجهہ ڳرهيان ڪن سين؟

5

For you I long my love, where could you be?
Will thou not come to my humble home?
For some intimate talk between you and me?

هيئنڙي سڄڻ ساريا، ڪٿي هوندم هير
"اڇي" لالن! "نہ ڏئين مٿي پلنگن پير؟"
ٿي ور ونهڻ وير، ڳجهہ ڳرهيان ڪن سين؟

6

Neither horse nor camel I own to take me to my love,
On foot I am unable to reach,
At this helplessness I sit here and weep.

ڪرهو نہ ڪيڪان، پيرين آئون نہ پڄڻي،
جو مون رات رسائي، نيئي ساجن ساڻ،
مون نہ وهيڙو پاڻ، ويٺي نيڻ نچوئيان.

7

Oh camel! Length'en your pace, idleness leave,
Take me there where my love risides,
Sandal wood will be thy meal, when others salt bush eat,

ڪرها! ڪر ڇڏ، وک وڏندي پاءِ،
منهنجو هلڻ اتهين، جتي جانب جاءِ،
توکي چندن چاريان، ٻيو وڳ لاڻي کاءِ،
ايڪن اٺ اڻاءِ، جهڙن هونديءَ رات هت مڙون.

Take me fast that this very night my love I may meet.

8

Oh young camel! be not slow, increase your speed.

Road leading to my love, is straight not curved,

Leave idleness, speed up, that we this very night there reach.

ڪسر چڏ ڪنوات! وڪون وجهه وڏنڊيون،

سنئين سپرين جي، ونگي پانءِ مَ وات،

چڏ جهوري، ڏي جهات، نه آڏيءَ رات هت مڙون.

9

I tied my camel to flowering trees that on buds he may feed,

But the vicious one sneaking, salt bush eats.

Oh Mother! this camel's ways make me weep.

آٽي ٻڌم وڻ جاءِ، مان مڪريون چري،

ڪڏا تورو ڪرهو، لڪيو لاٽي کاءِ،

"ان مٺي سندي،" ماءُ! "مون ڳالهڙين گوڙها ڪيو"

10

Today camel my pleadings heed,

"Hesitate not, over land and water lead,

Take me fast that loved one's gathering I may reach."

ميا "مڄ منٿ، اڄ منهنجي، ڪرها!"

جهاڳيندي جرپٽيون، تمتان ڪريين ڪٿ،"

سپريان جي سٿ، مون کي نيئي ميڙئين."

11

Your neck I adorn with red silk trappings,

Joined with it is a pearls' string,

Heaps of sandal wood to eat, if this night I reach,

گل ڳانا ياقوت جا، موتين ڳتيس مال،

لطيفي جي، ڪرها! هيدي پايانءِ حال،

چندن چاريانءِ جال، جي مون رات رساٽين.

12

Oh camel! with reigns of solid gold, you I will adorn,

Buds of sandal wood, bended Henna's branches for you to eat,

If you this night speed and my love I reach.

ميا! "تو مهار، ساري پايانءِ سون جي،"

"چارينءَ چندن چوٽيون، نايو مينديءَ ڏار،"

"سندي پرينءَ پچار، جي مون رات رساٽين."

13

Camel goes not with its herd nor does it graze,

Love's arrow has brought to him this craze,

Defying death, to his new love, to graze, he crawls.

اٺ نه وڃي وڳ سين، چري نه چانگو،

لڳيس نائڪ نينهن جي، نهوڙيو نانگو،

چڏي سر سانگو، رڙهي رند پرينءَ جي.

14

My camel keeps with its herd, musk branches it eats,

وهي منجهين وڳ، ڪٿوري ڏار چري،

Mother! My camel's ways I cannot infer,

Outwardly he is with the world, inwardly grazes there.

ماءُ! منهنجي ڪرهي، پڌر پگ، نہ لگ،
جڳ سين جهڙو جڳ، هنئين سين هت چري،

15

Today camel's mood is not that of yesterday,

He enters not the yard, nor does he graze,

Perchance with his like, he has had his fill on poisonous shades.

اِج نہ اڳينءَ ڍار، ڪرهو جيئن ڪالهہ هو،
اڱڻ آيو نہ ڪري، پاهوڙيءَ پچار،
جيڪس منجهہ قطار، ڪاوڙ چناٺين وہ جي.

16

With great relish he gorged those creepers,

The owners were well aware and displeased were keepers,

Camel lost his guts, not a sound was heard,

All his crazy pranks he thus forgot.

ميي ماڪائي، وڏو وات ولين کي،
خبر ٿي کيٽ ڌڻين کي، وڏوڻا واهي،
ڪرهي ڪاڪت ڇڏي، وريس نہ وائي،
چانگي چريائي، ويئي ويچاري وسري.

17

Twine strong ropes and with them your camel tie,

Pleasant smelling creepers on ground let lie,

Having tasted them, camel would love to remain in.

وٽي سيٽ سوٽ، پاءِ پنهنجي ڪرهي،
وليون واس ورڻيون، پهريون مٿي پٽ،
چانگي چکي چٽ، نہ پوءِ نہ رهندو پئد ريءَ.

18

With many shackles I my camel bound,

Bteaking them and dragging them, salt bushes he found,

Oh Lord! change my camel's sick desires,

Give him health that he may not such things aspire.

ڪرهي کي ڪئين، وڌم پئد پلڻ جا،
ليڙو لاٽيءَ کي چري، نير ساڻ نئين،
"چانگي سندي چت م" صاحب! "وِجهہ سئين،
"اوباهيوس ايئن! لطف ساڻ" لطيف چئي.

19

I coax him, "baneful bushes go not near,"

But he loves the creeper that so many has crazed,

Many a tear has this evil one made me shed.

چانگي چئي چڪياس، مٿان اڪ نہ الهي!
جنهن ولِ گهٽا وهاتيا، اُن سين آرلڳياس،
چوڏاري چندن وڻ، پچي پوچ پياس،
رئاري رت ڪياس، هن ڪڌا توري ڪرهي!

20

Rise, shackle your camel well, if let loose he will roam,

He sulkier grows before his meal, burden it then,

اٿي اڙائينس، ڇڏيو تہ ڇيڪ ٿيو"
ڪارائين ڪڙيو وڃي، پلاٽي پائينس،"

Fetter him so that as he eats, he growls.

”ڏاوڻ تيئن ڏائينس، جيئن چري ۽ چنگھي پيو.“

21

Tied and fettered, now my camel is with strong ropes and chains,

Mother, he now eats flowers that are fresh,

Who would entice the one who with me is hardly content?

ڏو دستي، ڏو پير، سيخي سنگر رڪ جي،

ماءُ! ”منھنجي ڪرھي، تازي ڦلن ھير،“

تنھن ڪامڻ ڪندي ڪير؟ جو مون وٽ مس رھي!

22

Who hath enchanted and enticed you my camel?

Blinkers on your eyes, soles fatigued and sore,

Have you forgot your herd that in oil press with you went in whirls?

”ڪنين ڪامڻ ڪَئِي؟ ڪيئن پنيو ليئن“؟ ڪرھا!

”اکين مٽي اکيا، پڙ ۾ پير گناءِ!“

وڳ ڪ وسرياءِ؟ ھڏو جيئن گھاٽي وھين!“

23

He eats not white flowers, with sandal wood he dabbles,

All fragrant flowers he spurns,

Salt bush he cherishes and is on it fattened.

ڪائي نہ ڪنٹھار، چندن جا چوپا ڪري،

اگر اوڏ نہ وجي، سر ڪنڌ لھي نہ سار،

لاٹي جي لغار، ميو متارو ڪيو.

24

Camel, you eat not sandal wood, fresh water you do not drink,

Fragrant branch you go not nigh, tasty meals you shun,

Why of all that exists, salty bush you must cherish?

چانگا! ”چندن نہ چرين“، ميان! پيين نہ موڪ،

”اگر اوڏو نہ وڃين، ٽڪيو چڏئين ٹوڪ.“

”لاٹي وچان لوڪ، تو ڪھڙي اکر آئڙي.“

25

Where two tree - shoots cost millions, few leaves thousands,

My camel daily grazes on that ground.

جتان ڪوڙ ہ ڪانيون، پنجين لکين پاءُ،

ميو تنھن ماڳاءُ، ڏيھاڙي ڏار چري.

26

My invaluable camel, no price is high for him,

Feed him in his manger on cardamoms;

Saddle him, in speed he will take me to my love.

”لک لاکيٹو ڪرھو، ڪوڙين ڏيئي ڪاھ،“

”ايلا چيون آھر ۾، پوڄ ميي ڪي پاءِ،“

ڪٹ نہ ڪنلو ڪاءِ جيئن پلاٹيو نہ پرينءَ مڙي.

Vai

Lord! I will not quit, even if driven from your

سڏين سيڻ نہ ھون، نيھن نياپي نہ ٽئي،

door,

Your indifference I will your sight presume,

Many doors I have knocked, in you alone I take refuge.

ڪاريءَ رات رت ڦڙا، جان جان نيڻ نہ رون،
موٽڻ جنين ميهڻو، پڙ تي سيئي پون،
جن مسافر سپرين، سي مر روبرون،
توڙي تڙئن تون، يا الا! تو در تہ بہ نہ ڇڏيان!
مون کي سو مشاهدو، جي منهن نہ ڏئين مون،
مون ٻيا در گهڻا نهاريا، آهين تونهين تون،

# Sur Srirag

(Preparation)

## Introduction

Sur Srirag is one of the chief melodies of music. It is sung in the evening from 4.00 p.m. to 8.00 p.m.

In Sur Srirag, Shah Abdul Latif refers to our life on this earth as a preparation for our spiritual life, which goes on side by side our physical life as both are interlinked. This world is compared to the ocean, man's life is the boat or the ship and man himself is referred to as a sailor. The ocean at one time is the world with all its pitfalls, hazards and risks, at other times, it is spoken of as the ocean of spirituality from which divers bring forth pearls and other precious stuff. These pearls and other precious stuff are the spiritual truths which the seekers and lovers of God find by deep meditation and constant prayers.

There is no time for being indifferent and lethargic, one has to be cautious and hard working all the time. During this sojourn of our life, Latif advises us to find a wise, virtuous, well informed and holy person as our guide. Such guides are akin to the divers who struggle with the ocean of life, dive deep and bring forth pearls and precious stones, which as Wordsworth says are "truths, that wake, to perish never". Such persons are the teachers or experts, they are the captains, the most perfect of these guides being the Holy Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) himself.

In various ways, Latif advises the sailor to keep his boat in perfect condition, its ropes strong and well oiled, its mast, its sails, its helm and in short all its rigging in perfect condition. Man (the sailor) has to do this by asking for God's help, performing good deeds, leading a virtuous life by saving himself from satanic forces, always conscious of the uncertainty of the hour of death. Those who lead such a kind of life, are remembered with great reverence even after they have departed from this earth. Places, where their mortal remains lie, are thronged by thousands of devotees. Such is the esteem in which they are held even after their death, where as those who live a life of merely eating and drinking not caring for the spiritual development, are losers in the true sense of the word as Browning says:

> Poor vaunt of life indeed
> Were man but formed to feed
> On Joy, to solely seek and find and feast!
> Such feasting ended, then
> As sure an end to man.

Shah Abdul Latif is a saint and a poet with the keen eye of the poet and a sensitive observation. He describes the dangers and risks of a sea voyage. He had left his village for three years and in the company of Yogis besides visiting many holy places, mentioned in the Risalo, he had also gone to the lower part of river Indus, southern part of what is now Karachi, which was famous for trade on the ocean. He tells us about the sailors who carried on business in spices like cardamoms, cloves etc. Taking such merchandise from West coast of India and even from Bengal (now Bangladesh), they went westwards making a stop at Aden which has been mentioned specifically.

## Section I

1

Keep remembering the Beloved that he may remember you,

Abide by His laws, that with His grace He may shower you.

مان پڇنئي سپرين، چتان لاهه م چر،
اُنين جا امر ڪڻ، تہ خالي نہ ٿيئين.

2

Remember the Lord, that you may be remembered too,

Wash your sails with soap and keep them clean,

Oh sailor! be aware of this, that in safety you may reach.

مان پڇنئي سپرين، چت م رکج چيت،
سينو ڏوئي صاف ڪر، صابڻ سان سپيت،
ساموندي! سچيت! ٿيءُ تہ پهچين پار ڪي.

3

Give not up Lord's meditation, that He may enquire after you,

From your breast all falsehood scrap,

That safe you may be from dangers on the path of ultimate truth.

مان پڇنئي سپرين چتان لاهه مَ چور،
ڪڍي ڇڏ تون قلب مان، ڪني ڪوڙو ڪور،
هُن پر سندو هور، مٿان تو معاف ٿئي.

4

Be constant in prayers, that Beloved may show concern,

With your mind's telescope, far off lands you may discern,

So clean your boat and to pilot hand it over.

مان پڇنئي سپرين، چتاريج چت،
دائما دور بيءَ ۾، پسين ولاتن وت،
نينهن نيڪاري نت، ملاح! گڏ معلم سين.

5

I traded with glass not with pearls,

I bought tinsel of no worth,

ڪائو ڪمايوم، موتي مون نہ وڻجيا،
سيهي جو، سيد چئي، وکر وهايوم،

With all these faults, your grace I crave.

هھڙو حال سندوم، توھہ تنھنجي اُبھان!

6

With tinsel I traded, God's laws I neglected,

This cage of sins I filled to the brim,

Foolish one! are you conscious of all this?

ڪچ ڪمايم ڪوڙ، ﭙڳم عھدالله جا!

ﭙڃرو جو ﭘاپن جو، سو ﭼوٽيءَ تائين ﭼورا،

معلوم اٿيئي مور، ﮔوڙھا! انھيءَ ﮔالھہ جو.

7

Trade not with tinsel, rise and remember Him,

Lord loves only truth, cleanse yourself of deceit and fraud,

Be a peerless pearl, set a blaze of love in your heart,

Be as such, that your trafficking is of much worth.

ڪوڙ ڪماءِ ئي ڪچ، اٿي اور الله سين،

ڪڍ تون دغا دل مان، صاحب وٽي سچ،

محبت سندو من ۾، ماڻڪ! ٻارج مچ،

اُن پر اٿي اچ، تہ سودو ٿيئي سڦرو.

8

Wave upon wave, water's expanse untold,

Lord! protect the boat from stricking against the shore.

Protect the planks of ship from harm,

May this ship of the poor, safely reach the port.

لڙ لھريون، لس، ليٿ، جتي انت نہ آب جو،

الله! اُت م اوليين، ٻيڙا مٿي ٻيٺ!

جوکو ٿئي م جھاز کي، ڦرھي اچي م ڦيٿ،

لڳي ڪام لپيٽ، ھن غاريبي غراب کي!

9

Sails straight, riggings new, sailors efficient,

With favourable breeze blowing, journey they undertake,

Lord! protect their boat and preserve those who eargerly return, with thy grace.

سڙھہ سنوان، لاڄونوان، مھاڻا سندن مير،

ساٿي سفر ھليا، ٿيا سٽا واسير،

جي اچن ساڻ اڪير، سي ٻيڙا رکين ٻاجھہ سين!

10

In the boat some how the water[1] slowly seeped,

Their merchandise was ruined, I saw them weep.

منجھان ﭘيئي مڪڙيءَ ڪاجا پاڻيءَ بوند،

سيئي ڏنم روند، وکر جن وڃائيو.

Vai

Hundreds of thanks for thousands of favours my Lord showers,

repent and sing that Blessed Lords' praisees,

That within yourself He may reveal to you wonders,

سھين شڪرانا، ڪوڙين ﭘال ڪريم جا،

حمد چئج حڪيم کي، جو رھٽي جانا،

تون ڏيکارين مون، ڏٽي باطن جا بانا،

متان، مردا! وسارين، صاحب جي ثنا،

Man! never forget to sing Lord's praise,

Let your heart and tongue remember that Friend;

Be lost in meditation and harden yourself,

Being pleased with you, He may on you shower grace.

Be humble, remove from your heart deceit,

Lord with truth alone is pleased,

Submit to the will of God and offer thanks.

Those who kept vigils for the Lord, there's is honour's meed,

Quran says, "remember me that I remember thee"[2]

"Remove doubt from your heart and thank me".[3]

With all your heart, Lord's praises sing,

Be quick and eager, repent your sins,

That from merciful Lord you may peace and safety win.

دوست رکي دل ۾، پڙهه لالن لسانا،
جفا ڏيئي جيءَ کي، ٿيءُ فکر منجهه فنا،
تمي توسين توءِ کري، من آگو احسانا.
کڍ تون دغا دل مان، ٻانهپ سين ٻانها،
صاحب وڻي سچ سين، ٿيءُ دانہ ديوانا!
جي تسليم سين تحقيق هيا، سي کيئن امانا؟
جاڳيا جي جبار لءِ، سيئي سمانا،
فاذکروني اذکرم، کهيو قرآنا،
والشکر ولي ولا تکفرون، کڍ تون کفرانا،
سپ سنواريا سپرينءَ، کول! توکنا،
چڱي چئج چاهه سين، مدح ايءُ منا،
تائب ٿيو تکڙا، جو شان، جوانا!
تہ لهين تون لطيف کان، امن ايمانا،

Section II

1

What ever exists in the world, by Thy grace doth it live,

Thy mercy, Latif says, has no limit,

By justice I cannot be spared, by thy compassion alone I be saved.

جيکي منجهه جهان، سو تاريءَ تڳي تهنجي،
لطف جي لطيف چئي، تو وٽ کمي کان،
عدل ڇٽان آئون نہ، کو ڦيرو کج فضل جو!

2

Those who kept vigils remembering the Lord,

Their very dust, Latif says, honour got,

To pay them homage, countless gather in their yard.

ساري رات سبحان، جاڳي جن ياد کيو،
تن جي" عبداللطيف چئي، "مٽيءَ لڌو مان"،
کوڙيين کن سلام اڱهہ اچيو اُن جي."

3

Show reverence for the ocean,[4] whose sheets of water always flow,

In its depth many pearls and rubies rest;[5]

One gram of such merchandise will bring you untold wealth.

سيوا کر سمنڊ جي، جت جر وهي ٿو جال،
سوين سپجن سمنڊ ۾، ماڻک موتي لال،
جي ماسو جڙئي مال، تہ پوڄارا! پر ٿيئين.

4

Those divers[6] were well rewarded,

Who from ocean's depth brought out gems,

Whose worth none can calculate.

سي پوچارا پر ٿيا سمنڊ سيويو جن،
آنڌائون عميق مان، جوتي جواهرن،
"لڌائون" لطيف چئي "لالون مان لهرن،"
"ڪانهي قيمت تن، ملھ مهانگو اُن جو."

5

Waves are not enemies of those who remember the Lord;

With repentance's aid severe storms they passed,

Having faith in God, they ocean easily crossed.

سيويو جن سبحان، ويري وڙهي تن سين،
توبھ جي تاثير سين، تري ويا طوفان،
ڏيئي توڪل تڪيو، آر لنگھيا آسان،
ڪامل ڪشتيان، وچ ۾ گڏين واهرو.

6

Those who with truth's merchandise lasting bargain make,

Filled their boat with humility and submission rare,

They are the brave youths, who in minutes ocean crossed.

ساري رات سچاڻ، سودو ڪن صاحب سين،
ٻانهپ ٻيري ڀيڙيون، هليا جوپ جوان،
پاٽي پهلوان، لحظي منجھ لنگھي ويا.

7

Divers alone know the art pf ocean's search,

Diving into its depth, they found precious gems of worth;

With their own hands, gems of worth, they brought forth.

ايءَ گت غواصن، جيئن سمنڊ سوجھيائون،
پيهي منجھ پاتار جي، ماڻڪ ميڙيائون،
آڻي ڏنائون، هيرا، لال هٿن سين.

8

Through whirlpools full of dangers they found access;

Searching the ocean, peerless gems they brought forth.

اڇارا عميق جا، گڏيا غواصن،
جهريون جهاڳي آئيا، ڪارونڀار ڪنن،
سمنڊ سوجھي جن، آڻي امل اوليا.

9

Those who dived the ocean, faces covered with glass,

From its depth precious stuff they brought;

Such ones alone will set their eyes on costly stock.

ويا جي عميق لاءِ، مُنهن ڪاڄو لاءِ،
تن سهون سوجھي ڪيو ن پاتان پيهي،
پسندا سيئي، امل اکڙين سين.

10

In front lies bog, large waves confront my boat,

Loaded with sins it is and is old,

آڏو چڪڻ چاڙھ، منهنجي موج نہ سهي مڪڙي،
ميڙي مٿاين جو بيحد چاڙهيم ٻار،

None can save me from (lark and dismal shore,

Lord! you alone can help me to cross the dangerous zone.

چوڻ چارو ناهه ڪو، ٻڏيون ٻي شمار،
ڪپر ڪارونڀار، اڪارين احسان سين.

11

Be not indifferent to this water's expanse,

Seeing neighbour's fate, forget it no more.

See you not whole world going towards that shore?[7]

وير مَ لاهي ويهه مٿي آر اوڙاهه جي،
پسي پاڙي واريون، ڪج انديشو ايهه،
ويندو نه پسين ڏيهه، پتڻ هن پار مٿي؟

12

Do not doubt, put all your trust in God,

He it is who puts you in the whirlpool,

And He it is who from it you will bring forth.

هڪي ٻانهيءَ چت ۾، ٻي سٽي صاحب،
ڪڍي اونهي ڪن مان، ايءَ آڳي جو عجب،
ايءَ سائين جو سبب، جيئن ٻڏا ڪڍي ٻارمان.

13

Man can only propose, that happens which God ordains,

He Himself confines you to whirlpool, Himself orders out of it.

He alone makes it for all convenient, He alone is your help.

هڪي ٻانهيءَ چت ۾، ٻي جا ڪري الله،
پاڻهين وجهي ڪن ۾، پاڻهين اڪاري اوڙاهه،
تنهن واحد کي واهه، جو سٽڙ سڀيئي ڪري.

Vai

Lord! I surmise no shore, grant Thou peace, let me be safe.

Lord! my refuge is only in your grace.

Many are my sins, indeed countless,

Save my sins, I have no knowledge of thy grace.

Men are fickle, you alone are my help.

Gracious and merciful Lord! hear and save me, as I supplicate,

My sins make even the evil one ashamed,

Even beasts cry woe! and lament my fate.

You alone are my guide in mid-ocean's waves,

My raft is broken in mid-stream, be my aid.

May He reach me who the drowning ones saves!

ڪنڌي ساريان ڪان، يا امن، امان!
يا الاهي! ٻاجهه پلاٽي ٻانئيان.
ڳڻڻ ڳاڻيٽو ناهه ڪو، اپر ٿيا عصيان،
خبر ناه قبر جي، نسورا انسان،
والي! رسج وهلو، ارڪ ٿيا انسان،
سڻ سٻاجها سپرين، نعرو نگهبان!
مديون پسي منهنجون شرمايا شيطان،
من منهنجي حال تي هيءِ هيءِ ڪن حيوان!
سائين! سڪاٽي آهيين، سامونڊيءَ سبحان!
ترهو ڇنم تار ۾، رسج تون رحمان!
ٻيلي جو ٻڏن جو، مون تي مونئين مان،
ويٺو ٻني ٻيٺو، ڪر ٻيرو مٿي ٻان،

خالق تان خوب ڪيا، گولن جا گذران،
آئون پڻ انڌو ان ۾، ويٺون پنان پان،
سڀ سوالي سمگيا، داتا ڏيئي دان،
ولها سڀ وهيان ڪيا، تنهنجي جوڙ جوان،
متان مون ڇڏئين، ٻيلي سندان ٻان،
ويرا وسيلو آهين، ڏاڙو ۾ ديوان،
لاءِ ڏهارين ڏينهن کي، خيمو اڏيو خان،
"اتي" عبداللطيف جي "سڻج دانهن سلطان"!

Do respond, this supplicant supplicates.

Lord! you have provided your servants' livelihood's many ways,

I too humbly beg for that.

You were ever bountiful and blessed to all those who begged,

gracious one, your generosity encircled the needy heads,

By your generosity all paupers, prosperous became.

You are succour of humans, leave me not to myself.

[8]Brave one, you are intercessor on the day of judgment.

On that day of reckoning, Prophet will pitch a tent,

There oh Messenger! respond to my request.

## Section III

1

کوها ڪاله ڪڍي، ان وڏا اتر آسري،
الا! جهري م ان جي، اولي جي آئي،
وڻجارن وٽي، وکر وڌو ٻيڙيين،

Breeze blows from north, sailors unfurl their sails,

Never may even boat's helm's handle, any damage sustain.

Sailors have loaded the boat with merchandise to sell.

2

وکر سو وهاءِ، جو پٽي پراڻو نه ٿئي،
ويچيندي ولات ۾، ذرو ٿئي نه ضاءِ،
سا ڪا هڙ هلاءِ، آڳه جنهنجي اڀين،

Trade with merchandise[9] that time will neither rust nor rot,

Selling it in foreign land, will bring you no loss;

Use such coinage that your salvation brings.

3

اوريائين آڻين، ميڙيو معلم خبرون،
سا تان سنڌ نه ڏين، جتي وهه ويڙ ڪري،

Expert sailors bring news of waters nearby,

They never tell what dangers within whirlpool[10] lie.

4

ٻيڙي پراڻي، وکر پاءِ مَ وترو،
تري ۾ تن پيا، پاسئون پاڻي،

The boat[11] is old, do not overload,

Water seeps from sides, bottom has holes,

This is your only chance, have concern for tomorrow's morn.

هي، هڏو وهاڻي! ڪڙهه ڪالهوڻي ڏينهن ڪي.

5

Water seeps from sides, bottom has holes,

Rigging loose and worn out, mast is old;

Helsman expert, safely brings out the boat through currents fast.

تري تن پياس، پاسڻون پاڻي وهي،
ڪوهو جهر جهنو ٿئو، لاڄو سڀ لڙياس،
جيلان سڌر سڪاڻياس، وهي تي وه سامهون.

6

Close its holes, with oil daily let it be gressed,[12]

With such preparation, let it enter the seas.

Braid strong, long ropes for its use,

Then on journey set, that no harm it sustains.

ويڙو تن تنينس، مک ڏيهاڻي مڪڙي،
سنياهي سيد چئي، مٿي نينديؤ نينس،
وٽائي وڏاندرا، لاڄو لڳائينس،
آخر اهرائينس، تہ جوکو ٿيئي نہ جهازکي.

7

See now the dreadful shore, of which you heard before;

Like others you slept, Lord you remember no more,

In wanton mood, the ship you brought in mid-ocean's stream.

Oh Lord! preserve thou this old precarious ship,

Ship of weak ones in waters wild under your trust,

Oh Lord! may you safely take us all to the port.

اڇي سو ڏٺوءِ، جو ڪپر سوءِ ڪنن سين،
"ستي لوڪ" لطيف چئي "ياد نہ ذرو ڪيوءِ"،
"غافل ٿي غراب ڪي، اوڙاهہ تي آندوءِ"
سو ڇتر ڇوهي ڪان رَکين، جو پيو پراڻون پوءِ!
جهاز صغين جو، پاڻيءَ ۾ پرتوءِ!
سيد! ساٿ سندوءِ، پر بندر پهچائين!

8

Oh ship! sail side by side large vessels,

With sound rigging provide yourself;

Loud noises are heard from ocean's depth.

جتو وانءُ جهاز! گڏيو غرابن سين،
پوريندي هن پار ڏي، سڌر ڪڄ ساز،
اچن ٿا آواز، سڻائي سمونڊ جا.

9

Boat in mid-stream, will it sink or sail?

The wooden nails and patches that carpenter fixed, have failed,

Pilot is not seen, sea pirates have taken his place.

Sailor! thieves have embarked your boat!

Where large vessels get sunk, there oh Lord! save my old boat.

ڊنگي وچ درياهہ، ڪي ھڏي ڪي اُپڙي،
هو جي واڍي وائٽا، سي سونهن سڀ سڙيا،
معلم ماڳ نہ اگهين، لانگي منجهہ لڙيا،
ملاح! تنهنجي مڪڙي، اچي چور چڙهيا،
جتي ٻڍنگ ٻڍيا، تتي تاري تنهنجي!

10

Sailor! you can’t profit both ways,

You sleep the whole night beside the helm,

Tomorrow you have to give account, how you spent your days.

ٻيڙياتا! ٻيئي، تہ نہ ڦٻنديون ڳالهڙيون،
سڄيون راتيون سمهين، پر سکاڻ ڏيئي،
صباح سيئي، پار پڇندءِ خبرون.

11

Midst strong currents, large vessels can’t steady keep;

There big boats with hardship slowly creep;

Mariners in waters anchors drop to balance boats.

Frightful reports I have heard from those who ocean explore.

وهہ تک وهڪرا، جت ننگر نہ ٺهرن،
وڏا ندريون وهہ ساماهيون، جڄهي زور جنبن،
نيهندءِ ۾ ناتاريون، وڻجارا وجهن،
ملان! معلمن، مون ڳري سئي ڳالهڙي.

12

Sailor! you can’t keep away from ocean king.

Oil your boat and beautify it

Against its sides, ocean waves will lash.

Can those unprepared, their ravages face?

وڻجارا! ويٺي، تو نہ سرندي شاه ريءَ،
مک پنهنجي مڪڙي، چڱي ڪر چيٺي،
پاسا پاڪڙين، جا، سمنڊ ٿو سيڪوي،
جي لنڊا منجهہ ليکي، وير وڙهندي تن سين،

13

Watchman sailor keeps the captain informed.

Those well-equipped for ocean journey, safely passed the storm,

Offering prayers to God, such ones Aden reached.

ناکئو نگهبان، معلم منجي خبرون،
جن ساري کنيو سمونڊ تي، سفر جو سامان،
”لطف ساڻ“ لطيف چئي ”تن لنگهيون طوفان،“
”سنياري سبحان، وڃي عادنئون اُکتا.“

14

Helsman! Sleep not till port’s dangers are crossed,

Water near the port churns like curd in earthen pot;

Far better not to sleep than such suffering come across.

بندر جان پئي، تہ سکاڻيا! مَ سمهو،
ڪپر توڪن ڪري، جيئن ماٽي منجهہ مهي،
ايڏو سور سهي، ننڊ نہ ڪجي ناکئا!

15

With faith in pilot, they all slept,

Sleep you sailors too, for no danger on port is envisaged;

Those whose safety Holy Prophet upholds, dificult paths they easily cross.

ستا سڀ پئي، سندي معلم آسري،
اوهين پڻ سمهو، ناکئا! بندر ناهہ پئي،
جن جي سيد لڄ کئي، سي سڀ لنگهيندا لڪون.

Comrades prepare for journey, walkers prepare for journey,
Awake, awake, you are still so sleepy.
In mid-ocean neighbours have let their ropes loose,
Ferry encircles, your turn will come sudden and soon.
You have your fill, then whole night you are in deep sleep,
Have you not heard the call of going away from here untimely?
If you are awake, make haste, repent,
Listen oh brother! sleep not so sound, oh friends!
Master sent you to seek truth, you stand midst liars unashamed!
Have you not heard whirlpool's roar loudly proclaim?
I enter without the jar with entreaties uttering God's name.
Protector, keep me safe and away from him who lives doubtingly,
Keep repeating, "every one will taste death ultimately"[13].
You are the prey of falcon[14] and you keep seeking the prey foolishly,[15]
On judgement day, "brother will disown his brother" unhesitatingly[16]
My raft is in mid-stream, be my successor, I humbly beg,
Precious moments numerable, you lost and did waste,
Had you spent them remembering the Lord, you would have safely crossed.
Accumulated knee-deep wealth hidden in your house, you got,
[16] Hadis calls such wealth forbidden, gathered unlawfully,
You feared not the exacting Lord, wealth you shared not with the needy.
She who runs away from her husband, can she to you faithful be? Listen to this advice, life is not so lengthy,
Foregetful one! forget not the terror of grave's walls, ponder gravely

ساٿين پڌا ٻار، ووا تن پانڌين پڌا ٻار،
توکي آرس اکڙين ۾!
پاتا پاڙيواين، پڳهه منجهه پاتار،
پتڻ تو پور ڪري، آئي تهنجڙي وار،
سڄيون راتيون سمهين، ڪيو منجهه خمار،
ڪ تو ڪنين نہ سئي، هلڻ جي هاڪار؟
تائب ٿيو تڪڙا، سچي ايءَ سنيار،
ننڊ نہ ڪجي ايتري، سڄڻ، ادايار،
سائينءَ مڪين سچ کي، تون ڪوڙو منجهه قطار،
ڪ توکنين نہ سئي، ڪپر جي ڪوڪار؟
گهڙان ٿي ريءَ گهڙي، الاهي تهار!
هو جو شڪ شارڪ جو، تيئان رک، ستار!
"ڪل نفس ذائقة الموت"، پڙهو ايءَ پچار،
شڪارتون شهباز جو، تون تان منجهه شڪار!
"يوم يفر المرء من اخيه"، جت پڇندا پار،
ترهو چنو تار ۾، اچج تون، اوسار!
لک مڙيئي لٿيا، هنئين ويا هزار،
ڏڻڻ جي الله کي، هوند ٿئين پرئين پار،
جوڙن مٽان جٽڪي، دني تهنجي دار،
جيفو آهه حديث ۾، انڌيءَ اي اچار،
وٺيءَ ڪين ولهن سين، ڪنبي پر قهار،
سا ڪيئن هلي تو سين، جا پڳي ڪان پتار؟
جيئڻ، جال نہ نبهي، سڄع ايءَ سنيار،
جم وسارئين، ويسرا! پتن جي پلڪار،

## Section IV

1

سپيئي سبحان جي، ڪر حوالي ڪم،
ٿيءُ تحقيق سليم ۾، لاهي غم وهم،
قادر ساڻ ڪرم، حاصل ڪري حاج تو.

Entrust all your task to praiseworthy God;
Put away sorrows and doubts, to His will completely submit,
That way Omnipotent Lord will enable you, your tasks to accomplish.

2

چڱا ڪن چڱايون، مٺايون مٺن،
جو وڙ جڙي جن سين، سو وڙ سيئي ڪن،

Virtuous ones will perform good deeds, evil deeds wicked ones,
Good deeds suit one, evil deeds the other.

3

ميين مٿي سمرا کهين سڏ ڪرين،
ساٿ نباهيو نين، اي پر سندي سڄڻين.

They load camels and call the tired lot,
To the final stage, these loving hearts take them all.

4

وت ويمي جوجي لهين، تہ ٻي ڪانہ ڪرين ڪا،
سا پروڙج ڳالهڙي، وڻجارن وٽان،
موتي جن هٿان، آنديءِ گهٽي ادب سين.

Were you to know the truth of true trafficking, you would give up all,
Learn this secret from those who in truth trade,
Through whose guidance, pearls you would get.

5

امل آيج مَ اُن کي، جي نہ پروڙن مٺ،
جتي گڏ جيئي جوهري، ماڻڪ تنتي مٺ،
جنين سون سين سٽ، تن هٽي ري رد ڪيو.

Offer not pearly to those who know not their worth,
Exchange them only when you their connoisseur find,
Those who deal with gold, all base metals dislike.

6

سونا! وڃ صراف سينءُ، لڏو لاهہ مَ لڏ،
سودو سوئي ڇڏ، جنهن ۾ جواهر ناهہ ڪي.

Oh gold! go to jeweller and settle down there,
Give up that trade which has no dealings with precious wares.

7

جہ صرافن لڏيو، تہ تون پڻ لڏج، سون!
قدر ڪنديءِ ڪون، نيئي گڏينديءِ ڪٽ سان.

If the jewellers migrate, you do the same,
For none will know your worth and put you beside metals base.

8

اگهيو ڪائو ڪچ، ماڻڪن موٽ ٿي،

Worthless glass is readily bought, precious pearls

are spurned,

In my garment's hem I hold truth, ashamed to offer it.

پلءِ پايو سچ، آچيندي لڄ مران.

9

Experts of diamonds and rubies are gone,

Their successors hardly know the worth of brass,

In their place iron smiths hammering base metals, I find.

ويا سي وينجهارا! هيرو لعل ونڌين جي،
تنين سندا پويان، سيهي لهن نہ سار،
ڪٿين ڪٽ لهار، هاٽي انين پيٽين.

10

May those lapidaries[17] never leave, who know pearls worth;

With microscopic eyes, they examine each one;

From fine edges of pearls, their value they define,

Without lapidaries, none would know value of pearls.

وڃن مَ وينجهارا! پاڻيٺ جي پرکٺا،
ڪنيرپايو اکيين، لهن سڀ ڪنهن سار،
موتيءَ جي مزاج جو، قدر منجهہ ڪنار،
صرافنئون ڏار، ماڻڪن ملاحظو ٿئي!

11

Precious gem in its casket the woman into bits broke,

It cost a quarter and a lac, when whole;

Its price to billions rose, when it got crushed.[18]

ماڻڪ منڍ هٿان، پيتيءَ ۾ پرزا ٿيو!
سڄو تان، سيد چئي، لهي لک سوا،
پڳي پڃاڻا، پد مان ئي پرپ ٿيو.

12

Where there are precious pearls, thieves abide,

Lucky are those who kept safe their merchandise.

جتي ماڻڪ ماڳ، تتي چوران تڪيو،
سٺئون تن سڀاڳ، امل جن اوباهيو.

13

The evil one keeps saying, I am the same,

Whom eighty eyes engaged in search, will fail to trace."

چوراپيو ايئن چوءِ، "تہ آئون اهوئي آهيان،"
"جي اسي اکين هوءِ، تہ لڪي کي ڪونہ لهي."

Vai

Arise oh friends! submit yourself.

Awake friends, eagerly submit yourself.

In going to the Beloved, let there be no delay;

Fly like the moth over the blaze,

Your state of mind in clear terms relate;

جاڳو، يارا! جيڏيون! پاڻ پرن جي،
جاڳو جو شان، جيڏيون! پاڻ پرن جي،
هلندي حبيبن ڏي، ويلو وچ نہ ڪجي،
مٿان اهس اسري، پتنگ جيئن پئجي،
عرض احوال ان کي، چڱي پت چئجي،
ڪري نياز نڪٿون، واحد ڏي ورجي،

With all humility yourself to God direct;
Over one and all hovers death;
Death of which you always hear will suddenly face.
Prepare your provision for the darkness of the grave,
Take much provision, for much is required in that place.
Sins hidden from the world, He has all their knowledge,
Whatever passes in your mind, of that too He has

knowledge.
He who fears the Lord and himself from sin saves,
And seeks refuge in the Lord, with His mercy is safe.

آهي موت مڙن تي، گوڙيون ڪيو گجي،
اجل ايندءِ اچتو، جو سدا تو سجي،
اڳيان اونداهيءَ لاءِ، شمع ساڻ ڪجي،
ڪڻ تون قوت قبر جو، گھڻو تو گھرجي،
آگو عيب اوهانجا، ڍڪيا ڳجھ ٻجھي،
جيڪي وهي وجود ۾، صاحب سو سمجھي،
ڊڄي ڊاءِ ڏٺيءَ جي، جيڪو پيءِ پڄي،
امن آهي اُن کي، جو منجھ الله اجھي،

Section V

1

Wave upon wave, dark whirlpool, difficult shore.
Ocean's high white tides are in full swing;
Rise Oh, indifferent one! for waves a challenge bring.

لهرن ليکو ناهه، جت ڪپر ڪن ڪارا،
اڇاڙا عميق جا، اڇن اوڀارا،
اُٿي، اسارا! وير ورندءِ، ويسرا!

2

Yesterday huge, big ships were in whirlpool sunk,
Now the ocean aims at your boat, so think.

ڪالهه وڏائين ڪن ۾، جاڏا جنگ جهاز،
تهنجي اڄ تراز، آر اکين ۾.

3

Never be forgetful of ocean's dangers,
Though much you cherish sleep take care mariner,
When over water, keep awake, that your boat may safely pass.

ملاحظو مهراڻ جو، مور مَ لاهه مناءُ،
سامونڊي! سنڀال ڪي! سمهڻ آيءِ ساءُ،
جاڳي جر مٿاءُ، تاري نين تراز کي.

4

Oh boatswain! let your boat from waves carefully pass,
The ocean's experts complain of water's wrath,

تاري نين تراز کي، منجھان موج، ملاح!
دانهون ڪن درياهه جون، اُونهي جا آگاهه،

Take experts' advice that you may wisely cross.

سونهن جي صلاح وٺ تہ ويرلنگهي وڃين.

5

Ocean experts give haffowing reports of water's turbulance,

They speak the truth for falsehood, they never go near;

Humility's vigil till midnight they keep,

Whole host through vast expanse, they safely lead.

سونهان سڏيون ڏين، هن ديواني درياهہ جون،
ڪوڙ اوڏائي ڪين ڪي، رڳو سچ سودين،
عجز جو اڌ رات ڪي، وکر وهائين،
ساٿ سلامت نين، ثابت انهيءَ سير مان.

6

Cloves, cardam oms and clothes, they placed in the boat,

Costly stuff in its bottom's stores they did load,

Rigging of the boat with flowers they decked,

Peace be upon Holy Prophet, to whom they entrusted all their hopes,

May God preserve their boats that were in ocean lower'd.

قرقل، ڦوٽا، پارچا، پاٽيڻ پاتائون،
ڪونيون قيمت سنديون، ترم تاڪيائون،
لاڄن منجهہ، لطيف چئي، ٻيڙا ٻڌائون،
نذر نبيءَ جام جو، چڙهندي چيائون،
جي ڇوهي ڇوڙيائون، سي ٻيڙيون رکين ٻاجهہ سين.

7

At eventide, I entreat the waters wide,

Praying that boat safely reach the shore and beloved his abode.

As trader is pleased with his merchandise, so be all those.

Through Holy Prophet's intercession, they were not stopped by tax collectors,

Traversing many foreign lands, safely in their homes now they enter.

وڃين جان ويهي، جر پلءَ پائيان،
"تڙ ٻيڙا! گهر سپرين!" اوسهہ ايءَ پيئي،
جيئن وڻجارو سين وڪرين، سرها سيئي،
حرمت سان حبيب جي سونگا نہ سيئي،
پاٽهي اوءِ پيهي، ڪنڌ ڪيڙائو آئيا.

## Section VI

1

Fasten your raft tight in shallow waters,

None will bring it to you in deep waters.

تانگهي م تاڙي ٻڌ پنهنجو ترهو،
اونهي م آڻي، ڪونہ ڏيندءِ ڪو ٻيو!

2

Seek your Lord, don't you sit as if unaware,

Death like lightening strikes any time, beware!

ڏوري لهہ ڏاتار، جم وهين ويسرا!
هڪڪو هوئج هوشيار، ڪنوڻ ڪنونديءِ اوچتي.

3

Lightening flashes, unfortunate ones, you still sleep!

They were lost souls who its warning did not heed.

کنوڻ کنوايو، آيءِ ننڊ اياڳ جي!
جنين نہ پوءِ پانيو، ڪري توائي تن کي.

4

Mariner still unprepared! hold tight to the mast,

Dreadful storm blows, ocean is in chaos,

Self conceited ones have lost their thinking power.

سامونڊي! سنبھين، ساڃو جهل سڪاڻ،
لڳي واءُ وڏاندرو، مَنجهان ئي مهراڻ،
جنين پانيو پاڻ، ڪري توائي تن کي.

5

Neither stars rest, nor waves know any respite,

You hold dear what you easily get,

When whole night you sleep, what of worth can you assess?

نڪو سک نکٽين، نہ ويساند نئين،
جيڪا اچئي سامهين، پائين سا سئين!
موڙڪوھ مئين؟ جڏهن سڄيون راتيون سمهين!

6

Hard and difficult are paths to God, even to those who dare,

Though they know the land, they get confused there,

Enter the white waves wih heart that over-flows with love.

اهکي راھ الله جي، اهکي، اهکيءَ پيت،
هوجي ڏهائي ڏيھ جا، تن پڻ منهنجي مت،
اچا ران ابت گھڙج گهاٽي نيهن سين.

7

Lower your boat in ocean, with trust in God's help,

Fasten tight its ropes with humility and truth,

Fill it with supplications' merchandise, having it weighed,

So, it goes not astray before Aden is reached.

تن ۾ تراز توھ جي، گهٽو لھ گهوري،
ادب ۽ اخلاص جا، سڙھ ٻڌج سوري،
وکر وينتين جو، تنهن ۾ پاءِ توري،
تہ عاد نئون اوري، تنهنجو توائي نہ ٿئي.

8

Those who go deep down the ocean, gather pearls,

Those who search shallows and nets, gather shells and pebbles.

سمنڊ جي سيوين، تنين ماڻڪ ميڙيا،
ڇلر جي ڇوئين، تن سانکوتا ۽ ستيون.

# Samoondi

(The Sailors)

## Introduction

Samoondi as the word indicates, is about the life of sailors who have to leave their dear and near ones and face the hazards of sea life. The feelings of sailors' wives and the state in which they are in the absence of their husbands, have been vividly portrayed. Though Latif in this sur seems to be "a poet pure and simple" there are two lines which remind us that he is a sufi and a saint also and the sur is more profound than it appears. These lines are:

بندر ديسان ديس، ملھ نہ ملي ورائين
فقيراڻي ويس، املُ ڏين اتوريا.

There is not much worth in harbours, with sand and port all over. Precious stones you will only find in sufi's lore. True treasure lies hidden in Sufi's life and not in that of a sailor, who wanders from port to port, concerned with the object of amassing wealth.

Latif is superb at depicting the feelings of a woman and he describes in depth what passes in her mind and how she suffers in her husband's absence. The complaints that she makes, are typical of a woman in such a state, so also are the rejoicings when he safely returns.

Shah Abdul Latif is always a supporter of the poor, the downtrodden and the weak. In touching words, he tells us about the plight of the wife of a poor sailor, who has been away for a long time on some voyage. She has to depend on the help of friends and neighbours to fulfil even the ordinary daily needs.

Considering the spiritual significence of the sur, the seeker of God, dissociating himself from all worldly contacts and completely detaching himself from the demands of his lower self, undertakes the spiritual journey several times, each time returning successfully. During its course, he comes to understand certain spiritual truths, some more profound than the others, symbolised as gold and gems. Since he is now able to master the refractory forces, they can no longer hinder him from undertaking the spiritual journey again and again till the final goal is achieved.

## Section I

1

Woman! near anchor's hausers pass your days,
Lest leaving you in distress, sailors sail away

پگھہ پاسي گھاڙ آيل! سامونڊين جي،
وڃڻي جيءَ جنجاڙ، جم وڃنئي اوھري.

2

Pine beside the anchor of sailors' boat,
Lest having kindled love's fire in you, they set sail to lands remote.

پگھہ پاسي پچ، آيل! سامونڊين جي،
من ۾ ٻاري مچ، جم وڃنئي اوھري.

3

Sit beside boats' mooring place,
You are slack and sailors prepare to sail.
Why sit not with those who go to salty deep?

پگھہ پاسي ويھہ، آيل! سامونڊين جي،
تون ويسري ڙک ڪين، ھو پوريندا پرڏيھہ،
سمنڊ جن ساڙيھہ، ڪوھہ نہ وڃين تن سين؟

4

Though pushed with oar, I will not mooring shun,
My love with his many virtues, my heart has won.

ننگرئون نيٽن، من اوليءَ نہ اوھري!
سباجھين سيٽين، پائي ڳڻ ڳھيو ھنئون.

5

Those were my youthful days, when my love voyaging went,
My tears could prevent him not from going west,
Leaving me on love's pyre, my sailor sailed away.

سي ئي جوڀن ڏينھن، جڏھن سڄڻ سفر ھليا،
رئان رھن نہ سپرين، آيل! ڪريان ڪيئن؟
مون کي چاڙھي چيئن، ويو وڻجارو اوھري!

6

On harbour now are neither sailors nor boats,
Friends! today separation's wounds hurt me sore.
Neighbours! my love's separation grieve me most.

نہ سي تڙ ھوڙاڪ، نہ رايون وڻجارن جون!
سرتيون سامونڊين جا، اڄ پڻ چڪيم چاڪ،
ماريم ھن فراق، پاڙيچون! پرين جي.

7

Leaving me forlorn, he has gone to that place,
Since aeons old none has returned from there safe,
"Helpless one! separation's sorrow will undo you most."

ويا اوھري اوءِ، مون کي ڇڏي ماڳھين،
جڳن جا جڳ ٿيا، تتان نہ موٽيو ڪوءِ!
گوندر ماريندوءِ، ويچاري! وين جو.

8

Those sailors whose boat entered ocean's depth,
Mother! they never to their homes came back,
For ocean's strong waves did overcome them.

اونھي ۾ اوھري، جڏھن ويا جي،
موٽي ماڳ نہ آئيا، ماءِ! سامونڊي سي،
ڪارو تنھين کي، جيڪس وھہ وري ويو!

9

May they return safe to the harbour which they left,

Lord! may they meet favourable winds, from harm be kept.

اُهريا جتائين، ڀڪن تن تڙائين!
ساموٽڊين، سائين! واءُ سڻائو وارئين!

10

"To marry a sailor, is to be full of sorrows,

He sailed away leaving me on love's gallows."

ساموندڍيڪو سڱ، آهي گندر گاڏئون،
انگن چاڙهي اڱ، ويو وڻجارو اوهري!

11

"May you forget the trade that you know,

Having come yesterday, you say you have to go".

وجيئي وسري شال! جو تو سودو سکيو،
اچان آئين ڪال، پڻ تو سفر سڀين!

12

Standing by boat's prow, holding its moorings she weeps and yearns,

'Cursed be the trade that love, you have learnt".

ڳريو جهليو روءِ، مٿي مهري هٿڙا،
ڪوءِ سودو سندوءِ! جوتو، ڍوليا! سکيو.

13

She does not let the boat move, holds fast the oar,

"Stay this night for my sake,

Go not away so far, leave me not forlorn", she says.

لوڙڻ نہ ڏئي، ور وڏائين ونجهہ کي،
رهہ اجوکي راتڙي، لالن! مون لئي،
وڃ م ڦوڙائي، ايڏي سفر، سپرين!

14

"Was not my love so strong, that he pushed the boat,

Leaving me there standing on the shore?

I did not earlier plan going with them,

I would have wrapped round me the rope, in boat I would have lain.

جيڪس نہ نينهن سندوم، جيئن مون بيٺي هُن ٺيليو،
سعيو ساموندين سين، اڳهين تان ڪونہ ڪيوم،
وجهڻ منجهہ هئوم، پاڻ وراڪي رس سين.

15

Never love those whose abode is the boat,

When sailors in ocean lower their boats, their wives suffer mamy woes

بيڙيءَ جي پٽن، نينهن نہ ڪجي تن سين،
ايون ڏنپ ڏسن، جيئن سڙهہ چاڙهي سير ٺيا.

16

"Like a boat on bad wharf, since long is my heart,

My beloved did not enquire, he cared for me not."

هينئڙو بيڙي جان، ڏنڙ پئي ڏينهن ٺيا،
پڇيو تان نہ پريان، ڪر لاهو تي ڪڏهين.

17

"Sedge's tips are withered, wind's blow from north,

Come back husband! for you have I taken many vows."

سر نسريا پاند، أتر لڳا، آءُ پرين،
مون تو ڪارڻ، ڪانڌ! سهيين سڪائون ڪيون.

18

"Would he come now, fortunate would I myself hold,

Embracing him tight, sweet talk I would hold?

جيڪر اچي هاڻ، تہ ڪريان روح رچنديون،
آيل! ڍولئي ساڻ. هوند ڳر لڳي ڳالهيون ڪري.

19

"Mother! in love's quarreling tones I would say,

You said you would soon return, why did you so long stay?

آيل! ڍوليي ساڻ، اچي تہ جهيڙيان،
"لاتئي ڏينهن گهڻا، مون سين ڪيءِ توراڙا".

20

As soon as he sets his foot on land, he talks of going back,

In agony I would be put and left to distress."

لاهيندائي ڪن، ڳالهيون هلڻ سنديون،
ڏيندا مون ڏکن، وهہ وجهندا جندڙو!

21

Put new life in me by his talk,

Like repaired fort's tower, revive my heart."

مون کي جياريو، پرين جي ڳالهہ ڪري!
ڍنو اڄ اڏيو، هينئڙو ڪوٽ برج جيئن."

22

"Mast's fluttering flags looking so bright appear,

Mother! loaded with riches sailors are back, what joy is there!

Since yesterday crow cawed to tell of their safe return".

چمڪيون چوڏار، ڏجون ڏاڙيچن جون،
ماءِ! سامنڊي آئيا، سهين ڪري سينگار،
أنين جي پچار، ڪالهون ڪر ڪانگ ڪري.

Vai

Mother! hapless me, my love I cannot conceal,

Placing me on love's Pyre, my mariner leaves.

Having married mariner, day and night tears I shed,

Termite of suffering reach up to my head:

Like creepers, sorrows envelope my whole being.

Mother! with folded hands, I will to my guide proceed.

آيل! ڪريان ڪيئن؟ مُهنجو نينهن آپليو نہ رهي،
ويو وڻجارو اوهري، مون کي چاڙهي چڪين،
ساموڊين جي سڱ کي، رئان راتو ڏينهن،
اڏوهي جيئن ڏکڙا، چڙهيا چوٽيءَ سيئن،
گوندر مٿان جندڙي، ويا ولين جيئن،
مادر! پائي منڊيون، وڃان هاديءَ سيئين،

## Section II

1

Sailors prepare to set sail again,
My tears, my love from going away, cannot refrain,
Mother! how long can I him prevent,
Who has lowered his boat in ocean's waves?

اڄ پڻ وايون ڪن، وڻجارا وڃڻ جون،
هلڻ هارا سپرين، رڻان تان نہ رهن،
آئون جهليندي ڪيترو، آيل! ساموندين؟
پڳهہ ڇوڙي جن، وڌا ٻيڙا ٻار ۾.

2

May he not forget me, whom I cannot forget,
He with whose heart are inter-woven my veins.

لاهيان جي نہ چتان، الا! آءٌ مَ وسران!
مڙهيو منجهاران، جيءَ منهنجو جن سين.

3

Mother! sailors are back, their sweet talk is heard on port,
Their talk revives my heart once more.

تڙين تنوارين، ماءِ! ساموندي آئيا،
مون کي جيارين، وايون وڻجارن جون.

4

Wind from north blows, they depart to return in spring,
Much do I loath, the business that they profess.
It is festival for those whose husbands from voyage return.

لڳي اتر اُهريا، واهوندي ورن،
آئون گهٽو ئي گهوريان، سودو ساموندن،
اڱڻ جن اچن، عيد ورتي اُن کي،

5

Of his safe return, if I hear,
Pearls I would give to the poor, that round his neck I had turned.[1]

اڱڻ آئيا جان، تہ سرتيون! مون سک ٿيا،
امل پرئين مٿان، ٻرڪئو ٻين ڏيان.

6

On harbour's landing ground, sails they repaired,
Having repaired the sails, mast they did lift,
Their ocean flags they then unfurled,
With God's grace, they safely crossed the waves.

سڙهہ ٿي سبيائون، بندر جي تڙن تي،
سڙهہ سبي ساڄا ڪري، کوها کنيائون،
بيرقون بحرن ۾، ڇوڙي چڙهيائون،
"لهريون لنگهيائون،لطف سائڻ" لطيف چئي.

7

On harbour's landing ground, they repaired the sails,
From ocean's experts they information sought,
They then safely their ship to waters brought.

سڙهہ ٿي سبيائون، بندر جي تڙن تي،
ملان معلم خبرون، پڇي پوريائون،
سٽڙ سونيائون، اوتڙ ڪنهن نہ اوليا.

8

There is not much worth in harbours with sand and ports all o'er,

Pearls and precious stones you will only find in sufi's lore.

بندر ديسان ڏيس، مل نہ ملي وارئين،
فقيراڻي ويس، اُمل ڏين اتوريا.

9

Sailors' wives stand at landing place with reverance,

Throwing musk and ambergris in ocean's waves.[2]

اُپيون تڙ پوڄين، وهون وڻجارن جون،
آٽيو ڪاڏين، ڪٿوري، سمونڊ ڪي.

10

Sailor's wife lights earthen lamps on water and land,[3]

Tying tufts to trees she sends up prayers;[4]

"Lord! my only entreaty is my husband's soon and safe return."

جر ٿر ڏيو ڏئي، وڻ ٽڻ ٻڌّ وائنٽيون،
الله! "ڪانڌ اچي، آسائتي آهيان!"

11

She who pays not visit to the shore and ocean,

Does not light earthen lamps on waters and land,

Can such a one deserve union with her husband?

ڄاجر جاتون نہ ڏئي، ڏيا نہ موهي،
سڌون ڪوهہ ڪري، سا پنهنجي ڪانڌ جون؟

## Section III

1

I cannot reach on foot, far away is port,

I have no money for fare of the boat.

Oh captain! help me to meet my love,

I make this request, standing at your door.

پراُن، مان پڄان، بندر مون ڏور ٿيا،
نہ مون هڙ نہ هنج ڪي، جو آئون چڙهان،
ايئن ڪج، پاڻٽي! جيئن پر پرينءَ مڙان،
ڪارون ٿي ڪريان، تو در اپي ناکئا.

2

They had no fare, nor would boatman take them gratis,

Whole day they remained on shore till the sun was set,

Their destination they easily reached, when God's help came,

هڙ ۾ ڪين هئون، هونءَ هُن نہ چاڙهيا،
سارو ڏينهن سمونڊ تي، لهي سج ويون،
"جڏهن سائينءَ" سبب ڪيو، تڏهن سڙٽيا" سيد چئي،

3

"Borrowed pots are on my stove,

Winter's cold winds now blow,

Looking at other's husbands, deep sighs I heave.

اسان اُڌارا، آڻي آونگ چاڙهيا،
مُنهن ڏيئي مون آئيا، سامهون سيارا،
اُٻين سيڪارا، پسيو ور ٻين جا.

4

While on the landing place I stood, he sailed away,

I must something lack, for my love is kindness always.

مون اُڀي تڙ هيٺ، پرين پڳهه ڇوڙيا،
ڪا مونهين ۾ ڏيٺ، نات سڄڻ سڀاڄها گهٽو.

5

As I stood on the landing ground, he set sail,

With trust in God he went, every minute for him have I prayed,

And have faith that he will return safe.

مون اُڀي تڙپاس، پرين پڳهه ڇوڙيا،
هو الله هاراهريا، آئون دم دم دعا ڪندياس،
آه نه لاهينديَاس، موتي ايندا مان ڳري.

6

Beginning their voyage with salty deep, by sweet water they returned,

Big businessmen trade not with gold but ocean's pearls,

Much wealth from Sri Lanka they are able to bring.

کاري ڪيڙائو، مٺي مٺي موٽيا،
سودو ڪن نه سون جو، وڏا وهائو،
موتي جي مهراڻ جا، تن جا طاماعو،
ساموندي سائو، لنڪالو پي آئيا.

7

Lanka, Lanka, is all their concern.

Hearing of Lanka's wealth, sailors cannot rest,

At dawn their sails they unfurled,

Those who undertake such tasks, difficult is their return.

لنڪا لنڪا ڪن، لهي لنڪا جي اوهريا،
سڻي سون لنڪا جو، سک نه ساموندين،
پرهه پڳهه ڇوڙيا، ڪاڍي ڪيڙائن،
وڏي ڀاڳ پڙن! جي ڪهيا ڪارو نيار ڏي.

8

Sailors at dawn, boat's anchor weighed,

Seeing them go, many tears I shed, I will not live long, after they have left.

وڻجارن وري، پرهه پڳهه ڇوڙيا،
اوليون پسي اُن جون، پيڙ م ڳچ ڳري،
ويندس ماءِ! مري، ساري ساموندين کي.

9

Oh sailor's mother! why not keep back your sailor son?

He wants to set sail when after a year he has come!

"وڻجاري جي ماءِ! وڻجارو نه پلئين؟"
"آيو ٻارهين ماهه! موٽيو ٿو سفر سنڀجي!"

10

| | |
|---|---|
| Would I had remained unmarried than marry a sailor!<br>North wind blows and he for voyage is prepared. | وڻجاري ڪانڌاءِ، مون ور ويٺي ڳماريو!<br>لڳي اُتر واءُ، ڍوليو هلڻ جون ڪري. |

11

| | |
|---|---|
| Oh sailor husband! I should have never married you,<br>You are ready to leave, having spent with me days few. | جي تون وڻجارو ڪانڌ، تہ مون هٿم لائون لڏيون!<br>پر ڏيهہ مٿي سانگ، انئي پهر جنهن ڪيو. |

12

| | |
|---|---|
| At Diwali's[5] advent mariners prepare to leave,<br>Holding her husband in tight embrace she weeps,<br>The Pangs of separation at dawn, woman! will be your bane. | ڏٺي ڏياري، سامونڊين سڙهہ سنباهيا<br>وجهيو ور ونجهہ کي، روئي وڻجاري،<br>ماريندءِ ماري! پره سور پرين جا. |

# Suhni

(The Beautiful)

## Introduction

Folk tales form the oral literature of the peasants of Sindh; they have been passed by word of mouth from generation to generation. Shah Abdul Latif has taken seven such tales and has used them to serve his mystic purpose, as well as to throw some light on the economic and social conditions and on the customs of different periods of the history of Sindh. All these tales are allegories, symbolising abstract truths through the characters and events with which even the common people were already familiar. But he has nowhere dealt with the stories and the events in their sequence or related them as a whole. All that he has done, is to take up the most crucial point in the story or its climax and then like in the stream of consciousness literature, keeps on going backward and forward to elaborate the significance of that particular focal event or state of the mind of the protagonist. As such, in Sur Suhni, as elsewhere, nowhere is the whole story told and only two protagonists are dimly drawn, Suhni herself and Mehar who is sometimes called Sahar. The third character, if I may say so, is the river which in fact assumes greater magnitude than any of the other two. Much time and attention is given to the description of the storm that rages over it and the dangers that lurk in it, including the dreaded creatures of the waters.

This tale has been related as given below:

During the reigm of the Mughal Emperor Shah Jahan, there lived in Gujrat (Punjab), a potter whose name was Tulla. He had a daughter who it is said was born on the night of Shab-e-Qadar (Night of Power - the night when the Holy Quaran was revealed) and was so beautiful that the fond parents named her Suhni (Beautiful).

Incidentally, so the story goes, a son was born on the same night, with the blessings of a saint, to Mirza Ali, a Bokhara merchant. The child was named Izzat Beg. As a young man, Izzat Beg came to India on a business trip and hearing of Tulla's fame, sent his servant to his shop. The servant happened to see the potter's beautiful daughter and was full of her beauty's praise before his master. Izzat Beg decided to go to the potter's shop himself where he fell in love with Suhni at first sight. On the pretext of buying Tulla's artistically ornamented jars, he would frequent the potter's shop so that he could see Suhni. He continued to do so till he spent all his money and was even in Tulla's debt. To pay back this debt, he bcame Tulla's servant who entrusted him with the task of looking after his buffaloes and that is how he began to be called Mehar (One

who looks after buffaloes). One day he had a chance to tell of his love to Suhni which she reciprocated.

When her mother came to know of her daughter's state of mind, she tried her utmost to dissuade her but when she did not succeed by this way, she got Suhni forcibly married to her cousin Darn. Mehar was heart broken. He left the job and on the other bank of the river Chenab, he built a hut and began to live there like a Yogi.

His fame as a pious Yogi soon spread and he began to be visited by many people. Suhni too, accompanied by her friends, paid a visit to him and immediately recognised him. Since then every night she would cross the river Chenab on a baked earthen pot and visit Mehar. This state of affairs could not remain concealed for long. Efforts were made to pursuade her to desist from her nocturnal visits but all persuations were of no avail; so a plan was made. The baked jar was replaced by an unbaked one having the same colours and the same design. The unsuspecting Suhni, according to her usual practice, took the unbaked jar and plunged into the river. It was a dark and stormy night but nothing would deter her from her purpose. In midstream the jar broke, Suhni called out to Mehar to help her, who in return asked the fishermen to assist him in saving her. But none would dare to enter the river in that raging storm. Mehar then plunged into the water to save Suhni, reaching her only to be drowned with her.

The spiritual significance of the sur, as in the major part of the Risalo, is the verse of the Holy Quran: الست بربكم قالوا بلي("Am I not your God", "Verily Thou art").

It is indeed a wonder that Shah Abdul Latif has taken a peculiar, clandestine, gripping, tragic love story and has treated it as an allegory of the human soul in quest of God and spiritual truths, during its sojourn on this earth. It is for this reason that he says in this sur:

جي تو بيت ڀانيان، سي آيتون آهين،
نيو من لائين، پريان سندي پار ڏي.

What you consider to be verses are sign posts,

That direct your mind to Lord's abode.

In this allegory, Latif through symbols deals with all the aspects of Tassawuf or Islamic mysticism. To begin with, there is mention of the primal covenat between man and God which for the sake of emphasis is repeated four times in the very words of the Holy Quran and is symbolised in the love of Suhni for Mehar which had existed before creation. Her marriage to Dam is the symbol of man's being thrown in this world.

Since no other attachment is to be formed except seeking Allah's proximity, Suhni too is oblivious of all other concerns.

پاڻ مَ ڪٽج پاڻ سين، وسهلا وسار
لڙ لنگهائي، سهڻي! پرت وڇڻديءَ پار،
سي ترت لگهنديون تار، اکيل اگهه جن سين

Give up self conciet before you proceed,

Suhni! true love alone enables you to succeed,

Those whom it guides will safely cross.

Step by step the sufi doctrine is referred to in symbols. This doctrine is based on the belief that "nothing exists absolutely but God", and that the human soul is an emanation of His Essence, which though separated from its source will be ultimately re-united with it. This re-union will bring the highest happiness. To achieve this purpose, all human attachments have to be avoided and a life of complete detachment pursued. Ibn Arabi considered "all Being as essentially one and the existence of the created things as nothing but the very essence of the existence of the Creator". The sufis believe that "all that is, is God", rest is an illusion and deception.

Suhni is advised that in the beginning she has to go through all the stages that a sufi has to pass through his spiritual journey:

ساري سک سبق، شريعت سندو، سهڻي
طريقتان تکو وهي، حقيقت جو حق،
معرفت مرڪ، اصل عاشقن جو.

Oh Suhni! first devoutedly learn the lesson of Shariat,

The stage of Haqiqat far exceeds that of Tariqat.

Achieving knowledge of God is encumbent on such seekers.

The spiritual journey is beset with many risks and hazards symbolised in the river's lurking dangers and its monstrous creatures. Finally, the journey's end is reached. The human essence is assimilated with the Divine essence and since "nothing exists absolutely but God" and "All is God", the rest being just illusion and deception, Latif says:

ساهڙ سا سوهڻي، سائر پڻ سوئي،
آهي نجوئي، ڳجھاندڙ ڳالهڙي،

Sahar, Suhni, and the sea are one and the same.

This ineffable mystery none can scan.

Other symbols used in the sur are Mehar or Sahar, the Divine love or Divine Being; Suhni, the human soul with its innate desire to seek God; the river and its dangers symbolise this world and its temptations. Dam is used as a symbol for the people of the world, the clay pot symbolises the human body. The bank of the river, this side, is the symbol used for this world and the other bank of the river is the spiritual life or life after death.

Mrs. Elsa Kazi has placed this sur at the end of her verse translation of the selections of the Risalo, as the arduous journey of the human essence has come to an end after much endeavour and is now assimilated with the Divine. Nothing furhter can be said after this. But as I have followed the arrangement ot the surs according to that of

Kalyan Advani, it is the first of the seven folk tales; besides at the very outset the Sufi doctrine is taken up in its entirety so as to be able to comprehend better the rest of the surs.

## Section I

1

Swift flow currents of river and stream, love's current's flow is unique,

Lovers of spiritual ocean are lost in meditaition, lone and deep,

May God bring back those who my heart have won.

وهہ تک، واھڙتک، جت نينھن تک نرالي،
جن کي عشق عميق جو، سي خلوت خيالي،
وارئين سي، والي! ھيءَ ٽڙو جنين ھٿ ڪيو.

2

Many currents of water flow but the swift one is still further;

Friends! you sit com fortably at home under husband's care,

Had you a glimpse of Sahar's glorious face,

You would prevent me not, but all with jars in waters plunge.

واھڙ وھن نوان، اڇا واھہ اڳي ٿيو،
گھر ويٺيون گھٽا ڪريو، سرتيون! سڱ سوان،
صورت جا ساھڙ جي، ساجي ڏٺي آن،
ھوند نہ پليو مان، گھڙو سڀ گھڙا ڪٽي،

3

On river's bank many stand crying "sahar", "Sahar",

Some concerned about their safety, others themselves to give up,

Sahar is for those who gladly the waters plunge.

ڪنڌيءَ اڀيون ڪيتريون، "ساھڙ، ساھڙ" ڪن،
ڪنين سانگو ساھہ جو، ڪي "گھوريس" ڪيو گھڙن،
ساھڙ سندو تن، گھاگھائي گھڙن جي،

4

Crows settle in trees, evening approaches fast,

Suhni hearing evening's prayer call, clay jar clasps;

She seeks those spots where her Sahar lives.

وڻن وينا ڪانگ، وچين ٿي ويلا ڪري،
گھڙي گھڙو ھٿ ڪري، سُڻي سانجھيءَ ٻانگ،
سيڻي ڍونڍي سانگ، جتي ساھڙ سپرين.

5

She holds the jar, views water's flow and enters it.

"To immolate herself for friends sake, is to her a paltry task."[1]

Those whose happiness night holds, Lord! let them safely cross.

گھڙي گھڙو ھٿ ڪري، ھَمُون نماري ھُنگ،
"سردر قلم يا رفدا شدچہ بجا شد" وصل اھوئي ونگ،
رات جنين جو رنگ، الله سي اُڪارين.

6

Pot in hand, she enters the waters, watching its flow;

She passes through the state of "standing in fear before the Lord".[2]

No danger can longing ones withhold.

Lord! let those safely cross, whose joy night holds.

گهڙيِ گهڙو هٿ ڪري، ٻَهون نهاري ٻنگ،
"واما من خاف مقام ربه،" اِي لنگهيائين لنگهہ،
"سڪندين کي،" سيد چئي، "ڪين جهليندو جهنگ،"
رات جنين جو رنگ، الله! سي اُڪاريين.

7

Pot ın hand, trust in God, she enters the waves;

Her leg in dogfishes' mouth, her head in shark's,

Bangles twisted, hair in water drifted,

Inumerable, dangerous fishes to her cling,

Suhni now to be sliced by countless crocodiles assembled.

گهڙيِ گهڙو هٿ ڪري، الاهي تهار!
ڄنگهہ ڄرڪي وات ۾، سسي هٿ سيسار،
چوڙا ٻيڙا چڪ ۾، لڙ ۾ لُڙيس وار،
لکين ڇهتيس لوهٽيون، ٽيليون ٽرنٽون ڏار،
مڙيا مچ هزار، ٻاڱا ٽيندي سوهڻي!

8

It is well that the pot and bangle broke into hits.

"God's seeker is the true man,[3]" enough for him is this raft.

Dam is diseased and false, Mehar dwells in my heart.

گهڙو ڀڳو تہ گهوريو، مر چور ٿئي چوڙو،
"طالب المولیٰ مذڪر،" ايءُ ٻڏندن ٻوڙو،
ڪوڙهہ ڏهر ڪوڙو، مون ميهار من ۾.

9

Pot was a hinderance, it is well that it broke,

Organs resound in my mind, fiddle plays within my soul,

Much formal rituals, for Sahar I would forego.

گهڙو ڀڳو تہ گهوريو، پاٽان هو حجاب،
واڄٽ وڄي وجود ۾، رهيو روح رباب،
ساهڙ ڙءَ صراب، آئون گهٽوئي گهوريان.

10

It is well the pot broke, swim you my heart,

My eyes I daily keep under control,

My herdsman leader has shown me the right path.

گهڙو ڀڳو تہ گهوريو، تان ڪي تر، هنيان!
ادب اکڙين کي، ڏيهاڙي ڏيان،
ميهارن ميان، سئون سنهايم پيچرو.

11

It is well that the pot broke, give up not hope,

Swim on the raft of having faith in God's aid,

Longing alone will reveal to you Mehar's face.

گهڙو ڀڳو تہ گهوريو، آسرو مَ لاهيج،
"لا تقنطوا من رحمه الله" ترهي هي ان تريج،
حبيباٽي هيج، پسين مُنهن ميهارر جو.

12

Pot broke, maid died, all support was lost,
Then did Suhni hear, drawing nigh, Mehar's calls

گهڙو ڀڳو، مُنڌ مُئي، وسيلا ويا،
تنهان پوءِ سڻا، سهڻيءَ سڏ ميهار جا.

13

Give up self conceit before you proceed,
Suhni! True love alone will enable you to perceive,
Those whom it guides, will safely cross.

پاڻ م ڪڇ پاڻ سين، وسيلا وسار،
لُڙ لنگهائي، سوهڻي! پرت وجهنديءَ پاري،
سي تُرت لنگهيون تار، اُڪنڊ آڳه جن سين.

14

Leave ego aside, forego sources all of outward help,
Suhni! With love, your step on waters place;
Advance with word love on you lips, then to the Beloved proceed!

پاڻ مَ ڪڇ پاڻ سين، رءَ وسيلي وائڻ،
مٿان سائر، سهڻي! پرت وڃي پائڻ،
نينهن ڳنهندي نائڻ، وڃ پريان جي پار ڏي.

15

No power equates love within one's soul.
Insincere ones stand on bank asking for a yatcht,
River becomes a stream for those who swim without a raft.
Longing alone to Lord has lovers led,
Those who Mehar seek, cannot by whirlpool be withheld.

ڪونهي آڳهه اهڙو، جهڙي محبت من،
اُپيون اورئين پارڏي، ڪوڙيون ڪک پڇن،
ندي تن نيڙ ٿئي، جي ريءَ تُرهي ترن،
سڪ رسائي، سهڻي! اصل عاشقن جي،
سي جهليون ڪين ڪُنن، پڇن جي ميهار ڪي.

16

Those who Mehar seek, Mehar seeks them too,
Raft becomes a hinderance for those whose love is true.

پڇن جي ميهار ڪي، پڇي سي ميهار،
ترهو تنين بار، عشق جنين کي آڪرو،

17

Sahar, Suhni and the sea, are one and the same,
This ineffable mystery none can scan.

ساهڙ، سا سهڻي، سائر پڻ سوئي،
آهي نجوئي ڳجهه، ڳجهاندر ڳالهڙي.

Vai

Without my love, on what grounds here am I? Oh why?
Abstain from sin oh slave! Good deeds for praise decry.
Outward show of piety and even music are of no avail,

ڪهڙي منجهه حساب؟ هيڻ منهنجو هوت ريءَ، لا!
گولي! ڀڄ گناهه کان، ڪونهي سود ثواب،
نڪي تقاوت ۾، نڪي منجهه رباب،
خديائي خوب ٿئين، لائين جي لعاب،

Seal your lips, be humble, purify your inner self,

Unclean may become holy though wrapped in rags.

Dust's worth you will not find in any thing else.

What you see sparkling on water, are just bubbles,

Keep with guide's stirrup that you may other bank reach with no trouble.

Fast flying falcon! With your talons, quickly catch this thief,

In your ignorance by creating veil, lose not Lord's sight,

Lack of oneness in love is like diphthong letters being split,

Roast your self for your love, keeping your mouth shut,

Give heaven's wine to those who long for it,

These are the ravings of one who suffers and is sick.

پليت ٿي پاڪ ٿئي، جُنبڻو منجھ جناب،
سو نہ ڪنهن شيءِ ۾، جيڪي منجھ تراب،
هوءِ جي جرڪيا جرتي، سي تان سڀ حباب،
هاديءَ سين هُن پار ڏي، رڙهين ساڻ رڪاب،
چنبو وجهي چور کي، آءُ چڙهُ عقاب!
ديد وڃاءِ مَ دوست جو، هلي منجھ حجاب،
ڪسرت آهي قرب ۾، ادغام ۾ اعراب،
فنا وجهي فم ۾، ڪارڻ ٿيءُ ڪباب،
ڏي طهورا تن کي، جي سڪن لاءِ شراب،
مٺيءَ ڪيا مرض ۾، جاوا سڀ جواب،

## Section II

1

In waters wild where there are whirlpools and crocodiles,

She entrusted herself to currents' force,

With God's grace, she crossed the roaring bores.

ڪرڱل، ڪوچ، ڪن گهڻا، جت جرواڱون جڻائين،
پاڻ اُڇلي آب ۾، وهہ سر وڏائين،
"لهريون لنگهيائين، لطف ساڻ، لطيف چئي.

2

Where wild waters roar and crocodiles abound,

Fears in heart rise, seeing them a thousand,

Where without your help I have no strength,

There oh Protector and Lord! Render help in haste.

دهشت دم درياهہ ۾، جت سناٽا سيسار،
بيحد باڳو بحر ۾، هيبتناڪ هزار،
"ساريان ڪان سرير ۾، طاقت توهان ڌار،
ساهڙ ڄام! ستار! سگهو رسج سير ۾."

3

Fearful waters where whirlpools rage and roar,

There Suhni is midst ferocious beasts, waters over her roll.

دهشت دم درياهہ ۾، جت ڪڙڪو ڪن ڪري،
توڏي تاڪن وچ ۾، مٿان ويرَ وري،
آءُ، ساهڙ! منهنجا سپرين! پرتئون پيرپري،

"Come Sahar my love and render help,
Assist oh guide! That I may this river face."

هاديءَ! هٿ ڏري، اُونهي مان اُڪارئين.

4

Where fearsome waters and whirlpools roar,
There that other bank's thoughts in my mind pour.
Love overcomes waves strength and force,
Lord! So ordain that I cross river in spate, with thy support.

دهشت دم درياهه ۾، جت ڪُنن جو ڪڙڪو،
آهيم اُنهيءَ پار جو، دل اندر دڙڪو،
"پيچي سڪ" سيد چئي، "سير سندو سڙڪو"،
"والي! ڪج وڙڪو، ته ٻار لنگهان ٻاجهه سين."

5

Where with violence waters flow and beasts abound,
Where even through sailors, water's depth cannot be found,
Where ferocious beasts of water howl and roar,
Where whole boats are sunk without a trace,
Not a sign, no piece of their boards remain:
Where from whirlpools mysterious, none ever came back,
There, Lord! To those who cannot swim, render thy help.

دهشت دم درياهه ۾، جت جايون جا نارن،
نڪو سندو سير جو، مپ نه ملاحن،
درندا درياهه ۾، واڪ ڪيو ورن،
سچا ٻيڙا ٻار ۾، هليا هيٺ وڃن،
پرزو پيدا نه ٿئي، تختو منجهان تن،
ڪوجهو ڦهر ڪنن ۾، ويا ڪين ورن،
اُتي اڻتارن، ساهڙ! سير لنگهاءِ تون.

6

In water's commotion, where waves are rolling,
Where helpless and hopeless wise ones are moving,
There water is one wide leap to adept divers.

درهڙ ڏنس درياهه ۾، جت لهريون ڪن لوڙا،
سئين اچي سمونڊ ۾، ٿيا سيٽايا سوڙا،
جي تارو هيا توڙا، تن هرٻو پاڻيو هيڪڙو.

## Section III

1

Those who in haste deep waters enter, meet great distress.
Tem times a day Dam taunts, no heed she pays,
Love has modesty, sense and wisdom snatched.

تڙ تڪڙ تان گهڙڻ، ايءُ ڪاٽيارن ڪم،
ڏهه ڏهه ڀيرا ڏينهن ۾، ڏي ڏوراپا ڏمُ،
عقل، متِ شرم، نيئي نينهن نهوڙيا.

2

In haste Suhni examines not the water's sloping spot.

گهيڙا ڪري نه گهور، تڙ تڪڙ ڪان نه لهي،

Lost in Sahar's love, she entertains no other thought.

Though night is dard and whirlpools surround, not else she seeks,

Filled with longing, to river's dangers unconcerned she feels.

جنهن کي سڪ ساهڙ جي، پورن مٿي پور،
ڪاري رات ڪُنن ۾، وهمن ڪي وهلور،
جنهن کي ساڻ پرِيان جا سور، تنهن کي ندي ناه نگاه ۾.

3

She enters water anywhere, pretenders seek the right spot,

Dam was never her spouse, her mind in Mehar engrossed,

Lost in Mehar's love, river to her is a stream.

جتان گهڙي تتان گهيڙ، ڪپر ويڇن ڪوڙيون،
ڏم سين جسو ظاهرا، من ميهار سين ميڙ،
ساندي ﭘانئي نيڙ، جنهن کي سڪ ساهڙ جي.

4

Easy approach false ones seek, enter there wherever water flows,

Sahar's seekers ask not for easy entrance or approach,

Love's thrist makes waters appear just one leap.

جٿان وهي تتان واٽ، ڪپرو پڇن ڪوڙيون،
جن کي سڪ ساهڙ جي، سي گهيڙ نہ پڇن گهاٽ،
جن کي عشق جي اُساٽ، سي واهڙ ﭘائين وکڙي.

5

Anywhere that Suhni waters entered, became an easy ford,

Whirlpools stopped her not, safely she crossed,

Her eyes with Lord's love's light, glittered and shone,

Justice was done to her, for just she was.

ڪنهن جنهن گهيڙ گهڙي، جٿن اونڙان تڙ ٿيوس،
سالم ويئي سهڻي، ڪنن ڪي نہ ڪيوس،
اهس اکڙين ۾، پريان جو پيوس،
حقان حق ٿيوس، هئي طالب حق جي.

6

Seeker of Lord she was from ages old,

She asks not the sailors, seeks no boat, nor ties a rope,

Midstream's water was for her just ankle deep.

هئي طالب حق جي، توڏي لاڪون توڙ،
نہ ملاح نہ مڪڙي، نہ کي ٻڌائين نوڙ،
پاٽي پنيءَ ٻوڙ، سهڻيءَ ليکي سير ۾.

7

Suhni from eternity was one by love selected,

With Lord's union's garland she was graced,

That bank she reached, where world's hope resides.

توڏي توڙلائين، نينهن نوازي سهڻي،
ڳچيَ هار حبيب جو، لائق لڏائين.
سو تڙ سونائين، جيڏانهن عالم آسرو.

8

Suhni, give up here what tempts you here,

In loved one,s absence fickle ones flirt,

You deserve censure if with Dam you pass your days.

توڏي! تُهائين جي، سي هتي ڇڏ حرص،
ساهڙ ڏاران، سوهڻي! ڪوڙيون ڪن ڪرس،
وڏي ايءَ ورس، جيئن ڏم وٽ ڏينهن گذارئين.

9

Oh Suhni! First devoutedly learn the lesson of Shariat,[4]

The stage of Haqiqat[5] far excels that of Tariqat,[6]

[7]Marifat is ultimate goal of God's lovers,

Achieving knowledge of God is encumbent on such seekers.

ساري سُک سبق، شريعت سندو سهڻي!
طريقتان تکو وهي، حقيقت جو حق،
معرفت مرڪ، اصل عاشقن ڪي.

10

In forbearing ones adobe, patience dwells,

No clue is given by those lost in union,

Immersed in eternal love, with no help, they ocean swim.

صبر شاڪرن، اُهي اوطاقن ۾،
جي واصل ٿيا وصال ۾، سي ذرو ظاهر نہ ڪن،
وييت واهر ترن، هينئڙا جن هڃي ويا.

11

In Mid winter, while rain is falling, she enters the deep,

Let us go and ask Suhni who love's secret keeps,

Who day and night, has Mehar in her mind.

سياري سه رات ۾، جا گهڙي وسندي مينهن،
هلو تہ پڇون سهڻي، جا ڪر جاڻي نينهن،
جنهن کي راتو ڏينهن، ميهار ئي من ۾.

12

Others enter water in summer, she is pleased with winter,

Her true love makes her plunge in flooding river.

True lovers it drowns, in river no compassion is found.

سانوڻ گهڙي سيڪا، هيءَ سرهي سياري،
تن وڏائين تار ۾، ارواح جي آري،
محبتي ماري، ڪونهي دار درياه ۾.

13

Oh flowing stream! Accountable you will be for breaking banks,

Summer days do not for ever remain,

Soon your overflowing tricks will come to an end.

واهڙ! پريون مَ پاءِ، تو پڻ ليکو ڏيڻو،
سدا ساوڻ ڏينهڙا، هيئن نہ هونداءِ،
وهاڻيءَ ويندءِ، اوپر اُتاهان لهي.

14

Mehar's fire of love, sets hearts ablaze,
It plunges love stricken ones in water's maze,
To such ones river becomes a smooth plain.

محبتي ميهار جون، دل اندر دونهيون،
آٽيو وجهي آرا ۾، لهاٽو لوهيون،
جي ساهڙ جون سونهيون، سير سيراڙو تن کي.

Vai

"Beloved Mehar! Come and reach me in the ocean's waves,
Deep are whirlpools, dangerous slopes, come and be my help,
Without you, with Dam I pass unhappy days."
Where logs float away with river in spate,
There Suhni enters with no one to direct.
Suhni's sweet voice is heard, "dard is night, jar unbaked,
With other assistance herdsman be soon here,
From this bank I cry, may I raach the other.
On you relying Allah! Have I in water's current put my self,
Waters in flood, I will float, to reach my herdsman.
To my Beloved I will go, if there be hundred crocodiles."
Joyously does this woman waters enter, envious are sea's creatures.

مدت ٿيءُ ميهار! يار! ساهڙ! سائر سير ۾،
اونها ڪُن، اتانگ تڙ، اولي هڙ آڏار،
ڏينهن ڏهلا ڏم سين، آهيان اوهان ڏار،
بچل باندي پار ڪري، اُت ابتار آر،
تتي گهڙي سهٽي، اڱ ريءَ آڏار،
"ڪاري رات، ڪچو گهڙو" توڏيءَ ڪئي تنوار،
سنيوڙو سيٽاهه سين، سگهورس، سنگهار!
اور اران آهون ڪريان، پهچان شال پرار،
سٽيو جهانءِ ججهي هنئون، سانيارا سنيار،
آيم ريلي ريءَ سين، الله تو آهار،
تارترينديس لڙلنگهنديس، وينديس وٽ وڃار،
پورينديس پار مٽي، سهسين جي سيسار،
گولي گهاگهائي گهڙي، جڪن ٽا جا نار،

Section IV

1

"Sisters! Bells have set in commotion my whole being,
Bells awakened that love which I cannot relate to any one,
That friend sends me encouraging massages for whom I pine."

اديون سپ اندام، چڙن منهنجا چوريا،
لارن جا لنوءُ لائي، سا ڪيئن آچيان عام؟
لڳيس جنهن جي لام، سو دلاسا دوست مُنجي.

2

Dark night, deep whirlpools, hissing cobra snakes,

ڪاراڪن، ڪاري ٽڳي، جت ڪاريهر ڪڙڪا،

Threating noises come from both river banks;
On way to Sahar hard and harsh waves strike;
Tinkling of bells is her guide in mid-stream.

مٿي متي مهراڻ ۾، اچن ڏُپارا دڙڪا،
ويندي ساهڙ سامهان، جهول ڏنس جهڙڪا،
ڪرڪن جا ڪڙڪا، سونهان ٿيڙس سير ۾.

3

"Love's longing keeps me alive, what use is union?
With my existence is blended my love's rememberance,
How can my love be away when with my heart he is interwoven?

جياريس سنيار، ڪهڙ ڪريندم گڏجي؟
ويرو تار وجود ۾، پرين جي پچار،
سي سجڻ هون نہ ڏار، جي هنئين ۾ حل ٿيا.

4

Tinkling of bells from forest, has stirred my being,
Mehar's hidden love within me awakes,
Let me reach that other bank and then disintegrate.

ٻيلي پار ٻري، مون چڙن چوريو،
محبتي ميهار جي، سُتي شاخ چُري،
مٿي جهوڪ جهري، پونديس پاريچن تي.

5

Sleeping on this bank, I heard of Mehar's fame,
Bells aroused my consciousness, longing took its place,
By God! Mehar's love's fragrance to me came,
Let me go and see Mehar face to face.

هن پرسيم هوءِ، سُتي سنيارن جي،
چت چڙن چوريو، جونڪ ٿيڙ م جوءِ،
محبتي ميهار جي، بالله پسيم بوءِ،
وڃي روءِ روءِ، ڏيکيان دوست ميهار کي.

6

Where is Mehar? Where do the bells tinkle?
Where is my love's fire lit? Where is the other bank
For which whole life in water I do wriggle?"

ڪٿي ٿيو ميهار؟ ڪٿي ٿو گهنډ ڳڙي؟
ڪٿي دونهي دوست جي؟ ڪٿي پريون پار،
جنهن مون سڀ ڄمار، جر ۾ جهوتون ڏنيون.

7

Mehar had made Suhni drink draught of a kind,
The taste of which had crazed her mind,
And pierced her with love's dart, sharper than steel.

ميهاران مرڪ، پيتائين پريم جي،
تنهن منڊ متوالي ڪئي، سنڌيءَ ساءِ سرڪ،
"لڳيس ڪلم ڪرڪ، لوهان تکي" لطيف چئي.

8

"May Mehar never die, nor his cattleshed vacant lie,
May not even a hair of the herdsman be hurt,
Sahar is my adornment though people taunt me for it."

مري تان مَ ميهار! وٿاڻ ولهوم ٿئي،
وڇن جي و چار جو، ونگو ٿئي مَ وار،
ساهڙ مون سينگار، ماٺهن ليکي مهٽو.

9

Buffaloes had their fill, they reached the well, crossing the deep,

By God's grace, deepest waters thety will cross, says Latif.

چاهڪ چري، تار تري، آيون مٿي ٻيٺ،
لُڙلنگھيندئون ليٿ، لطف ساڻ لطيف چئي.

10

Buffaloes had their fodder, crossing the deep, reached the well,

With raised heads hundreds respond to Mehar's call,

With safety and peace, they will reach the other strand.

چاهڪ چري، تار تري، آيون مٿي ڪن،
ڪوڙيين ڪر ڪڍنديون، ساهڙ جي سمن،
ميهون ساڻ امن، پر ڇي پار لنگھينديون.

Section V

1

Water, water every where, the other bank seems far off,

This crazed one enters where dangers to life lie.

During death throes, recalling wrongs done, troubles the heart,

Lord! If mercy from you flows, no wave can harm

ساندهه سپ درياهه، پري ڪنڌي پار جي،
ڇڪي چولڻ ۾ گھڙي، جتي جيءَ وڙاهه،
پسيو ڏوهه ڏکي هيون، آر مٿي ارواح،
جي توهه ٿئي توڏانهن، تي وير وهيٽون ناه ڪي.

2

Threatening waves hinder not lovers,

Till the end, their souls refrain not from waters,

Those who long of Sahar, His help is theirs.

سڪڻ وارن سٽرو، جي دهشت سان درياهه،
اوڙڪ انهن جو نه رهي، آر بنا ارواح،
ويندي ساهڙ سامهون، صدقو ڪنديون ساهه،
جن کي حب اُنهين ۾ آهه، ساهڙ ساٿي تن جو.

3

Those who enter the waters, succeed,

Plunge into the thundering river,

That with his help you reach Mehar.

گھڙيا سي چڙهيا، ايئن اٿيئي،
مٿي مٿي مهراڻ ۾، پوءِ ٽپو ڏيئي،
ته ميهار مليئي، سنيوڙو سيٽاهه سين.

4

Those who fix wtheir gaze on Mehar,

Without a flozt river in spate they enter,

They are the ones, the deep cannot drown!

اکيون منهن ميهار ڏي، رکيون جن جوڙي
"ري سنهه"، سيد چئي، "تار گھڙن توڙي"،
تنين کي ٻوڙي، سائر سگھي ڪين ڪي.

5

"waters are wilder, where my longing is greater,
Fast that side flows the speeding river,
May I meet Mehar in waves that so speed"

جيڏانهن چت چاهہ گهڻو، آر بہ اوڏاهين،
وڃي وہ واڪا ڪيو، تکو تيڏاهين،
"ميهار ملائين، لهرن منجهہ،" لطيف چئي.

6

"I curb my sight and thought, yet love remains,
It overflows, I enter water to renounce myself,
They must to the other bank go, in whose hearts Mehar dwells."

پليان پليو نہ رهي، نر تون تينهن نبار،
گهڙان، گهوريو جندڙو! اُٿل مون اپار،
جنين من ميهارر، هلڻ تنين حق ٿيو.

7

Suhni fears not Dam's wrath,
She will not let the water dampen her adornment,
On dard nights for Mehar the woman does the water cross.

سندو ڌم ڌهڪار، ڪڏهين ڪونهي هن کي،
هيءَ پاڻيءَ سين پنهنجو، پسائي نہ سينگار،
ڪارڻ منڌ ميهارر، ڪاريءَ رات ڪُن تري.

8

"When the whole world sleeps, not a soul is awake,
Then sisters! Sahar's thought, me oppress,
People's taunts I consider an esteem."

جيهر لوڪ جهپ ڪري، ذرو جاڳ نہ هوءِ،
اوهير اچيو، اديون! پهہ پريان جو پوءِ،
جي ڪچو چونم ڪوءِ، تہ مرڪ پايان مٿون.

9

Who would have heard of Suhni, had she not the waters entered?
How long would she have been on this earth?
That draught crazed her which he milked.
Love killed Suhni, so says Sayed,
She would have died any way, drowning, her worth doubled.

تہ ڪر ڪينءَ سڻي؟ جي سير نہ گهڙي سهڻي،
هت حياتيءَ ڏينهڙا، هڏهن ڪانہ هئي،
ڇُڪي تنهن چري ڪئي، جو ڏنس اُن ڏهي،
"سهڻي کي"، سيد چئي "وڏو ترب کهي"،
"هنئين هوند مئي، پر ٻڏي جا ٻيڻا ٿيا."

10

When whirlpools at mid-night whisper to each other,
Then at that hour, my eyes long for that water,
Drinking even by gulps cannot quench such ones' thirst.

ڪاجا ڪُن ڪرين، پنيءَ پڻ جهڻ پاڻ ۾،
اکيون تنهن آب کي، آڌريءَ اُڪيرين،
توڙي تڪون لائين، تہ بہ اُڃ اُنهن جي نہ لهي،

11

Fish living in water, how can it stink?

دائم جا درياهہ ۾، سا مڇي ڪئي ڪوهہ؟

Its worry is" is water that I may drink?"

آهيس ايءُ اندوهه، تہ پاڻي ڪٿان پيان.

12

Every wave for Suhni is filled with rubies, water perfumed with musk,
From river come many airs of ambergris,
Yesterday, pining with love, Suhni is whirlpool plunged.

لهر ملڙوئي لال، وهڻ ڪٿورياں وترو،
اوٻهارا عبير جا، جر مان اچن جال،
ڪُنن گهڙيي ڪال، سڪ پرين جي سوهڻي.

13

What you saw in the deep, that on the shore relate,
Vast is water's expanse, wet not thy dress,
Keeping Sahar in mind, cross the river in spate.

جيڪي ڏٺءِ تارِ، ڪنڌيءَ سو ڪهيج،
جر وڏو جهاجهه گهڻي، پاند مَ پسائيج،
ساهڙ ساڱاهيج، تہ ثابت لنگهين سير مان.

14

"The knot within my soul, that knot Sahar tied,
Until Sahar is brought to my fold, that knot cannot be untied,
Lord! Unite me with Sahar, that unknotted, is that knot."

جاهڙ اندر جيءَ، ساهڙ ڏني ساه کي،
ساهڙ ڇڙي نہ ساهہ جي، ساهڙ ساهڙيءَ ريءَ،
ساهڙي ميڙ سميع! تہ ساهڙ ڇڙي ساه جي.

Vai

Going to the beloved, let your eyes be your feet,
Beloved's talk carefully in secret keep,
Hiding him from the public gaze, bring him to your place,
Pain of love's longing, to none relate.

اکيون پير ڪري، ويجي، وو! ويجي،
سپرين جي ڳالهڙي، ڪنهين ڪين ڪجي،
لڪائي لوڪ کان، ڳجهڙي ڳوٺ نجي،
محبتي ميهار جو، سورنہ ڪنهن کي سلجي،

Section VI

1

Sahar's beauty and light prevailed since aeons old,
It was even before " Be and it became"[8] was told.
Before angels' creation's mention, Suhni's song so sweet was heard,
Latif says that it was then that Suhni fell in love with Mehar.

ساهڙ جا سينگار، اڻ لکيا اڳي هيا،
نڪا ڪُن فيڪون هئي، نڪا هي پچار،
ملائڪن معند هئي، تو ڏيءُ جي تنوار،
محبت ساڻ ميهار، لايائين"، لطيف چئي.

2

Since ages old, Suhni had known rivers's twists and turns,

Soul's reply "verily thou art", to "am I not your God?"[9] She fulfilled,

Experiencing love's path herself, she points it to all.

گھيڙ لـڱھيو گھاري، ميثاقان ميھار ڏي،

"الست بربڪم؟ قالو بلٰيٰ" پر اِھا پاري،

ڏسيو، ڏيکاري، پرت پريان جو پيچرو.

3

When souls were asked, "Am I not your Lord"?

Suhni was then wedded to Mehar, so it was.

Can any one avert what is in fate ordained?

"الست ارواحن کي، جڏھن چيائون،

ميثاقان ميھارر سين، لڏيون مون لائون،

سو موٽي ڪيئن پاھون؟ جو محفوظان معاف ٿيو.

4

When Lord asked that question from the souls,

Since then was Suhni to Mehar betrothed,

Destiny caused to break in two the earthen pot,

That which was destined, the maid in waters deep accomplished.

"الست" ارواحن کي، جڏھن امر ڪيو احد،

ھو من ڪاڏو ميھارر ڏي، سھڻي سڪڻ سڌ،

دلو دور درياھ جي، ڪيو ارادي آڌ،

جيڪي آيس منجھ عھد، سو پاڙيو پاتار ۾.

5

When great God roused the souls with "am I not your Lord"?

Then did the souls find the righteous path.

Valley of oneness from many, just a few found,

In world's deceitful ocean most of them got drowned.

"الست" ارواحن کي، جڏھن جاڳايو جليل،

"سئين راھ" سيد چئي، "سونائون سبيل"

وحدت جي واديءَ ۾، ڪي قدر قليل،

درياھ جي دليل، لوڙھي لھوارا ڪيا.

6

I yearn, I roast, I writhe, I wriggle,

Drinking does not quench love's thirst,

Were I to pour river in my month, it will hardly equate a sip.

ڪامان، پچان، پچران، لڇان ۽ لوڇان،

تن ۾ تونس پرين جي، پيان نہ ڍاپان،

جي سمنڊ منھن ڪريان، تہ بہ سرڪيائي نہ ٿئي.

7

Dark is the night, being moon's twenty ninth, unbaked is the jar,

Waters roar, there is no sign of light lunar,

Suhni goes out for Sahar at midnight,

Why would one whirlpool enter, unless so destined?

ڪاري رات ڪچو گھڙو، اٺتيھہ اونداھي،

چنڊ نالو ناھ ڪو، درياھ دڙ لائي،

ساھڙ ڪارڻ سھڻي، آڌيءَ ٿي آئي،

اي ڪر الاھي، نات ڪُنن ۾ ڪير گھڙي؟

8

Dark is the night, she carried not the float,

Crazed with love, she plunged in water without a thought,

River was like a dry plain, for one who so loved.

ڪاڙي رات، ڪچو گهڙو، نڪا سيڻه ساڻ،
وجهي، ويرم نه ڪري، پريان ڪارڻ پاڻ،
محبتيءَ لاءِ مهران، سڪي سپ پٽ ٿيون،

9

Neither this bank nor that in midstream Suhni swam,

Her love stands on opposite bank, all else is water's expanse,

Enter, look here nor there drowning ones are blessed.

اورار نه پرار، ويچاري وهه وچ ۾!
سڪيءَ ڏنيءَ سپرين، ٻيو مڙوئي تار،
"تون گهڙ، ڪير نهار، ٻڏندن سين ٻاجهون ڪري"!

هن پار، نه هُن، ويچاري وهه وچ ۾!
نيچ نهاري نه گهڙي، تنهن ۾ پسن تن،
الله! ساڻ امن، آزان ڪنهن اُڪارئين!

10

River drowned many, maid drowned the river,

Dashing itself against the rock, it moans and shivers.

11

Hundreds of rivers may roar, Suhni remains unchanged,

Can true love's ties be snapped by such ways?

سهين سائرگجن، ته به سهج نه متي سهڻي،
نه ڪي نينهن ڇڃن، پرتهين پرين جي؟

12

Touch not friend's offered raft, ho maid!

"with my help you crossed" on judgement day lest he says.

سپريان جي تُرهي، ٻڏي! هٿ مَ لاءِ،
صباح تان چونداءِ" اسان تو اُڪاريو"

13

Touch not friend's raft even though you drown,

Take opposite forward step, if you seek love divine,

Take that side where there is none to save.

سپريان جي ترهي، ٻڏين، توءِ م لڳ،
جي پائين پرينءَ ملان، ته پورا اُبتي وڳ،
پاءِ تيڏاهين پڳ، ناهه جيڏاهين نجهرو،

14

Those who drown on dry land, Sahar is their help,

On his shoulders they will be carried to cross the waves.

They reach in no time, who seek distant goals.

سڪيءَ ٻڏن جي، ساهڙ ساٿي تن جو،
"لهرن سر"، لطيف چئي، "ڪُلهن چاڙهيوني"،
"جي ٻُجهن پنڌ پري، تن اُماٿي اورهون."

15

Preparing to reach other dry bank, drown if it be so,

Collect not straws and sticks to make a float,

Else there will be neither Suhni's cry, nor Sahar's call.

سڪيءَ جي سانباهه ۾، ٻڏين، توءِ ٻڏ،
ڪک، ڪانڊيرا، ڪاٺيون، ميڙي ٻڌم مڏ،
نڪو ساهڙ سڏ، نڪا سڄي سهڻي.

16

What you consider to be verses are sign posts,

That direct the mind to Lord's adobe.

جي تو بيت ڀائيا، سي آيتون آهين،
نيو من لائين، پريان سندي پار ڏي.

## Section VII

1

You alone enable man to sink or swim,

Save you, such power or claim has none,

Of this state of mine, you are well aware,

Safeguard this pot that is caught in water's whirl.

ٻوڙئين، چاڙهئين، تون ڏٺي! ٻئي جو دعوي! هلي نہ نم،
هن منهنجي حال جو، ميهر تي معلم،
رک ڀانهيءَ جو ڀرم، جا اچي پيئي اجهور ۾!

2

Sea gulls became Suhni's pall bearers, water her shroud;

Island's storks helped in lifting her coffin.

Angels of accountability found her engrossed in Mehar's thoughts.

ڪانڌي ڪنگ ٿياس، وهڻ جنازو سوهڻيءَ،
ٻگهيا جي ٻيٽن جا، ڪُلها تن ڏناس،
اڪئين ملڪ ڏٺاس، توءِ من ڪاڻو ميهارر ڏي.

3

Standing on the shore, Mehar, fishermen calls,

"spread your net and render me help you all,

Let us search water's depth, per chance my love I may find."

اُڀو ٽڙ ميهار، ٿو ملاحن سڏ ڪري،
"آئون پڻ وجهان مٽڙا، آئين پڻ وجهو ڄار"،
"گهوريون ڪارونيار، ما ن ملئون سپرين"

4

Standing on the bank, holding the sedge, lonely lover laments,

Friend! How did you drown Suhni my mate,

On judgement's day, ocean against you I shall lay complaint.

ڪنڌيءَ جهليو ڪانهن، عاشق اُڀو آهون ڪري،
"تو ڪيئن ٻوڙي سهڻي؟ ٻيلي منهنجي ٻانهن"،
"درياهه توتي دانهن، لائيندس لائيمن قيام جي"

5

Where whirlpools churn, where dangerous boulders fall,
Where ignorant of its depth and size, are sailors all,
Naïve maid! How did you think of entering there?

جتي ڀير ڀرن، ڀريون ڀون ڀواريون،
تانگھ نہ لڌي تارئين، مپ نہ ماتيڙن،
ڪنڌي اُيا ڪيترا، سيٽايا سنڪن،
تون ڪيئن تن ترن، اچيو آساري گهڙين؟

6

Standing on the other bank my Love calls, "come",
Swift the currents flow, strong are the waves, storm is to approach
Yes I have faith, they will not drown, whom God protects.

سانيارا سڏ ڪيو، اُيا چوپسر "آءُ!"
هڪ تکوئي تاروهي، ٻيو لُڙ لهريون ۽ واءُ،
ساٿي جن اللہ، ٻجهان، سي نہ ٻڏنديون.

7

Foolish maid! See you not your Love on the other bank?
Remove from your heart disbelief, fear and cant,
Make your inner self mirror, Him to reflect,
Follow this path that his vision you may behold.

هاري! حق رکيج، سانيارا ساهڙ جو،
خواب، خيال، خطرا، تن کي ترڪ ڏيئج،
اندر آئينو ڪري، پر ۾ سو پسج،
انهيءَ راھ رميج، تہ مشاهدو ماڻئين.

8

That beloved for whom I pine, is close to me,
My mind he has fastened with his own being.

سانيارا سيئي، تن جنين جو طالبو،
من پريان نيئي، پکميو پاڻ ڳري.

## Section VIII

1

Desperate drowning ones, feeble grasses grasp,
What humility and condern show the blades of grass!
Either they bring you forth safe, or drown with the drowning ones.

ٻڏندي ٻوڙن کي، ڪي ماتڪ هٿ وجهن،
"ٻسو لچ،" لطيف چئي، "ڪيڏي کي ڪکن،"
"توڙي ڪنڌيءَ ڪن، نات ساڻن وڃن سيبر ۾".

2

Unripe and tender grass draws out the drowning ones,
Either it helps them to cross to at the outset warns,
This tale of grass is known to us all,
Either it saves the drowning ones or is with them drowned.

ڪچي ڪاني ڪاندين، ٻڏا ڪنڌيءَ ٻار مان،
"يا لنگهائي"، لطيف چئي، "يا ڏيان، ڪري دانهن،"
ڪما حڪ ڪکن جي، آهي ڳالھ آگاھ،
جيڪي ڏين ٻڏن کي ٻانهن، ناتہ ساڻن وڃن سيبر ۾.

3

Prepare your raft for waters deep, to the other bank you must go.

Waves roaring waters dismayed even the young and bold,

In deep midstream their efforts they stopped.

Those accustomed to waters deep, content on land are not.

آهيئين هٿ اُماڻ، ٻڏ ترهو تارجو،
"لهرين، لڙ" لطيف چئي، "جهليا جنگ جوانڻ"
اونهي تڙ اگهٽيا، آڏي مچي آڻ،
جي پيا مُنهن مهراڻ، تن ٻانڌين ٻيٽ نہ اُجهي.

4

Suhni satisfied with the unbaked jar, asks not for a baked one,

Crossing the waters deep to Mehar she hopes to run,

Love has overpowered her, how can she control it?

ڪچي ساڻ ڪمي، پڪو پُڇي نہ سهڻي،
"لنگهيو لڙ" لطيف چئي، "وڇارن وهي"،
"ساڪين نينهن نهي؟ جنهن کي نينهن نڏو ڪئي؟"

5

Attracted by potter's colourful design,

Which waters washed away in no time,

In midstream did she come to know its worth.

ڪڍيا جي ڪلال، سي پسي خال خوش ٿيا،
پاڻي چِٽ پسائيا، ڏاءَ نہ جهلي ڏمال،
سُپڪ ڀانيا سهڻي، جوڀن جي جمال،
آڪي جا احوال، معلوم ٿيا مهراڻ ۾.

6

"what matters if pot is unbaked, my love is full of grace,

Sahar is my love, it is sin to look at Dam's face,

Storm or waters wild, for other bank, I must strive."

ڪچو تان ڪوهہ؟ پڪو نظر پرين جو،
ساهڙ منهنجو سپرين، ڏم ڏٺيئي ڏوهہ،
جي ڇٽو جي ڇوهہ، تہ پوريندس پار مٿي.

7

The unbaked pot, water's force stood not, it broke into bits,

Exhausted Suhni, all efforts gave up,

Waves from all sides the maid engulfed,

In her mind she begins to see death's angel's face.

ڪچي ڪٽ نہ جهليو، ڀيلو ڀيو ڀري،
سار ڇڏيائين سير ۾، ٻانهن ڪان ٻُري،
لٿي لهرين ويئيون، چوڌاري چري،
هنئين منجهہ هُري، ماهيت ملڪ الموت جي.

8

Unbaked jar's designs the maid deceived.

The waves cried "alas! Alas! Suhni dies"

The lovely maid midst the waves was killed by pot unbaked.

ڀيلي ڀلائي، پسي چٽ چري ٿي،
"ٻرا ٻرا ٻڏي سهڻي!" ويرن ۾ وائي.
ڪچي ڪيرائي، لعل لهرين وچ ۾

9

Take hold of baked pot, well-designed,
Return to the potter the unbaked kind.
Suhni! Abide by that which is by God ordained,
Else water's waves will confuse you, maid!

پڪو ڪنج پاڻ سين، چڱون چٽائو،
ڪچو ڏيج ڪنڀارکي، مُنهن تي موٽائي،
سوسڻ هنئين سين، سهڻي! جيڪو فائق فرمائي،
موجون منجهائي، مارينئي مهراڻ جون،

10

Come! Be my succour, oh Lord!
Return loved one! And be my resort.
Without you helper I have none,
Your grace alone can save the drowning ones.

پِرِ پليرا سپرين! پلا ۾ بيراهه،
تو ريءَ تاري ناهه ڪا، والي! نڪا واهه،
ساهڙ جيءَ صلاح، تن کي ڪڍي تار مان،

11

If Sahar is pleased, then alone can you be saved from the deep,
None else can be of any help in youı hour of need.
Mehar! Save me from these waters' deceitful trap.

تن کي ڪڍي تار مان، صلح ساهڙ جو،
اُت اوڏو اچي ڪين ڪي، ٻيليپو ٻئي جو،
"ميهر! ڪج منهنجو، ڪواوڪر ڪنهين آرتان."

## Section IX

1

From waters, land and trees, one voice is heard;
All of them ask in the same way to be punished,[10]
All are Mansoors[11], how many on gallows will you hang?

جر تڙ تک تواره وڻ ٽڻ وائي هيڪڙي،
سڀيئي نور ٿيا، سوريءَ سزاوار،
همه منصور هزار، ڪهڙا چاڙهيو چاڙهئين؟

2

Every one is in him engrossed, his presence every one feels,
Each and every one is Mansoor, how many will you kill?

سڀڪ پچار پرين جي، سڀڪ هوت حضور،
ملڪ مڙيو منصور، ڪهي ڪهندين ڪيترا؟

3

Water in appearance is the same, yet waves have thousand forms,
Give up fathoming that vast ocean's very thought;
Search not for safe spots if beloved you wish to meet.

لهرن لک لباس، پاڻي پسڻ هيڪڙو،
اونهيءَ تنهن عميق جي واري ڇڏوماس،
جت ناهه نهايت ڪوءِ پهنجي ات ڪاس
تڙن جي تلاش، لاهه تہ لالن لڳ ٿئين.

4

I would not return but stay without being asked,
So that I may die near beloved's hearth.
I have not been creazed by his face or form,
What lies in separation, union lacks,
For that reason, I turn and swim back.

وڃان ڪين وري، هوند ريءَ چئي رهي رهان،
دونهين پاسي دوس جي ماڳهي پوان مري.
صورت نہ سونهن ڪا، ڪيس چت چري،
وصالان فراق جي، سڄي ڳالهہ ڳري،
تيلاهين تري، مُنهن ڳنيو موٽيو وڃان.

5

If lovers meet on jugement day, that is not far ahead,
But union's tidings are heard, further than that.

جي قيام مڙن، تہ ڪر اوڏا سپرين،
تهان پري سڄن، واڏايون وصال جون.

6

What did I know of waters' guiles?
Who can save oneself from what is destined?
I was pushed into water, when love and fate combined.

آئون ڪ نہ ڄاڻان ايئن؟ تہ جرگهڙي جوکو ٿئي،
قضا جا ڪريم جي، تنهن کان ڪنڌ ڪڍبو ڪيئن؟
هڪ لڪئي، ٻيئي نينهن، آڻي اوليم اول ۾.

7

I blame not the reed or the pen,
What was destined, none could erase,
Whom to complain, when all this was ordained?

نہ ڪانيءَ نہ ڪانهن، نڪو ڏوهہ قلم جو،
انگ اُتيئي لکيو، جت نہ رسي ٻانهن،
ڪنهن کي ڏيان دانهن؟ قضا قلم وهائيو.

8

There is no limit to love and longing,
Abundant love alone its limit be knowing.

نڪو سنڌو سور جو، نڪو سنڌو سڪ،
عدد ناهي عشق، پڄاڻي پاڻ لهي.

9

Know this before you come nigh, love is limitless,
Maid! Know also this that Mehar is fathomless.

عدد ناهہ عشق جو، سڻي ٿيءُ ساڻي،
ڪانهي پڄاڻي، مهندان منڌ! ميهار جي.

10

I swan by my own efforts, you helped too,
Love! Let no hinderance come to me from you.

ڪي تران، ڪي تارمون، ڪي سگهان ڪري سگهہ،
آڏو ڏيج م َ لڳ، مون هيڪليءَ ولها!

11

Many days have passed, since last my love I saw,
What do I know if He is different from what he was.
Many suns have set, longing for Him I remain,

ڏٺي ڏينهن ٿيام، ڪهہ ڄاڻان ڪهڙا پرين؟
سهين سج اُلهي، واجهائيندي ويام،
تن ريءَ سال ٿيام، جن ريءَ ساعت نہ سهان.

Years have passed without Him whose minutes' separation is hard to bear.

## Miscellaneous Versses

1

Without Sahar, Suhni is all impure,
This impure state she can shed if he is close;
In innocents' company alone can she be made pure.

ساهڙ ڏاران سوهڻي، نسوري ناپاڪ،
نجاست ناهہ ڪري، اُنهن جي اوطاق،
هو جي ڪير پياڪ، پاسي تنين پاڪ ٿئي.

2

Without Sahar this woman was unclean,
She washes not her hair with world's waters,
Standing beside her Love she is all cleansed.

ساهڙ ڏاران سهڻي، هي تان جُنبي جوءِ،
هن پاڻيءَ سين پنهنجو، مور نہ مٿو ڌوءِ،
جي پرينءَ پاسي هوءِ، تہ ڪر توڏيءَ تڙ ڪيو.

3

Without Sahar, Suhni's is a woman weak,
Alas! from fever she suffers, that has made her lean.
Without beauty and health she suffers, in pain she cries.

ساهڙ ڏاران سوهڻي، هي تان جهڪي زال،
توڏيءَ تپ چڙهيو، هيءَ هيڻيءَ جي حال!
جڏي ريءَ جمال، اگهي ٿي آهون ڪري.

4

Without Sahar, Suhni's suffering is great,
Being close to Dam is ill-health, beside Sahar all health.
Suhni's health dpends on sahar's union,
If she could see Him, she will be well.

ساهڙ ڏاران سهڻي، آهي ٻہ آزار،
ڏم پاسي ٻڏڪندو، صحت وٿ سنگهار،
توڏيءَ سندي تن جي، دوا ٻہ ديدار،
جي پسي مُنهن ميهار، تہ سگهيائي سگهي ٿئي.

5

Love tortures me day by day,
Why don't you come and with it remonstrate?

ڏيهاڻي ڏمر ڪري، مٿي محبت مون،
تنهن کي اچي تون، پرين! ڪوهہ نہ پلئين؟

6

As long as she was alive, she did not rest,
Languishing in love, she finally succumbed to death.

جان جان هئي جيئري، ورچي نہ ويٺي،
وجي پون پيٺي، سڪندي کي سڄڻين.

7

Suhni struggled as long as she lived,

After her death, waves carried her to her Beloved.

جان جان هئي جيئري، ويئي نہ ويساند،
لڙهي لهرن پاند، ميائي ميهارر ڏي.

8

Better the night be dark and moon's no trace,

I seek nothing else, save Mehar's face.

ورو اونداهي راتڙي، چانڊوڻيءَ چانڊان،
اوريءَ ميهاررا مُنهن م پسان ڪو بيو!

9

River drowned Suhni, neither stream nor lake,

With longing look in her eyes, to Mehar she was swept.

سائر ٻوڙي سهڻي، نہ ڍوري، نہ ڍنڍ،
اکين منجهہ اُڪنڊ، ميائي ميهار ڏي.

10

As are the ocean's waves in rainy season,

As are the deserts' fuzz and its particles of sand,

The blessings that the Beloved has bestowed on me, are more than that.

سانوڻ لهريون، ٿر واري، تر واري،
انهان ٿي اپار، مون سين پلي پال ڪيا.

## Vai

Mother dear! All my heart's desires are fulfilled,

Nothing is better than listening about Beloved in swear words,

They exhilarate when you hear and bring joy when you relate.

Sit beside generous Lord's door, it behoves you to offer thanks,

There is no limit to loves ones praise.

Your favours how can I enumerate?

What is due to you, I am unable to comply,

Those near and dear to you or far off, pine for your meeting's joy,

They thirst and yearn for that meeting since long.

Though silent I should remain, my heart uncontrolled, utters these thoughts.

منهنجو سيبيئي، آيل! ماءِ! من مرادون پنيون،
جهڙي پريان ڳالهڙي، تهڙي ٻي نہ ڪاءِ،
ڪجي تان ڪوڏ ٿئي، سڄي تان سيباءِ،
ويهہ داتا جي دري، شُڪر جنهن جڳاءِ،
ڪانهي حد حمد جي، تہ ڪريان لالن لاءِ،
ڳڻيو ڳڻيان ڪيتريون؟ وڏيون وڏاياءِ؟
سو مون مور نہ ٿئي، جيڪي تو جڳاءِ،
تو سڄيون، تو سنديون، سڪن توهين ساءِ،
اڄ تنهنجي اُڃيون، لوچين توهين لاءِ،
دل دانهن ريءَ نہ رهي، مون کي ماٺ جڳاءِ.

# Sasui Abri
## (Moon)
## Introduction

The underlying theme in Sur Sasui is the relapse in the evolution of a mystic for a higher life, due to his little negligence when an opportunity arrives for him. The suffering and the shock when he realizes his loss, are indeed tremendous. He does not lose heart, nor does he give up hope.with a strong determination and a dauntless will, he renews his efforts meeting many hardships and obstacles on his onward march.

The folk tale of Sasui and Punhoon is an allegory of which Shah Abdul Latif seems to be more fond of than of others. He has devoted five parts to it, Sasui Abri (The suffering one), Mazoori (The Defenceless), Desi (The local), Kohiari ( Mountain song) and Hussaini (Lamentation). The faithful Sasui appears to be this most favourite female character.

I give below the folk tale of Sasui and Punhoon as it has been related:

In the days of Raja Dilorai, there lived a Brahman by name Naoon.his wife's name wass Mandhar. Unfortunately the couple were childless. Late in life, Mandhar gave birth to a girl child. According to the custom of those days, astrologers were asked to prepare her horoscope, according to which they were told that she was fated to marry a Muslim. In order to save themselves from such a disgrace, the unhappey parents put her in a box and let it float in the river. The box floated and reached the city of Bhambhore where lived a very famous washerman named Muhammad. The floating box was picked up by Muhammad's workers and brought to him. On opening it, they found a very pretty child sleeping peacefully in it. It so happened that Muhammad had no child of his own, great was his joy to get this God-given gift which he took to his wife. She was equally over-joyed. The child was so beautiful that they named her Sasui which means moon. She was brought up with great care and love. As she grew up, Sasui became more and more beautiful, her beauty became the talk of the town.

In those days, caravans from Kech-Makran used to pass through Bhambhore to go to Thatta and from there onwards to other countries. Through these merchants, Prince Punhoon, the son of Ari Jam, the ruler of Kech Makaran, came to know of Sasu's beauty. Being a young man he was curious to see this beauty and so in the garb of a merchant carrying perfumes scents, he reached Bhambhore with a caravan. Sasui hearing of this merchandise, accompanied by her friends, went to make som purchases. It was a matter of love at first sight. Both fell in love with each other.

Sasui confided this secret to a friend of hers who tried to convince Muhammad

to allow the two to get married. But Muhammad would not agree as Punhoon was an alien and he was not a washerman. The friend tried to convince him that he was a washerman. As a proof, Punhoon was given a heap of clothes to wash. The prince who had never in his life undertaken this kind of task (very much like Prince Ferdinand carrying logs for Miranda's sake, in Shakespeare's famous play Tempest) got not only his hands bruised but the clothes were all torn. He was very dis-heartened at this state of affairs but Sasui advised him to insert a gold coin in the layers of each cloth to satisfy their owners. When no complaint came from any side, Muhammad believed that Punhoon was indeed a washerman and agreed to the marriage of the two, on condition that Punhoon would always live with them. The couple lived very happily for some time after they got married.

The news of Punhoon's marriage and his living with the washerman, soon reached Ari Jam who began to pine to have his favourite son back. His other three sons, seeing their father's condition, consoled him and re-assured him that they would bring Punhoon back at any cost. They then came to Bhambhore and were accorded a very warm welcome by Punhoon, Sasui and others. After spending a few days and enjoying the warmth of their hospitality, one night they kept their revels late and got Punhoon so drunk that he lost his senses. It was so late that Sasui had fallen asleep. They then forcibly carried Punhoon, tied him to the camel's back and stealthily rode away. When it was dawn, Sasui finding her spouse missing, raised sounds of lamentation and in an agonized state of mind left Bhambhore to follow Punhoon, all by herself, paying no heed to her parents' and friends' plea, nor allowing any one to accompany her.

She walked over the rocks and the mountains following camel men's tracks. Hunger and thirst tormented her and her bruised feet were a source of constant trouble but she went on. Her condition was indeed pathetic. She would talk to the sun and to the wind, praying to the one not to set soon and to the other, not to blow away the tracks. When she reached Marbar Hills, she saw a shepherd and and stopped there to ask him if he had seen some camel men passing by. The shepherd looked at her with evil intention realizing her helplessness at this unexpected threat, she prayed to God to come to her succour, as He alone could help her in that desolate region. It is so related that the earth opened up and Sasui was taken in, a piece of her shawl was left visible from outside. The shepherd was much repentant, he made a grave there and began to look after it.

When Punhoon came to his senses, he tried to prevail upon his brothers to let him go back to Sasui, but they just ignored all his pursuasions and brought him to Kech Makaran. Great were the rejoicings at Ari Jam's reunion with his son which were indeed short lived. Seeing Punhoon languishing away in Sasui's separation, he allowed him to go back and bring her also. Punhoon retraced his steps till he came to the Marbar Hills where he saw a recently built grave. On enquiring from the shepherd, it dawned upon him what could have happened. He collapsed under its shock and grief and was no more. The shepherd burried him too, beside Sasui's grave. Death united the two lovers, never to be parted again.

In this allegory, Sasui is the symbol of the seeker of the Divine path,

Bhambhore, the mountains, the desert and the followers of formalities are the obstacles confronting him.

The joint grave of Sasui and Punhoon is at a distance of 45 miles away from Karachi towards its west in the Pab range. Later, Haji Muhammad, a prominent resident of that area, constructed a simple mausoleum over it which is often visited by the tourists.

In all the five surs, Sasui is seen in the travails of her journey through the formidable rocks, mountain ranges, hazardous passes and high summits. Yet she never wavers nor does she ever think of giving up pursuing the path that the deceitful Punhoon's brothers have chosen, forcibly taking him away with themselves to Kech Makaran. Her painful and difficult journey comes to an end with her death, which turns out to be the means of uniting her with Punhoon.

## Sasui Abri

### Section I

1

Love has tortured Sasui, yet she longs for it,
Insatiate is she, though with Punhoon wine of love she has Sipped.
He who drinks a draught of it is tormented more by thirst.

جي سجهائي سڪ، ته پڻ سڪي سسئي،
پيتائين پنهوءَ سين، هڏ نه پڳيس هڪ،
اِن تڙ منجهان تڪ، ڏني پاڻ اڄ ٿئي.

2

Those who drank from Beloved's Beauty's expanse,
Were so seized with love and longing,
That even in mid-stream, their thirst unquenched remained.

پسي جهاجهه جمال جي، جنين پيتي پڪ،
اپر اڳانجهو ٿيو، سور اُنهن کي سڪ،
هڏ نه پڳين هڪ، سدا سائر سير ۾.

3

Those with love in their souls, are thirsty beyond relief,
Drink a cup of longing, thus your longing increase,
Punhoon! yourself offer me the cup of love,
That with longing I may quench the thirst.

محبت جن جي من ۾، اڄ تشنگي تار،
پي پيالو اڄ جو، اڄ سين اڄ اٿار،
پنهو! پاڻ پيار، ته اڄ سين اڄ اجهائيان.

4

Within them is the cup of love full to the brim,
Restless in a strange fire they burn,
They wander through an expanse of waste,
And in mid-stream thirsty remain.

محبت سندو من ۾، پر پيالو جن،
پيٽ پر چاءِ ناه ڪو، ڪنهن جنهن ڏاه ڏين،
تنهن نهايت ناهه ڪا جنهن سجا سج وڃن،
تنهن لاءِ اڄ مرن، سدا سائر سير ۾.

5

In mid-stream they thirsty remain,
Seeking the Beloved is a journey through a waste,
Thirsty they remain, though in mid-stream.

سدا سائر سير ۾، اندر لهي نہ اڃ،
پسڻ جو پرينءَ جو، سا سياڪي سڃ،
تيلان لهي نہ اڃ، سدا سائر سير ۾.

6

For love's sake Sasui willingly accepts the wilderness,
Water is thirsty for those who thirst for it.

ساجن ڪارڻ سڃ، مرقبولي سسئي،
اندر جنين اڃ، پاڻي اڃيو اُن لئي.

7

On river's bank their huts are built yet they thirsty remain,
Beloved they cannot seek, though intertwined with their breath,
They look not within themselves and complain.

پاڻيءَ مٿي جهوپڙا، موڪ اڃ مرن،
ساهان اوڏو سپرين، لوچي تان نہ لهن،
دم نہ سڃاڻن، دانهون ڪن مٿن جيئن.

8

It was only after it that she learnt what it meant,
The ignorant Brahman' girl[1] lost her existence in that of camel man's.

سسئي ڪين سمجهيو، اوري آريءَ ساڻ،
ڪري پيڪ پنهوءَ سين، پڌر وڃائين پاڻ،
جٽ وڃايو جاڻ، ٻانڀڻ ٻروچن سين.

9

Hot wind blows, all feel its force,
Sasui's cries "Alas! Alas!" sky echoes,
Birds join this mourning for Jat,
Shepherd feels its sadness, cattle respond,
Grieving beasts and brutes prefer to die,
Desert grieves, yearning for Baloach.

لڳي ڪوسو واءُ، لوڪ مڙوئي لهيو،
اين منجهان آئيو، "هيءِ! هيءِ! جو هڳاءِ،
طيورن تنواريو، پنهونءَ پڄاڻاءِ،
رسيو سور ڏنار کي، وحوشن وتاءِ،
مروئن موت قبوليو، اپر افسوساءِ،
بر پڻ ڪن بڪاءُ، اڪنديا آري لاءِ گهٽو.

10

Sasui! humbly follow His foot steps,
While on way to Kech adopt attitude of utter helplessness,
Forget self existence, with yourself only love take,
Approach not Azazeel till then,
Let helplessness be your mate, that hope you may attain.

مهند! محتاجي ڪري، پنيءَ پير ڪڄيج،
ڪبيلياڻي! ڪيچ ڏي، حج مَ هلائيج،
پاڻان ڏار پريتڻون، سسئي! ساڻ ڪڄيج،
اوڏي عزازيل کي، ويجهي تان مَ وڃيج،
نا اُميدي نيج، تہ اوڏي تڏين اُميد کي.

11

Maid! do not sit quiet in Bhambhore, nor to Harho go,
Never tell a lie, disclose not the secret to common folk,
Torture not yourself for the loved one, forget not love's woe.

ويهہ مَ منڊ! ڀنڀور ۾، هاڙهي هڏ مَ هل،
ڪوڙي ڪج مَ ڪڏهين، سچي ڳالهہ مَ سل،
جانب ڪاڻ مَ جل، سور وسار مَ، سسئي!

12

Be not satisfied with ease, nor sorrow fear,
Destroy not your house, nor have it repaired.
Afflicted one! die not in distress, nor hold yourself dear.

سُکين ڌئيءَ مَ سنري. پسي ڏک مَ ڏر،
ڀڃي ڪر مَ پنهنجو، گهوري! اڏم گهر،
ماري! هڏم مر، مچڻ، جي جياريين،

## Section II

1

Oh slave! slaken not your speed seeing huge rocks,
Cross them, Latif says, follow dwellers of Kech to their resort.
Sasui! be aware of Baloch's love's longing, forward march,
Give up not hope of meeting that gracious Lord,
He who is nearer than your eyes, say not He is far.

"پسي ڏونگر، ڏاهہ! متان هلڻ ۾ هيٺي ٿئين،"
"لانگهي لڪ" لطيف چئي "پٺيءَ ڪيچين ڪاهہ"
"پڇي پورج، سسئي! مهند! بلوچاڻي باهہ،"
"اِن وڙائتي ور جي، آسر هڏ مَ لاهہ،"
"جو اکئون اوڏو آه، سو پرين پراهون مَ چئو."

2

They reached who shifted their gaze from this world to that,
Perfect beauty and perfect wisdom's Lord is away from them just a step.

هتان ڪُٽي هت، جن رکيو سي رسيون،
ساجن سونهن، سيرت، وکان ئي ويجهو گهٽو.

3

Per chance my Lord has remembered me in the shady Wankar[2]
For that alone on foot today my journey I start,
So I may reach Kech with Punhoon's grace.

جيڪس ياد ڪياس، ورويچي وڻڪار ۾،
جلد جريدي پنڌ ۾، اديون! اڄ ٿياس،
وڃي ڪيچ پڄياس، ڀاروچي جي ڀاڄهہ سين.

4

Unaware of Wankar, I took not even water's quart,
Formidable rock is terribly bright and hot.

واقف نہ وڻڪار جي، پاڻي ڪنيم نہ پاءَ،
جبل جلدايون ڪري، تک ڏيکاري تاءَ،

Hot blows the wind on the helpless ones,

Be my succour Beloved, for I have none to help.

لڳي لڪ، لطيف چئي "معذورن مٿاءِ"
اتي اوڏو آءِ، تڄ هوت! هوندس هيڪلي."

5

Huge green Shady trees of Wankar, where blue snakes abound,

Latif says, there the lone ones in struggle are found,

Lord! guide those whose neither clan nor family is at hand.

وڏا وڻ وڻڪار جا، جت نانگ سڄن نيلا،
"اتي" عبداللطيف چئي، "ڪيا هيڪلين حيلا،"
"جت ڪُڙم نه قبيلا، اُت رسج رهبر! راهه پُر."

6

Poor maid had never been to Wankar,

Where loveless were men's minds, all was dark,

Friends! she married Punhoon for endless pain.

ويچاري وڻڪار، اڳ نه ڏٺو ڪڏهين،
مهر نه هئي ماڙهين، هوا سڀ هندوڪار،
جت ڪيائين يار، سورن ڪارڻ سرتيون!

Vai

That handsome Beloved is gone, alas!

What force can I over his relatives command!

Fellow travellers! did you meet such Aryanis in your path?

With bells and trinckets were their camels decked.

The perfect one of his clan will take me with himself.

Sisters! Beloved has to me come back, Latif says.

هو جي هليا هوت، سونهارا،
مون نه وهيٽا، پنهوءَ سڱيٽا.
سئي پڇي سات جا، اوطاقون اوتارا،
آن ڪي ويند ا ڳڏيا؟ آريائي هن پار،
ٽليون، ٽونر، هلويون، مين سرمو چار،
مون کي نيندا پاڻ سين، ڪامل ڪل اجارا
"اديون"! عبداللطيف چئي، "دوس آيا دلدار،"

## Section III

1

Leaving Punhoon behind, you seek him in the rocks!

Having wedded Him you look for Him in barren blocks!

You do much wrong that you seek Him in the waste;

Beloved is not in Harho rock, ask those who remain in one place.

Return, ask Punhoon's where-abouts from those who sit and meditate,

پنهون ڇڏيو پوءِ، جانب جبل ڳولئين،
ٽيلاهين ٽنگون ڪرين، جيلاهين تون جوءِ،
ساڄن سڄ نهارين، ڏکي! ڏوهه ڪيوءِ،
هاڙهي هوت نه هوءِ، وڃي پڇ ويٺين کان.

Oh distressed one! seek Beloved all your life within yourself.

2

Naive maid, Beloved is not where you presume,

Walk not to the mountain, within you is the bower;

Keep strangers out, ask from yourself Beloved's whereabouts.

کونهي اَت کوهيار، جت توري، پوري! پانئيو،
پنڌ مَ کر پهاڙ ڏي، وجود ئي وڻڪار،
ڌاريا پانئج ڌار، پڇ پريان لئي پاڻ تون.

3

Search every nook and corner of your home,

Go not far to seek, within you find loved one's abode.

سيئي ساري، سسئي! گهر ڪنڊون تون گهور،
وڃي ڏور مَ ڏور، درا منجهه دوستِ ٿيو.

4

'Within yourself you bear Him, Sasui and Him you seek!

Those who wander here and there, His awareness cannot perceive,

Ask about Him from yourself that within you may Him find.

سوئي ڪٽيو ساڻ، سوئي ڏورئين، سسئي!
ڪڏهين ڪنهين نہ ڪيو، ڄاڻ منجها ڄاڻ،
پڇ پريان ڪر پاڻ، تہ تون تتائين لهين.

5

Him whom you seek far, is always with you,

Oh weak one! look for the Beloved within you;

Peep within, for there He resides.

جو تون ڏورئين ڏور، سو سدا آهي ساڻ تو،
"لالن لءِ"، لطيف چئي، "مُنجهي ٿي معذورا
منجهان پنءِ پروڙ، تو منجهه آهيس تڪيو"

6

Why go to Wankar, seek you not the Beloved here?

Nowhere else is Baloch hidden, Latif declares.

Be steadfast, prepare yourself, keep firm your faith,

Peep within, find there your friend's place.

وڃين ڇو وڻڪار؟ هت نہ ڳولهين هوت کي؟
"لڪو ناه" لطيف چئي، "ٻاروچو ٻي پار"
"ٿي سٽي ھڏ سندرو، پرت پنهوءَ سين پار"
"ناڻي نيڻ نهار، تو ۾ ڏيرو دوست جو"

7

Walk to your love with your heart, and not your feet,

Look not for Beloved's tracks in sand, but with your mind seek.

هُل هنئين سين هوت ڏي، پيرين ڪرمَ پنڌ،
راڻي پڇ مَ رند، رڙهه روحاني، سسئي!

8

"I ask you how to proceed in search of dwellers of Kech?"

“I Tell you walk in the desert forgetting yourself".

Miserable woman, don’t you ever give up longing for Him.

ڪجي پنڌ پڇان تون، ڪيچين ڪارڻ ڪيئن؟
بخود هلج بر ۾، آئون ٿو چوان ايئن،“
”سڪڻ ساجن سينءِ، متان مٺي! ڇڏئين.“

9

Stricken one, never, ever give up cherishing love,

As twins are born, you too remain so with it.

متان مٺي! ڇڏئين، پريتڙون پاٽان،
جاڀن جيئن ڄاٽا، تون پڻ هونج تن جيئن.

10

Afflicted one, separate not yourself from love,

Rub on your face that particle of musk.

متان مُٺي! ڇڏئين، پاٽا پريتڙو،
ڪٿوري ڪڻون، مڙهي مڙهج منهن ۾.

## Section IV

1

How can they to Vinder rock go who yearning lack?

Those who make empty boast give it up in the midlle of track.

هيج نہ هوندو جن، سي ڪيئن وندروينديون؟
وهو وچ رهن، سهين سڏن واريون.

2

All make vain wishes, hunger none can bear,

No ordinary being can this path tread,

She alone can go with me who herself, can efface.

سڏائتي سڀڪا، بک نہ باسي ڪا،
جيهيءَ تيهي ذات جي، جنبش ناهي جا،
مون سين هلي سا، جا جيءَ مٺو نہ ڪري.

3

Oh wedded ones! to your spouses return,I will not without mine,

This formidale rock’s depth will I search,

Nothing can ever come between me and my love for Jat.

وريتيون! اورو، آئون نہ ورندس ور ريءَ،
جاڏي هن جبل جو، تانگهيندي‌س ترو،
جتن ساڻ ذرو، نينهن نبيرڻ نہ ٿئي.

4

Return to your spouses, you wedded ones,

The tale of separation they say is a difficult one,

Those within whom love’s fire burns alone will rocks traverse.

وڃو سڀ وري، آئين جي ورن واريون،
ڦوڙائي فراق جي، سڄي ڳالهہ ڳري،
ٻنيان جن ٻري، ڏونگر سي ڏورينديون.

5

Oh mother! today will I wash and saffron dye my dress.

Mother dear! Yogi I will be, on me no bar place,

For Beloved Baloach big earrings I will wear.

اڄ ملينديس، ماءِ! داڄا ڪنديس ڪپڙا،
جيجان! جوڳياڻي ٿيان، مون جهل م پاءِ،
هوت ٻاروچي لاءِ، ڪينن ڪنر پائيان،

6

Did my brothers-in-law think me a mere mistress?

I cooked not delicious dishes to their taste,

Neither did I gather friends who would for them dance,

I did not comply with the custom of our clan,

Mother! I lack much, Baloch's words I find of much worth.

مون کي ڀانئي ڀاڄ، ڏير ڏوراٽا مليا،
اڳيان رکيم اُن جي، خوب پچائي ڪاڄ،
ميڙي آپ سرتيون، نڪي ڳايم ڳاڇ،
سا مون ڪان نہ ٿي، جيڪا رسم راڄ،
آيل! آئون اڪاڄ، ٻول ٻروچي وترو.

7

Fulfil your pledge first, then Punhoon will comply,

Forget not the promise that you made which it did imply.

پهرين تون پاريج، پارڻ پوءِ پنهوءَ ٿي،
ٻول مَ وساريج، هو جو ڪيوءِ هوت سين.

8

Beloved several promises with you made,

If your love be true, journey you must undertake.

توسين ٻول ٻهون، سسئي! ساجن جي ڪري،
ڪندينءَ تہ ٻہ ڪهون، جي نالو ڳيڙءِ نينهن جو.

9

Sleep not unaware, hearing His pledge,

What can you do, if He does not abide by it?

سڻي ٻول سندان، متان سمهين سسئي!
ڪندينءَ ڪوه ڪيڻان؟ سي جي اُن اوڙانگهيا.

10

Sun sets, Sasui weeps tears of blood,

No messenger, no traveller from whom to ask of that place,

Confused she remains, but does not think of going back.

سج اُلٿي، سسئي، رت وروٽو روءِ،
پهي نہ پانڌي ڪو، جنهن ڪان پڇي لوءِ،
موڙهي وچي توءِ، موٽڻ جي ڪانہ ڪري.

11

"Blisters on my feet do not let me walk fast,

No friend can ever in a joke suggest that I go back,

Harho rock has my heart in pieces rent."

ڇلان، مَنجهم نہ ڇاڪ، پران، پونم پرڪڻا،
متان ڪا منڊ ڪري، موٽڻ جي مزاڪ،
چت سندو مون چاڪ، هاڙهي هڏ هٽي ڪيو.

12

Friend's advice to return, she did not believe,
She in one stride would Punhoon reach.

موٽڻ جا مذڪور، جان ڪي چيس جيڏئين،
پريٽ ڀرين پور، نيئي پهچاءِ پنهونءَ ڪي.

13

Mother! let me not return to die but die ere I return,
Writhing in pain let me lie, where my love's footprints I discern.

موٽي مران مَ ماءِ! موٽڻ کان اڳي مران!
لڇي لالن لاءِ، شال پونديس پير تي!

Vai

Beloved! you are aware of my chronic ailment,
Beloved's enduring love is that chronic ailment.
My physician! for you to this ailment am I confined,
Give me health's good tidings, remove distress of my mind.
For you I weep, for you my cries are destined,
Idle and wicked am I, free me from this evil design,
May you come, who are my expert physician.
Disappointed consulting other physicians, you alone are my medicine,
You who are so near, clasp me to your bosom.

معلوم حال حبيب! مون کي درد قديمي وو!
درد جديدي، حب حبيبي.
آلودي آزار کان، تو لاءِ ٿيس، طبيب!
شادي ڏئين صحت جي، غمي لاه، غريب!
آئون اوهانجي آهيان، نار منجھ نصيب!
ڪاهل آهيان ڪوڙي، رسي لاه، رقيب!
حاذق آهئين هن جو، اچين شال، عجيب!
دوا آهين دل جي، پڇيم سڀ طبيب!
الا! عبداللطيف کي، ڪوڙي لاءِ، قريب!

Section V

1

I escaped from Bhambhore and searched the lofty rocks,
Swiftly I reached Kech where Punhoon I got.
You reside in all, how many will you condem to death?

ڀڄي جاِن ڀنڀور کان، ڏونگر ڏوريو مون،
ڪاهي رسيس ڪيچ کي، جتي پاڻ پنهون،
"سڀت آهين تون، قضا ڪندين ڪن سين؟"

2

Casting a glance within, I conversed with my soul,
I found no mountains in the world nor yearning for Baloach,
All suffering was for Sasui, gone was it when Punhoon I became.

پيهي جان پاڻ ۾، ڪيم روح رهاڻ،
تہ نڪو ڏونگر ڏيه ۾، نڪا ڪيچين ڪاڻ،
پنهون ٿيس پاڻ، سسئي تان سور هيا.

3

Sasui's screen was gone, she herself Punhoon became.

Those who in loneliness seek, their veil is torn,

What she in Vinder sought, she here only got.

پُنھون ٿيس پاڻھين، ويو سسئي جو شرم،
هيڪلين هلن جي، پڇي تن پرم،
جو ونڊر ۾ ورم، سو سودو سريس ھتھين.

4

Sasui became Punhoon, her beauty disappeared.

"God has made man in His own image", trees constantly repeat.

The love crazed one in ecstay took Beloved in her arms.

پنھو ٿيس پاڻھين، ويئي سسئي جي سونھن،
"خلق آدم علىٰ صورته" اي وڻن منجھ ورونھن،
چريءَ منجھان چونھن، ڪڍي هوت هنج ڪيو.

5

Sasui's beauty disappeared, she herself Punhoon became,

Latif says that is everyone's ultimate aim.

Bhambhore's ties are hurdles in our path where we may fall.

ويئي سونھن سسئي جي، پنھون ٿيس پاڻ،
"سين جي،" سيد چئي، "آهي اُت اُماڻ،"
"ڀنڀور جا ڀاڻ، آڏا عجيبن ڪيو."

6

I was in confusion lost, for Punhoon I myself was

Remaining close to Beloved, myself "I" forgot,

Without His sight, knowledge is of little gain.

وهم وساريا، ناته پنھو آئون پاڻ هئي،
پاڻ وڃايم پانھنجو، پئي پريان جي پاس،
رتي علم نه راس، ڏاران پسڻ پريئن جي،

7

Give up thought of "I" that you may be received,

Nothing did I see in which Beloved's beauty was not perceived.

Build your hut next to Him, that He never be far.

هيڪر هئڻ ڇڏ، ته اوڏي ٿئين عجيب کي،
"ما رايت شيئا الا وارايت الله،" نيئي اجھا اوڏانھين اڏ"
ته هوت ڪان توکان هڏ، پرين پراهون نه ٿئي.

8

Beloved is in your lap, why ask others?

"His signs are in your soul, contemplate and so act further"[3],

To seek her love, none went to market place.

هوت تنھنجي هنج ۾، پڇين ڪوه ٻئي؟
"وفي انفسڪم، افلا تبصرون،" سوجھي ڪر سئي
ڪڏهن ڪانه وئي، هوت ڳولڻ هٽ تي.

9

Beloved within you and you seek Him here and there,

He is "closer to you than your vein jugular",[4]

هوت تنھنجي هنج ۾، پڇين ڪوه پرياڻ؟
"ونحن اقرب اليه من حبل الوريد"، تنھنجو توهين ساڻ،

Your self is the hurdle between your Love and you.

پنهنجو آهي پاڻ، آڏو عجيبن کي.

10

"I searched all places for my Beloved Baloch",

"God surrounds all and every thing[5]" she came to knew,

Punhoon is in all, nothing exists without Baloch.

ووڙيم سڀ وٿاڻ، يار ڪارڻ جت‌جي،

"الله بڪل شيءِ محيط،" ايءُ سندس اهڃاڻ،

سڀ ۾ پنهون پاڻ، ڪونهي ٻيو ٻروچ ريءَ،

Vai

He who is my prop, will not desert me in world's swift currents,

Those who lag behind in passes, their succour He becomes,

Punhoon Jam would Himself clothe the naked ones.

اهڪيءَ آڳه آهي، وو! آهي،

مون کي تان نہ ڇڏيندو تک ۾.

پڇي پوءِ ٻين کي، لڪن ۾ لڏ لاهي،

آري اگهاڙن کي، پنهون ڄام پراهي،

Section VI

1

From cup of separation He gave me a draught[3]

So did Beloved set a blaze in my heart,

His beauty's sight has taken away my peace.

جدائي جو جام، ڏنائون ڏکيءَ کي،

منگل مُنهنجي من ۾، ٻاريو هوت حمام،

آرک ٽيو آرام، ڪاڪل پسي ڪانڌ جو.

2

No remedy can restore my peace lost at his glorious sight,

Yesterday I had a glimpse of it, it was all light.

درد نہ لهي دارئين، زلف زور ڏٺوم،

ڪاڪل ڪاله ڏٺوم، رخساري تي روپ سين.

3

She needs no shroud whom this gorgeous sight has killed,

Martyr's robe she wears and is so thrilled.

ڪاڪل ڪٺي جا، ڪفن تنهن ڪين ٿئي،

منجه شهادت سان، لڏي ۽ لاڏ ڪري.

4

Lord of mountains, your awesome nature to weak ones display not,

Latif says you are the honour of us all.

Utter no harsh word fortunate friend to bring my end.

ڏکا ڏونگر ڄام! مَ ڪر معذورن تي،

"توتي لڄ،" لطيف چئي، "آهي سندي عام"،

مارمَ، چئي معذور کي، وهيان ڪانڌ! ڪلام،

پرچج پيادن سين، الله لڳ غلام!

Be reconciled to those on foot, in God's name,
Leave not alone, the one wedded in thy name.

جا نواري آهنجي نام، سا هوت! مَ ڇڏج هيڪلي.

5

With feet softer than silk, she mountains climbs,
Her soles so badly wounded and bruised find.
Thus she goes to her Beloved's land,
Saying may He return who is betrothed to this maid.

پير پٽائين ڪنئرا، ڏونگر مٿي ڏي،
ڦٽيا ڦڙ فقير جا، سيرون ٿيڙا سي،
جهڙي تهڙي حال سين، پري پنهونءَ ڏي،
ويجي مان وري، ٻانهيءَ ٻنڌڻ جنهن سين.

## Section VII

1

Let those gird up their loins desiring journey to Vinder rock,
Those who would give it up halfway, why do they start?

وندر جي وڃن، سي مر ٻڌن سندرا،
ٻيون ڪوه ٻڌن؟ چوڙي جي ڇڏيندیون.

2

Punhoon's country is far. He Himself is still far off.
So far on a long journey Sasui has embarked.
Saying, 'you for whom I live have gone to the court of Ari Jam'.

ڏيهه ڏيهائين ڏور، پرڏيهان پري ٿيا،
سيڻن ڪارڻ سسئي، پيئي پراهين پور،
تون وڃين، هوت! حضور، منهنجو جئڻ جيلاهين ٿئي.

3

"We were pledged, yet at night away he went,
In torturing pain my heart breaks;
Fate! come not a pace, that I may once more see my loved one's face.

هيڪاندي هوئي، اُٿي رات روان ٿيا،
ساهه سڳي ۾ سور جي، پنهو ويو پوئي،
رهه قضا! دم ڪوئي، تہ هيڪر هيڪاندي ٿيان.

4

My heart is restless, and without Him in pain,
The mighty one has held me in chains,
Now my heart and soul He has won.

هڏ نہ ساهه سڏير، دل درماندي دوس ري،
پائي ويڙا پرت جو، زوراور زنجير،
جي جسو، جاڳير، هاڻي ملڪ هوت جي.

5

Some enquire after Punhoon all their lives,
Why do the light hearted ones for such journey strive?
Lucky are those whose lives are lost in spiritual quest.

عمر سڀ عشق سين، پنهون جي پڇن،
ريس ريڍاليون تن سين، ڪجاڙي ڪي ڪن؟
مارڳ جي مارن، وڏو طالع تن جو.

6

Neither by sleeping nor by sitting, is Lord's union in sight,

Those who search and seek, they alone will find.

ويٺي ور نہ پون، سُتي ملن نہ سپرين،
جي مٿي رند رڙن، ساجن ملي تن کي،

7

Traversing on the rocks, Sasui is bruised,

Yet she climbs and walks, hoping that she will not Him lose.

All her beauty is lost in the rocks,

Suffering and not happiness to her, union has brought.

رائي ڪئي رنجور، ٽڪر ٽوءِ ٽانڪيو چڙهي،
"لانچي لڪ"، لطيف چئي "هلي ڏانهن حضور"،
رهيا سڀ ريجن ۾، سسئي جا سالور،
ساجن ميڙئيس سور، سک نہ ميڙيس سپرين.

8

Seek Punhoon within, seek Him in everything,

Purify the dust and cover your face with it,

Rich treasure will be yours, if by this advice you abide.

منجهان پنءِ پروڙ، سڀ مَ پڇج، سسئي!
ويهي و ڏي ڏِگ مان، ڏٽي وجهج ڌوڙ،
تہ تون ماڻئين موڙ، جي پند اهائي پاڙئين.

9

If you are set on fire, blow on it till it heavens reach. •

You must forget what ever exists on this earth,

See that all that is around, for you does not exist.

ٻريائي تہ ٻار، ڦوڪ تہ لڳي انبرين،
هتي جي هئڻ جون، وٿون سڀ وسار،
سموري سرڪار، نيئي رکج ناهہ ۾.

10

Proud one! how will you reach Punhoon?

The proud ones were torn to pieces.

Be humble oh! naive one, proud ones lose,

قد ٻڌي، تون ڪيئن پهچندينءَ پنهونءَ سين؟
جيئن سينون ساهئين، سسئي! تيئن تموارون ٽيس،
مٺي! ٿيءُ مسڪين، حجرت هوت وڃائيو.

11

The simple maid is struck, heart broken she lies,

She neither lives nor dies but struggling bides,

Ever ready is Sasui for suffering like this.

ٻلر لڳو ٻاڻ، پسو! جوءِ جرا ٽٽي،
سامنڊ مري نہ جئي، پيئي پڇاڙي پاڻ،
"سسئي سورن ساڻ، سنيوڙي" سيد چئي.

## Section VIII

1

"Helpless, weak and without a guide I am,

I weep tears of blood for my husband,

اڏر، نڌر، اُپري، آهيان اُسونهين،
لڙڪ لعل لطيف چئي ورلءِ وهايان.

Tears of longing I shed in river Hab.
In pleasing ways will I bring Punhoon back,
I will grind the corn and cook, only take me with yourself."

هيجان هنجون حب ۾، هوتن لاءِ هاريان،
جابن ضعيفي سين، پنهون پهايان،
پيهان پچايان، جي مان نيو پاڻ سين.

2

"Helpless, weak and without a guide I am,
Marrying a stranger has brought me my death.
You are Sasui's only hope in her distress."
"Naive one! you bring no provision and wish for union"!

اڏر نڌر، اپري، آهيان اسونهين،
پرڏيهي پرين ڪيا، مرڻ لءِ مونهين،
سسئي کي، سيد چئي تنگن ۾ تونهين،
هاري، ڪئن هونهين، رڳ سمر سڏون ڪرين؟

3

Helpless, weak and without a guide, be true in love and firm,
Let the stones bake you, that you may learn.
Worries and distress confront this weak maid,
Journey's tribulations make her firm, Latif says.

آڏر، نڌر، اپري سڌر ٿي سچي،
"سپڪ ٿئي" سيد چئي، پهڻ منجھ پچي.
معذور کي، مارو ڪيو، اولاڪن اچي،
"منجهان راه رچي، ٿئڙي لال،" لطيف چئي.

4

When the angel of death awakened the maid
Sasui surmised a messenger Punhoon has sent.

اچي عزرائيل، ستي جاڳائي سسئي،
ٿي ٻوڙائي دليل، ته پنهوءَ ماڙهو موڪليو.

5

When Sasui saw the angels of enquiry,
At once from them she made this query,
"Did you all see my love's party passing by?"

مُنڪر ۽ نڪير کي، جڏهن ڏٺائين،
اڳيان اُٺي اُن کان پُنهون پڇيائين،
ادا اتائين، ڪو ويو ساٿ سڄڻ جو؟"

6

Be faithful Sasui! break stones into bits,
For your spouse, stain the rocks with blood,
Punhoon goes fast, haste that you may reach.

پاياٽي ٿي پور، پٿيءَ ڪچين ڪڪرا،
رائون مڙيو رت سين، ڪارڻ ڪانڌ ڪڪور،
"لانچي لڪ"، لطيف چئي، "اُٺي ڏونگر ڏور،
"جت وڃي ٿو زور، اُپڙ تان اوڏي ٿئين."

7

Take pains, rush into the forest, seek Him not in Harho rock,
Suffering is your good companion, with it mountains cross,
That you may reach your love's fast moving band.

جهٽ پٽي، پهه جهنگ، هاڙي پچ م هوت کي،
سور سٻيلي، سسئي! لڪ تنهين سين لنگھ،
ته سپريان جي سنگ، منڌ ميڙائو تو ٿئي.

8

Struggle and try, sit not quiet in Bhambore,
Climb the hard, strong rocks and look for Punhoon's trail,
By seeking and searching you will get his trace.

ڪر ڪوڙا ڪوس، ويھ م منڍ ڀنڀور ۾،
چڙھي ڏاڍاين ڏونگرين، پير پنھونءَ جو پس،
ڏورڻ منجھان ڏس، پوندءِ ھوت پنھوءَ جو.

## Section IX

1

Sit not in forgetfulness nor ask the path,
The pure in heart struggling in earnest reached their Lord.

ويھ مَ وساري، پڇا ڪر مَ پنڌ جي،
نرمل نماري، ھلندن ٿي ھٿ ڪيو.

2

Seekers sought in vain, find themselves in waste land,
Without a guide, His destination no one gained.

اوجھڙ! سونھن، ڏيھ گھٽو ٿي ڏوريو،
سگھر ريءَ سونھن، پھتي ڪانہ پنڌ ڪري.

3

Oh wind! remove not that which I trace.
Oh storm! I entrust to your care my love's trail;
Don't you blow and erase those that I follow in wilderness.

واءُ! وڃاءِ مَ سو، پٽيءَ جنھن پنڌ ڪريان،
چڻا! چپر پريئن جو، پير پرنيان تو،
بر بورائو جو، سو لڳي متان لٽئين.

4

Go not far, Sasui! nor give up the quest,
Walk not with your feet, yet sit not quite content,
All connection with joys of life snap,
Walk with your heart, that journey may soon end.

ڏور مَ تو ڏوريج، صبر ڪر مَ، سسئي!
پرڻ ڇڏ پيرن سين، وھڻ وساريج،
"سکن جا" سيد چئي، "لاڳاپا لاھيج"،
"ھنئين ساڻ ھليج، تہ پنڌ پاسي پر، نبري.

5

In fatigue the step she took brought her close,
With one attempt mountain Pab she crossed.

ڪھي جا ڪنيائين، وک تھين ويجھي ڪئي،
ڇڪي ڇنائين، پنڌ مڙوئي پب جو.

6

Hundred miles others cover, tired one! take one firm step,
Journey may soon end with longing's help.

سو ڪوھ ڪري سڀ ڪا، تون ڪھي! ڪلچ وک،
تائج منجھان تک، تہ پنڌ پاسي پر نبري،

7

All alone to Punhoon I will proceed,
Before mc are difficult passes and summits of rocks so steep,
But pain of Punhoon's separation is my companion and my guide.

هيڪلائي هيل، پوريندیس پنھونءَ ڏي،
آڏا ڏونگر لڪيون، سوريون سڃن سيل،
تہ ڪر ٻيلي آهن ٻيل، جي سورپريان جا ساڻ مون،

8

Seeing the Beloved with mind's eye, she rested not,
She searched the passes, she searched the rocks.
Her fathomless love raised Sasui to regions aloft.

دوست ڏٺائين دل سين، ورچي تان نہ وهي،
"لانچي لڪ"، لطيف چئي، "پهڻ منجھ پھي"،
سندي نيهن نهي، ڪئي سرفراز سسئي.

## Section X

1

"Be near me oh Love! go not far,
Return oh Preserver, lest I perish on the rocks;
Beloved Punhoon! forsake not the lonesome one who in this journey walks.

آءُ اوراهون سپرين! پري وڃ مَ پئي!
موٽ، مرنديس ڇپرين، تون جياپو جيءَ،
هوت مَ ڇڏج هيءَ، پنهوا! پيادي پنڌ ۾.

2

Be near me oh Love! put me not in separation's blaze,
Love's longing that you have left behind, has made me crazed.

آءُ اوراهون سپرين! ڏکي ڏيج مَ ڏاگھہ،
وٺ ڇڏي مون واگھہ، آري وئين عشق جو.

3

Patience and thanksgiving I will not forego,
Beloved Lord all wordly desires I do let go.

هٿان هڏ نہ ڇڏيان، صبر شڪرانو،
ذوق زمانو، مون، ورا! ويو وسري،

4

No peace of mind have I, since my love left,
Dear God! bring him back who gave me love's taste.

ناه جمعيت جان کي، هوت پڄاڻان هاڻ،
الله! سيئي آڻ، جن ساءُ چکايم سڪ جو.

5

My beloved is gone I have no peace of mind,
Punhoon's love gave me the taste of love's wine."

ناه جعيت جان کي، هوت پُڄاڻا هت،
پُنھوءَ جي پرت، ساءُ چکايم سڪ جو.

## Section XI

1

Be all ears, Kechis speak, remain silent,
Understand their signs from their silence eloquent,
Sit beside them that you may acquire zeal.

ڪن تي ڪيچين ڪڇيو، ڪڇ مَ، تا ڪڇن،
اشارتون اُن جون، سڪون تان سڄن،
وٽان ويهي تن، سڻ تہ سوز پرائين.

2

Today the Kechis said "Come, listen and be in love's ecstasy";
They know no other language save "keep away from I",
Do not utter a word, only listen and get inspired.

سڻ تہ سوز پرائين، "آءُ چيائون اڄ،
ٻولي ٻي نہ سڪيا، "پاڻا" چوندءِ "پڄ"،
واڇي وٽ مَ وڄ، ٻُڌ تہ ٻيائي لهي.

3

In Ari Jam's yard knife and killing are rampant,
Beloved Himself is their blood money who for love die.

ڪٺارو ۽ ڪوس، اڱڻ آريءَ ڄام جي،
ديت آهي دوس، مارڳ ۾ مُين جي.

4

Ari Jam's eyes are with this blind maid;
"They guide me to the direction of Vinder shades,
They Punhoon's countenance behold and show it to me."

اکيون آريءَ ڄام جون، آنڌيءَ سين آهين،
هو جي وڻ وندر جا، سي مون سنهائين،
ڏسيو ڏيکارين، پيشاني پنهونءَ جي.

5

In ignorance invoke not the Beloved, nor journey embark,
Unless prepared for hardships and tears, do not on this path start.

سڏ مَ ڪر سڏن ريءَ، هلڻ ري مل هل،
جلڻ ري مَ جل، رئڻ ريءَ متان رئين.

## Miscellaneous

1

Where is yesterday's love so deep,
That fearlessly awakened me from sleep?
Its wound hurts, its pain gives me no respite.

اُٺيو ۽ اُٺياڪ، ڪالهوڪو ڪاڏي ويو؟
ويو جاڳائي جيڏيون! برہ هيءُ بيباڪ،
چرڪاري چاڪ سور سماري ڪين ڪي!

2

Sasui! you are an adult now give up false modesty,
Seek Him in mountains leaving behind artificiality,

جان ساماڻينءَ، سسئي! تان ويس وڃن جوڪر،
"لاهي لڄ، لطيف چئي، "تيءُ بيگاراياڻي بر،

So that Beloved in person to you appears.

”تہ ويندي پوئي ور، اڳيان هوت حضور ۾.

3

Sasui is not one of those who seeing mountains hesitates,

For she has leant the grass picking ountain-dwellers' ways.

منڊ نہ منجهان تن، پسي لڪ لڏن جي،
جا پر ڪاهوڙين، سا پر سکي سسئي.

4

Oh maid! sit not in the shade, in the sun go ahead.

You have pledged yourself with one who far off dwells;

Go in each locality and seek him here and every where.

منڊ مَ منهن ويه، اُپي اوسر اُس ۾.
تو سيئي سيڻ ڪيا، ڏور جنين جو ڏيهہ،
پاڙي پاڙي پيه، وت پڇندي پريئن کي.

5

Sorrows are heaped on this frail maid,

"This maid of low birth, from your heart, do not erase".

Faithful Sasui, snapping all other ties, to your love proceed,

If you follow this path, rich will be your meed.

اولاڪن اچي، معذور تي مارو ڪيو،
متان، ور! وسارئين، منجهان ڪر، ڪچي!
لاهي لاڳاپا لنگهہ تون، سيڻن ڏانهن، سچي،
”منهنجان راه رچي، ٿيندينءَ لعل“ لطيف چئي.

# Sasui Ma'azoori

## (The Helpless)

### Section I

1

In following Punhoon's path, fickle ones get fatigued,
Mountains become plain for those who earnestly seek.
All friends in this path appear weak and worn out,
Brahman maid! become pieces of meat for Kech's dogs to eat.

هلنديِ هوت پنهونءَ ڏي، ڪهجن ڪي ڪوٺيون،
پهڻ تنين پٽ ٿئي، جي لءِ لالن لوڙيون،
سڀ سهيليون سڪ کي، چنجهون ۾ چوٽيون،
ٻانڀڻ! ٿي ٻوٽيون، تہ ڪتا کينئي ڪيچ جا.

2

Punhoon's pet remembered this maid,
Oh Sasui! Beloved's union is after death.

تن پيئي جانارن ياد، جي پاريل پنهونءَ جام جا،
سنڌي لالن لاڏ، مٺان پوءِ منڌ ٿئي.

3

Beloved's dog like a wasp awakened me
It barked, rose and shook its frame
By its barking it will remove my distress.

جاڳايس جنبور، ڪتي قريبن جي،
ڀهي ڀونڪي اٿيو، ڳمڏي منجهان ڳهور،
سڀ لاهيندو سور، ڳري هن غريب تان.

4

Dog is desirous of carrion, we are like dog's flea,
In dog's ear like the flea do cling we.

ڪتو طالب ڍونڍ جو، اسين ڪتي ڪيڙ،
چهٽي آهي چيڙ، ڪارايي جي ڪن ۾.

5

Dogs' masters whistle and set them after us,
They disobey not their masters' wishes.
Dogs are not at fault, they have been set on us to bark.

سگبان سينڍاريا، ٻچيا، تي ٻهن،
ڦريا نہ فرمان کان، مُلهہ نہ موٽيڙن،
ڪونهي ڏوهہ ڪتن، ڏاڪاريا، ڏاڙهين ٿا.

6

The mountain beasts are after her,
Of this washer woman's Beloved all are aware,

ڏڪا، ڏونگر جا مرون، مرُ ٿا مون تي ڪن،
پڙندا ڪين پريٽ تي، هن جا سڏ رتا سڄن،

They know the kinship to her He bears,

Else they would not spare her.

سڳائيءَ جي، سيد چئي، آهي سڌ سين،
هوند نہ هٿ ٿرن، پر قرابت ڪم ڪيو.

7

By my union with the great one, I am known in many lands,

Otherwise who would know this Brahman maid?

Even Sindh would not have heard of her, now she is known in all lands.

سڌر سين سڱ ڪري، پرکنديون پيياس،
ڪير برهمڻ؟ ڪن جي؟ ڪير ڄاڻي ڪيڏاس؟
هوند نہ سنڌ سياس، هن پريين ڪيس پڌري.

## Vai

Virtue for Latif lies in toil and trouble,

To utter suffering's praise, I am not able.

The very word love eagerly would I decipher,

Punhoon's separation's sorrow, is my sole care,

To be denied Beloved's nearness, is my devotion's trial.

خوبي منجھ خفت، اي! دوست! دقت،
آهي عبداللطيف کي.
مدح مون کان نہ ٿئي، سندي سور صفت،
هجي ڪريان هيج سين، مطالع محبت،
حزن هوت پنھونءَ جو، رڱيائي راحت،
پريان جي پستان جو، ناقوئي فرحت.

## Section II

1

Sisters! Blessed are those who gave up happiness and adornment,

Friends! Boldly your journey undertake, be not indolent.

اديون! ور اڳهاڙ، وهانءَ جنهن وساريو،
جيڏيون! ڇڏي جاڙ، سيپ ننگيون ٿي نڪرو،

2

Give up artificial ways, desires and greed,

Those who sleep during Beloved's quest, cannot succeed.

سيپ ننگيون ٿي نڪرو، لالچ ڇڏي لوپ،
سپيريان سين سوپ، ننڊون ڪندي نہ ٿئي.

3

Leave aside false modesty and rich dress,

She leads all who takes naught but love, with herself.

سيپ ننگيون ٿي نڪرو، پرهڻ ڇڏي پوءِ،
مهند مڙئان هوءِ، ڪمي جا ڪين کڻي،

4

She, who took no burden, reached her love,

She who wore rich robes lost her love.

ڪمي جا ڪين کڻي، پرينءَ پهتي سا،
وهي ويڙهجي جا، وصل تنهن وڃائيو.

5

The one adorned and beautified, lost her love,

Like unworthy Leela who bargained her spouse for handful of pearls.

وصل تنهن وڃائيو، سينڌ سرمي سيئن،
سا لوڙي ليلان جيئنءَ، ڏيو جنهن مٽ ڪيو.

6

Beloved is close to the needy, He is far from those with plenty,

He is with those who prefer to live in scarcity.

هونديان هوت پري، اوڏو آهه اڻ هوند کي،
ساڄن تن سري، "لا" سين لڏين جي.

7

Stab this mule with the dagger of self-renunciation

Give up every trace of worldly wishes and ambition;

This journey would be light, if each step you cautiously take.

لائي خنجر "لا" جو، هيءُ! خچر کي هڻ،
"سڌن جون،" سيد چئي، وٺون سڀ وڪڻ،
پير پروڙي کڻ، تہ هلڻ ۾ هوري وهين.

8

Carry naught, for they crossed Harho rock who went light.

Those who care for worldly gains, never see Beloved's sight.

هورن هاڙهو لنگهيو، ٿيءُ جريدي جوءِ!
هوند جنين سين هوءِ، هوت نہ هوندو تن سين.

9

Wretched woman! give up all adornment that you may Harho pass,

Take no burden with yourself, that you may to Kech be brought.

هورن هاڙهو لنگهيو، مٺي! موسٽ ڇڏ،
"لا" سين اٿي لڏ، "ڪين" رسائي ڪيچ کي.

10

The one laden with worldly goods, is neither here nor there,

Not with wealth and riches but with love's ecstasy, reach that Beloved rare.

نڪا هت نہ هت، ڪا ڳوريءَ سندي ڳال،
ڪين پهتي مال، حال پهتي هوت کي.

Section III

1

"Going to Harho mountain I have to cover miles and miles,

Without Ari Jam I have gone through suffering of many kinds,

هلندي هاڙو مٿي، ڪرڻ ڪوهه پيام،
اڙڌا آريءَ ڄام ري، گوندر گذريام،
لڪين، لڪ لطيف چئي، اوراڻگهڻ آيم،
پرڻ پنهونءَ پٽ ۾، اي سعادت سنديام،

Many slopes and ascents I have crossed

To follow Punhoon I consider a blessing and not loss,

I cannot rest, for His sake I have given up all other tasks.

مٿس ڪم وڏام، وهان تان نہ وس پيو.

2

Mountains! rise not so high, trees! grow not so dense,

Eyes! shed no tears, lest I lose Punhoon's trail.

وڏو ڪيم، وڻاه! اونچا ڏونگرا! م ٿيو!
ٿمو مَ، نيڻاه! تہ پير نهاريان پرئين جو.

3

Oh shady barks! why not direct me the right path?

Do not let me be in your intricacies lost.

Be guide to those who traverse on foot,

Reach me to my love and do not here go dry.

وارو! مون، وڻراهہ! ڪا سڌ سونهپ جي نہ ڏيو؟
وجهي وراڪن ۾، معذور ڪي م منجهاءِ،
منجهان پاڻ پياديون، هادي ٿي هلاءِ،
پريان ڪي پهچاءِ، تہ لڳي لوڻو نہ ٿيڻن.

4

Though innumberable thorns pierce my feet,

Rocks tear my soles, one toe, another cannot meet,

Shoes I will not wear, barefoot to Punhoon I will go."

ڪنڍا مون پيرن ۾، توڻي لک لڳن،
آڱر اڱوٺي نہ مڙي، ڇپون پير ڇنن،
ويندي ڏانهن پرين، جتي جات نہ پائيان.

5

Shoes they will wear who love their feet,

For Punhoon's sake, Sasui has given up all this with relief.

جتيون سي پائينديون، جنين پير پرين،
لاٿيون سڀ پرين، سسئي سپرين ڪي.

Section IV

1

Die while living that you may behold Beloved's beauty,

You will be acceptable if you consider this as duty.

مري جيءَ، تہ ماڻئين، جانب جو جمال،
تئين هوند حلال، جي پند اهائي پارئين.

2

Die[2] before your death, that you may honour reach,

As long as you live Oh maid! from Bhambhore distance keep,

Be true to Punhoon that you may behold angel of death's glorious face.

مر، تہ موچاري ٿئين، اجلان اڳي اڄ،
جان ڪي هئين جيئري، تہ، منڌ! ڀنڀوران ڀڄ،
پنهونءَ ساڻ پهچ، تہ ملڪ الموت ماڻئين.

3

Oh Sasui! Oh maid! die before your death,
Keep company of those that have gone through rock's distress.

اجلان اڳي، سسئي! منڌ! جئريائي مر،
ٽوليان تنهن م ٽر، جنهن روح وڃايو راهه ۾.

4

Those who die before their death, are immortal made,
They will live for ever, for them there will be no death.

مرڻان اڳي جي مئا، سي مري ٿين نہ مات،
هوندا سي حيات، جيئڻان اڳي جي جئا.

5

Those who desire to live, find the mountain high;
Oh death! be my guide that I may your steps try.

اونچو اتاهون گهڻو، جيئڻ کي جبل،
مرڻ! مون سين هل، تہ پٺيءَ توپنڌ ڪريان.

6

Life you have many attachments, get away;
Death come to me, that 1 may follow your way.

تو سڱ، ساهہ! گهڻن سين، جئڻ! گوشي جاءِ،
مرڻ! مون سين آءِ، تہ پٺيءَ توپنڌ ڪريان.

7

You learnt not to die in secret for the Beloved,
Have you not heard "die, why severe your head.

پر ۾ پڇي پرينءَ کي، مري نہ ڄاتوءِ،
"موتوا" منڌ! نہ سوءِ، ڪنڌ ڪڄاڙيان ڪاٽئين؟

## Section V

1

With hands, feet, knees but mostly with heart proceed.
Be faithful in Ari Jam's love to be esteemed;
As long as you live consider none as Punhoon's peer.

هٿين، پيرين، مونڙئين، هلج ساڻ هنئين،
عشق آريءَ ڄام جو، نباهي نئين،
جان جان ٿي جئين، تان پاڙج ڪوم پنهونءَ سين.

2

Proceed with feet, hands and knees in haste,
Woman! give not up love's trail.
In this path, let love be your guide and help;
There be thousand beloveds, none is of Punhoon's worth.

هٿين، پيرين، مونڙئين، ڪمج پر ڪپار،
متان، ڇوري! ڇڏئين، پريتڻي پچار،
توکي سند، سسئي! سندي لنوءُ لغار،
جي هونئي هوت هزار، تہ پاڙج ڪوم پنهونءَ سين.

3

Fatigued, she rests not in shade, but walks in the sun,
Sasui has made herself weak in this search.
She asks from birds Punhoon's trail,
They direct her for pity's sakc.
May Punhoon return to her in good faith.

ٿڌيءَ ٿڪي نہ وهي، تتيءَ ڪري تاڻ،
وڏائين وٽڪار ۾، سسئيءَ پاڻ سڪاڻ،
پڇي پهہ پکين کي، پيئي منڌ پرياڻ،
ڏنس ڏيهہ وٽن جا، تن الله لڳ اهڃاڻ،
مان پرچي پاڻ، اچي آرياڻي وري.

4

Whether you walk in strides or take small steps,
What is destined you will have to face.

توڻي ولاڙون ڪرين، توڻي هلين وک،
لکئي منجهان لک، ذرو ضايع نہ ٿئي.

5

What is recorded in destiny none can escape,
Patiently bear what Beloved has written on your slate.

لکيو جو نراڙ، سو انگ ڪياڙيءَ نہ ٿئي،
پاڙيو ويٺي پاڙ، جيڪي لالن لکيو لوح ۾.

6

For Kechis' sake, Sasui baked herself,
Gave up all other thoughts to climb the rocks this simple maid,
Though helpless and weak, arduous journey she undertook.

ڪيائين ڪيچين لءِ، جسو جلاوت،
چڙهي پيئي چپرين، هاري سڀ حجت،
هئي نماڻي نست، پنڌ وڏائين پاڻ تي.

7

"Folks taunt me, what will they by it gain"?
Maid, love crazed, will tear herself on Punhoon's track.

ماڙهو ڏيئي مهڻا، مون کي ڪندا ڪوهہ؟
جنهن چوريءَ ۾ چوه، سا پٿون ٿيندي پيرتي.

## Section VI

1

The maid has given up tomorrow for today.
In helping her, let there be no delay;
Either grant her union or give her death.

فردا منڌ ڦٽي ڪئي، نقد ڪنيو نار،
هي جا واڳ ولهيءَ جي، ويرم ڏي م وار،
جانڪي مُنيءَ مار، جا نڪي ميڙ مُنيءَ کي.

2

Helpless woman longed for Beloved's union, death appeared instead

مٺي ٿي مدعا گهري، موت ٿيو موجود،
اچين تہ اچ ڪريان، صباح جو سجود،

"Love, if you come, tomorrow's prostration I will today make;

Either grant me union, or take away my breath."

جانڪي ني وجود، جانڪي ميڙ مٽيءَ کي،

3

Unhappy woman is baked in Punhoon's love,

Beloved unique, did not let her be burnt.

ڏکي ٿي ڏڏور، لهي لنوءَ پنھونءَ جي،

ڏيئي آڳ اتور، سپ نہ ساڙي سسئي.

4

Oh Sasui! doubt not that Beloved's sight is far better than being decked,

Serve Him, be His water carrier, fear not mountain's hazards,

One moment with Punhoon, is far better than a year with others.

ڏسڻ ڏکان کان اڳرو، سسئي! آڻ م شڪ،

ٿيءُ ٻانهي، پير اوئيون، لڏ م پسي لڪ!

وَرُ پنھونءَ ساڻ پلڪ، ڪوءِ ٻارهن وره ٻين سين!

5

See, the mountains mourning this maid!

For her the deers weep in waste,

Wandering they cry "the dead one gave death like distress to us".

ڏکيءَ سنديون ڏونگرين، پسو! پٿون پون،

مئي پڇاڙا منڊ کي، روجھہ رڄن ۾ رئن،

پوٽا ايھين چون، تہ "مئيءَ اسان کي ماريو!"

6

sobs are heard from mountains at distressed one's death,

Kechis have a secret purpose in striking this maid,

Beloved lies in lap of those whom He kills.

ڏکيءَ سنديون ڏونگرين، اوڇنگارون اچن،

هٽي سانگ سسئيءَ کي، ڪلو ڪيو ڪيچين،

جي هڻان هوت مرن، هوت تنين جي هنج ۾.

7

in the mountains, trees raise a cry of lament

For she had sat under their shade,

With her sadness she cut them to the quick.

ڏکي سنديون ڏونگرين، وڻ ٽڻ وايون ڪن،

وڻان ويھي جن، وڏيءَ سي واڍوڙيا.

8

Love afflicted one influenced the inorganic ones that never bled.

Who ever saw the distressed one, accepted death.

وڏيءَ سي واڍوڙيا، رت نہ ڏٺو جن،

موت قبوليو تن، ڏٺو جن ڏکيءَ کي

9

The flute cut from trees, wails, the wounded one cries,

وڍيل ٿي وايون ڪري، ڪٽل ڪوڪاري،

هن پن پنھنجا ساريا، هي هنجون هڏن لءِ هاري.

This one recollects its green shades, that one's tears for her love rise.

## Vai

"Beloved! come, make my grave in the rocks.
He is accustomed to musk, I smell of soap.
Come and sit beside me a while Ari Jam;
They have sprinkled musk at each and every shop,
Ideal one! come and remove my hearts' distress"
Latif says, "Sisters! I am willing to bargain my head for it."

اچي لالن! لٹ، ميان! مٽيءَ جو لوڙھ لڪن ۾،
هو ڪانَ ڪٿوريءَ هيرئون، مون ۾ صابڻ ڇٽ،
آرياڻي اچي ڪري، ڪا گهڙي مون وٽ جٽ،
ڪٿوري خوشبوءِ سين، هاريائون هٽ هٽ،
درد منھنجي دل جو، تون ڪامل! اچي ڪٽ،
اديون! عبداللطيف چئي، سرتائين آهي سٽ،

## Section VII

1

"I have not met my love, though several suns have set,
Before I leave this world, may I see His face!

آئون نہ گڏي پرينءَ کي، سھين سج ويا،
هلڻ وير هتان، ديکي شال دم ڏيان!

2

I have not met the Beloved, now I breath my last breath,
Though end draws nigh I weeping ask His track.
May I not die without seeing a glimpse of Him.

آئون نہ گڏي پرينءَ کي، پويون ٽيو پساھ،
سڪان ٽي سڪرات ۾، رويو پڇان راھ،
شال م وڃيم ساھ، ڏاران پسڻ پرينءَ جي.

3

I have not met my Love, the angel of death appears,
No argument avails with him for he none fears.
Death perforce will take me before my mission I achieve".

آئون نہ گڏي پرينءَ کي، آيو عزرائيل،
جوراٽي سين، جيڏيون! نڪو قال نہ قيل،
آيو موت دليل، مارينڊو مراد کان.

4

With strides she crosses the trees, seeing haze she weeps,
Saying this separation between me and my Love, How do I sleep?

ولاڙيو وٽين چڙھي، رئي پسيو روھ،
وچان جو وڇ پوء، سو ڪنھن پر ڪھي لاھيان!

5

Today, she climbs high trees with strides,
For Beloved's sake, she begs trees to oblige.

ولاڙيو وٽين چڙهي، اُنچن مٿي اڄ،
لالن ڪارڻ لڄ، باسيائين بردار جو.

6

With coloured silken dress, the trees she climbs,
From branch to branch like Peacocks' young ones she strides.

ولاڙيو وٽين چڙهي، ڏيو پٿولي لانگ،
ٿاريءَ ٿاريءَ ڇانگ، ســئي مورٻچن جيئن.

7

See the determined maid, she goes on trees,
Travelling alone at mid-night, neither mother nor father by her side,
Her only mate is her voice, that echoes far and wide.

ولاڙيو وٽين چڙهي، پسو سگهه سنڌياس!
آڌيءَ وڃيو اُڪڙي، نڪو پيُ نه ماس،
سوئي سو سيڻاس، پڙي پڙاڏا ڪري.

8

cry arose in the wastes, like the song of a nightingale,
This weeping and wailing in truth was the cry of Love's distress.

رڃن ۾ رڙ ٿي، ڪر ڪوئل جي ڪوڪ،
ولولو ۽ ووڪ، اي تان آه عشق جي.

9

A cry arose in the wilderness like that of a crane's,
What appeared to be the song of crane, in truth was love's wail.

رڃن ۾ رڙ ٿي، ڪرڪرڪي ڪونج،
نعرو منجهه نڪونج، اي تان آه عشق جي.

10

cry arose in the great waste like a fiddle's note,
What men considered woman's wailing, was the voice of love's scope.

رڃن ۾ رڙ ٿي، ڪر سارنگيءَ ساز،
ايءُ عشق جو آواز، ماڙهو رکن منڍ تي.

## Sasui: Desi

(The Native)

### Section I

1

"Camels, Punhoon's brothers and mountains, gave me troubles,
All these discomforts for Beloved's union, I considered comforts.

ڏاگهن، ڏيرن، ڏونگرن، ٽنهي ڏنم ڏک،
سي سڀ پانيم سُک، هيڪاند ڪارڻ هوت جي.

2

I bear suffering given me by camels, brothers-in-law and rocks,
It is encumbent on me to seek Punhoon's tracks and walk.
Who would the waste land otherwise cross, if not so destined".

ڏاگهن، ڏيرن، ڏونگرن ڏکن آئون ڏٺي،
پڇان پير پنهونءَ جو، وجهان وک وڌي،
لکئي آئون لڌي، نات پٽن ڪير پنڌ ڪري؟

3

The day you saw alien camels in your yard
Sasui, you should have, till dawn blocked their path.
Using your hair braid like a chain, camels you should have fastened
Then your love, Punhoon, they would not have thus taken.

اڱڻ مٿي اوپرا، جڏهن ڏاگها ڏٺءِ ڏينهن،
وٺي سڙڪ، سسئي! ويهي وهاڻيءَ سئن،
چوٽي سين چانگن کي، جڙ زنجيرن جيئن،
تہ هوت تنهنجو هيئن، هوند پنهون نيائون نہ پاڻ سين.

4

The day you saw alien camels in your yard,
You should have hidden the keys of the locks,
You would have been taken care of, the following day.

اڱڻ مٿي اوپرا، جڏهن ڏاگها ڏينهن ڏٺاءِ،
ڪنجون جي قفلن جون، تان ڪنهن لل لڪاءِ،
تہ سياڻي سنڌياءِ، ٿئي ساروڻي، سسئي!

5

Camels are wont to groan, they were quiet my time,

اڳي اٺ رڙن، مون پيري مات ٿئي،

The subdued ones raised no sound at the start,

Some secret agreement between these and those there was.

پلاڻيندي، پاڻ ۾، ڪڇيو ڪين ڪنن،
ڪا جا مام منن، هن پڻ هئي هُن سين.

6

It is not Punhoon's brothers' doing but my unfavourable fate,

Time and tide are not subservient to camels and their men.

How can destiny be opposed by this insignificant one?

ڇا جي ڏنگا ڏير، مُنھنجو ڏنگو مَ ٿئي!
انن ۾ اونيڙن جي، ڇا وهيٽو وير؟
هي ڪميڻي ڪير؟ جا امر ڪي آڏو ڦري.

7

Choose your mate from among your friends, not an alien,

With bag and baggage any time for their country they will leave.

After Love's departure, give up Bhambhor's ease.

ديسي سيڻ ڪجن، پرديسي ڪھڙا پرين؟
لڏيو لاڏوڻا ڪيو، پنھنجي ديس وڃن،
پڇاڙا پرين، ڪجي بس ڀنڀور ڪان.

8

"Bring not the camels nigh, for they have brought me distress,

Whip those accursed ones and far away from me drive them,

For only recently they took with themselves my Punhoon away.

اُٺ مَ اوري آڻ، ڏاگھن ڏڏي آهيان!
هڻ هٽ هين ڪي، پري نيئي پلاڻ،
هوت منھنجو هاڻ، پنھون نيائون پاڻ سين.

9

The camel riders reached their land, yet in my heart they dwell,

Movement of camels with paws like four feet give me joy,

These dumb creatures' silence brought me to the rocks.

جت هڏهين هت، مون هت هينئڙي ۾ حل ٿيا،
چنگل جنين چوڦرا، راحت تن جي رت،
گنگن جي گپت، ڇيڙي وڏيس ڇپرين.

10

May the dust not rise from the path to settle on my love!

May the strong sun not disturb the camel on which he rides!

Oh Punhoon! you should not treat me thus, you so

گه سر ٿيئي مَ گس، پٽي پوءِ مَ پرينءَ تي،
جنھن سر ساجن سپرين، تنھن اُٺ لڳي مَ اُس!
پنھون پاڪ پرس! هوت نہ ڪجن هيڏيون.

pure of heart and mind.

11

The camel riders left, playing a great fraud,

Punhoons fragrance from every tree towards me wafts,

Journeying to my love if beasts eat my flesh, my bones will still walk.

لڏيندي لباس، جتن جيڏوئي ڪيو،
اچي آريءَ ڄام جو، وڻ وڻ منجهان واس،
مرون کيـنـم ماس هڏا هلندا هوت ڏي.

12

Camels, camel riders and brothers-in-law were my foes,

Fourth enemy is the wind that erased Punhoon's track,

Fifth enemy became the sun that soon set,

Sixth enemy the mountain that straightened not its paths,

Seventh enemy the moon that rose not apace,

I stride fast through the hard rocks at eve, when birds are back."

اُٺ ويري، اوٺار ويري، ويري ٽيئم ڏير،
چوٿون ويري واءُ ٿيو، جنهن لٽيا پنهونءَ پير،
پـنجون ويري سج ٿيو، جنهن اُلهي ڪي اوير،
ڇهون ويري ڇپر ٿيو، جنهن سنوان ڪيا نہ سير،
ستون ويري چنڊ ٿيو، ڪڙيو نہ وڏيءَ وير،
واهيري جي وير، ڇلون ڪريان ڇپرين!

## Section II

1

Friends all, gathered round Sasui and fondly said,

"Journey is like a part of the fire of hell,

Ahead the path is akin to the bridge over hell,

Kechis will not take you along for your love is dual."

مڙيي منڊ ڏي آئيون، ساهيڙيون سهجان،
"السفر قطعه من النار، هاري! موٽ هتان،
سگ "صراط المستقيم" جو، اٿيئي تان اڳيان،
سي ڪيچي نيندءِ ڪيان؟ تنهنجو نينهن نفاق سين.

2

"Since the time it was said 'Be' and it 'Became',

Punhoon attracted my soul to himself.

Since then my life has been destined,

For it has been said he who tries, is bound to find',

Welcome is death to me hearing Punhoon's message.

Friends, pray for me that I may meet my Beloved.

جڏان ڪن فيڪون چئي، نيو آرياڻيءَ ارواح،
انگ اڳهين لکيو، منهنجو ميثاقاءِ،
"من طلب شيئا وجد وجد" اُتو علي شاه،
اچا هن حديث جو، مون آسرو آهہ،
پنهونءَ جي پيغام تان، منهنجو موت مباح،
سرتيون! دعا ڪجاه، تہ ميڙائو مون ٿئي.

3

All is dark for me without Ari Jam,
No light appears in absence of my Lord.
Remove the rust from my heart and brighten it,
'He who has no guide, His guide is the Satan,'[2]
She that goes by herself, ego her misguides.
'He enters the ocean without a boat, who traverses the path without a guide'.[3]
Many are misled, who without him journey undertake.

سبھ سياهي، آريءَ جام ريءَ،
ڪڏهن پسي ڪانه ڪا، وءَ لالن لالائي،
دود دل تان دور ڪري، ڪر ساجن! صفائي،
من لا شيخ له فشيخه الشيطان، اندر ۾ اونداهي،
هوءَ جا هلي هيڪلي، سا گيرب گمائي،
"بلا شيخ من يمشي في الطريق" اهڙي اوائي،
تنهن ريءَ توائي، ڪوڙين ٿين ڪيترين.

4

"Companions at dawn fill leather water bags,
They disclose not to me whereabouts of camels,
This naive ones hope Punhoon they take away.

پنيءَ ٿا پرين، ساٿين سنب هٿن ۾،
"ليڙن جو" لطيف چئي، "مون کي مُنجهه نه ڏين،
"هوت پنهون ٿا نين، اسو نهينءَ جو آچِڪو!

5

In haste the camel riders prepare to go,
In confidential tones daily they secret talks hold,
Speaking in Balochi, Punhoon with themselves, they took away".

پڙ ٿا پلاڻين، اوٺي اڄ اُباڪرا،
پهه، پاريسيون پاڙ ۾، ڏير ڏهاڙي ڏين،
هوت پنهون ٿا نين، ٻاروچي ٻولي ڪيو!

6

Paths where tally camels' going is hard,
Passes where colts cannot go, she intends to pass,
Paths of which older camels may have knowledge to cross,
Difficult paths in which full grown camels alone can ledge,
There the maid with courage and faith intends to go.

دوڪ دهليا جت، گورا هلن نه گس ۾،
چوُ سالَ ٿي نه چلڻا، ٿي تنگ نهاري تت،
سوڏي انين سيد چئي پوءِ پانچارين پرت،
ان اڙانگي پنڌ جي، ڪا نيشن پوي نرت،
سسئي وڏي ست، جا اهڙيءَ پر پنڌ ڪري.

7

"Woe is me!" she cries, dashing herself against the rocks.
At last she finds the place where Balochis made a halt,
Thanks be to God, she reached them in a pleasant place.

"هيءَ! هيءَ!" ڪيو "هاءِ" ٿي پاڙ هٽي سرپاهٽين،
لڏائين، لطيف چئي، "جوءِ، جتن جي جاءِ"
شڪر بارا سنداءِ، سٽاٽي سات مڙي.

## Section III

1

"Oh! camel riders, for God's sake drive not the camels,

Dragging by her hair take with yourself this maid dismal,

Beloved's separation is my sore distress,

I will disgrace my clan, if I return before reaching Kech.

الله ڪارڻ، اوٺيا! ليڙا نيو م لڙ،
نيو نماڻي پاڻ سين، ڀانهيءَ جهلي ڀر،
مون کي ماري منجهه ٿي، سندي هوتن هر،
ڪچو لايان ڪر، ڪيچان اوري جي ورَان.

2

On way to Kech died many who received no help,

Paths are twenty, which did they take, how can I tell?

ڪيچان اوري ڪيترين، معذورين ميون،
واٽون ويهه ٿيون، ڪَهُہ ڄاڻان ڪيهي ويا.

3

From Kech came the caravan in grand array,

Camels' necks adorned with trappings and flowers' spray,

If you take me along, I will be your slave.

ڪيچان آيو قافلو، جنگ سونهاريءَ جوڙ،
ٿلهارا توڏن کي، ڳچيءَ سونهن موڙ،
دولت چايان دوڙ، جي مون نيو پاڻ سين.

4

On their covers were trappings with thousand diamonds,

On their way, Punhoon's frame was touched by leaves and branches.

Did you see passing by such noble swains?"

"Such riders did go yesterday, you look for them today oh maid!"

جهوڙا جن جهلن ۾، هيري لک هزار،
لڳا واٽ وڻن جا، پنهونءَ کي پالار،
آن ڪي ويندا ڏٺيا، اهڙي سٽ سوار؟
لنگهي ڪالهه قطار، تون، آئي! اڄ نهارئين!

5

"The guests brought best of camels to their resting place,

Like a falcon in its claws, they Punhoon snatched,

Merciless Punhoon, left. me to lament, while I slept.

مزمانن مهري، آڻي جهوڪيا جهوڪ ۾،
چاڻي چنبن ۾ ويا، جيئن بازسٽي بحري،
ڪوهيارو ڦهري، ويو نهوڙي ننڊ ۾!

6

I thought my Beloved will be with me always,

Deceiving me through meadows they took their

مون ڀانيو مون وٽ، هميشه هوندا پرين،
ويڙهو ڏيئي ويڪرو، ڦري ويا پٽ،

way,

I am ready to take life's risk for his sake.

ساھہ جنين جي سٽ، وڪيم ٿي وٽڪار ۾.

7

I thought my love will be for ever my guest,

Putting me in distress with no mercy, he left,

Heaping sorrows on this weak woman,

Oh friends! last night camel riders left me suffering."

مون ڄاتو مزمان، هميشه هوندا پرين،
ڪهي ڪميٽي هليا، ڪهل ڪيائون ڪانَ،
ڏيئي ويا ڏه ڪي، سورن جا سامان،
جورو رات جوان، جيڏيون! جت ڪري ويا!

8

Which happy maid would in deserts roam, save the one who loves?

Seeking Punhoon's kith, much trouble to her the rocks did give.

Her spouse returned to her at last,

Then her tribulations disappeared fast.

ٻره مٿايس ٻر، نات سُکي ڪير سڏون ڪري؟
گهٽو ڏوريائين ڏک سين، ڏيرن لاءِ ڏونگر،
وري آيس ور، سفر مٺيءَ جا ساب پيا.

9

"Not my husband but brothers-in-law played the trick,

In the desert for their camels will I search,

Rock facing me, make way, lest you in pieces break.

ور ۾ ڪونهي ور، ڏيرن ور وڏو ڪيو،
نهاريندس نڪري، ٻوٽن ڪارڻ ٻر،
آڏو ٽڪر ٽرا! متان روهه رتيون ٽئين!

10

Between me and my aim are innumerable passes, twists and turns,

Nothing can come in the way of those who struggle for truth to learn.'

ور وراڪا وچ ۾، لکين آڏا لڪ،
هو جي آڏو حق، سي ڪندا ڪوهه ڪندين ڪي؟

Section IV

1

"Woe! my spouse is taken away by the cruel Kechis,

They had brought message for Punhoon from Tamachi.

Keeping it secret from me they planned,

وارو! ور وٺي ويا، آريچا اظلام،
آندائون آريءَ جا، پنهونءَ ڏي پيغام،
پہ ڪيائون پاڻ ۾، مون کان مخفي مام،
سنيورا ساٿ ڪٺي، ويساهي وريام،
ڪاڪيون! رات قيام، جيڏيون! جت ڪري ويا.

Leaving me unaware, they all left.

Oh friends! last night Kechis on me a cruel blow did inflict.

2

Alas! my brothers-in-law took my spouse in a rage,

Now comes the day of judgement with all its ways.

وارو! ور وٺي ويا، ڪري ڏير ڏمر!

هاڻي ٿيو حشر، پنا قول قيام جا.

3

Alas! handsome and bearded brothers-in-law took away my spouse,

For him will I jump over the terrible rocks.

"Can you reach Kechis"? "I will make every effort to cross".

وارو! ور وٺي ويا، ڏاڙهيءَ ڀنيا ڏير،

ڏينديس ڏاڍين ڏونگرين، اُنين لاءِ اُلير،

ڪيچ پهچي ڪير؟ وڃڻ سين وس ڪريان،

4

"Would Beloved in God's name, with me a few moments spend,

Here or there this helpless one on him depends.

My innumerable weaknesses may the pure one expel,

Would the ideal one purify this washerwoman and take her to Kech.

جڏيءَ وٽ جالي، مان الله ڪارڻ لک سين،

آهي آريءَ ڄامَ جي، هِت هُت حوالي،

عيب مون اڳرا، مان نرمل نڪالي!

پرٺياڻي پالي، ڪامل نيندو ڪيچ ڏي!

5

Living in washerman's vicinity brought me unhappy
days,

I have been tortured and tormented to death,

Destiny wedded me to travellers strange.

پرٺن جي پاڙي، جاڙ گذاريم جيڏيون!

جنين مون کي ماريو، سورن سين ساڙي،

اِرادي آڻي، سانگين سين سڱ ڪيو.

6

We are washermen, Punhoon's servants,

I smell of soap, Beloved is accustomed to musk,

May no one's spouse her weakness expose!

اسين پاڻ پرٺ، پورهيت پنهونءَ ڄام جا،

هوت ڪٿوريءَ هيرئون، مون ۾ صابڻ ڇٽ،

آڻ منجهه اگهٽ، ڪانڌ ڪنهين جي مَ ڪري!

7

I am a humble washerwoman,

For unworthy me, Punhoon became a washerman."

آئون تان اهڙياءِ، جا ٻانهيءَ کي ٻائي چوان،

مون ڪميڻيءَ لاءِ، پُنهون ٿي پرٺ ٿيو!

8

With other washermen, Punhoon did the clothes wash,

There came a messenger from Ari Jam,

"Oh Sardar! it least Beloves you to strike the clothes with force".

گڏيو ڌوٻين ڌوءِ، پنھونءَ پارچو ھٿ ۾،
اُتي آريءَ ڄام جو، قاصد آيس ڪوءِ،
ايءَ ڪامل! ڪر نه سنئوءِ جيئن ھس پڇاڙين پوٽين.

9

No kith or kin has the maid, in Kech or in Bhambhore,

She alone is worried, loved one unconcerned goes;

No other source with Beloved works save humility.

نڪو ڪيچ پنھور، نڪو مائٽ منڌ جو،
ھور مٺوئي ھن کي، ھوتن ڪونھي ھور،
زاريءَ ڏاران زور، ھلي ڪونہ حبيب سين.

## Section V

1

Like the Khatan deer enamoured of its perfume, like Pheonix in perpetual flight,

This one never on ground comes down and that One oblivious of its plight,

Sasui learning lesson of suffering from them does the desert scan.

جيئن سو ھرڻ ھماءُ، سرگردان سنسار ۾،
ھيءُ پڳ نہ ڪوڙي پيرين، ھو ڌڙ سرڌري نہ ساھ،
جيڪي تن ملاءَ، سسئيءَ سور پرائيا.

2

Last night seeing white-footed antilopes, camel riders she surmised,

Through love she has learnt to be wise,

Soffering has taught wisdom to this simple washerwoman.

رات ڏٺائين روجھ، ڀانءِ ڪِ اوٺي آئيا،
پريتڻي پرين جي، سڪڻ ڪئي سيوجھ،
ھٿي گھٽو اپوجھ، سورن سنمائي سسئي.

3

Those who carry no provision, Beloved is their help,

Dancing in the desert, Punhoon will come to them himself.

Sweet converse will He then hold, sorrow in a moment will be gone.

سمر جنين نہ ساڻ، ھوت حماتي تن جو،
ڪري چيچ چپر ۾، پنھون ايندو پاڻ،
ڏيندي ريجھ رھاڻ، لحظي منجھ" لطيف چئي.

4

Sasui crossed that rock, which men could not dare,
Love makes the highest peak like a plain which is bare.

سسئي لنگھيو سو، مرد جنھن مات ڪيا،
جبل وڏو جو، نوڻ مڙوئي نينھن ڪيو.

5

'The rocks Kanbho and Karo I consider clouds black,
At dawn I will leave behind rock Pab,
I must haste in my search and be not slack.

ڇپر ڇمر ڀائيان، ڪانڀو ۽ ڪارو،
پب وجھنديس پُٺ تي، صبح سوارو،
ويڙھ مون وارو، ڪين وھنديس وچ ۾.

6

Rocks and black clouds seem to meet,
Rocks are hard, intricate are their paths,
Me the lone woman, must foot it all,
Be Thou this confused one's help, along treacherous tops."

ڇپر ۽ ڇمر، ٿا لڳھ لڳن پاڻ ۾،
ڏاڍا ڏونگر ڪرڪرا، ويڏ، ونگايون ور،
آئون پيادي پنڌين، نماڻي نڌر،
سوريون جت، سگر، اُت پاتاڙيءَ ٻيلي ٿئين!

Section VI

1

"To climb the rocks is an arduous task,
I call to my Beloved out of the fullness of my heart,
My cry will surely reach my Love's ears,
I can only call, to comply is Baloach's task and care.

آڏ تراڇا، آھڙا، ڏونگر ڪي ڏاڪا،
ڪيم آه عجيب کي، سڪ منجھان سا ڪا،
پئي ھٿڪي ھوت کي، ڪوڪ وڃي ڪن ڪا،
منھنجو وسُ واڪا، ٻڌڻ ڪم ٻروچ جو.

2

Paths on the rocks are intricate and hard,
Those strong ones took my spouse and lately desert crossed.
This helpless one's feet are wounded and bruised,
What they had planned, they carried out."

آڏترا ڇا، آھڙا، ڏونگر ڪي ڏاڪا،
ونئي ور وات ٿيا، ٻر چڙھي ٻاڪا،
ڦٽيا پير فقير جا، چڙھندي چڙھاڪا،
ھين جيءَ اندر جاڪا، ويا پڄائي پاڻھنجي.

3

Difficult rocks, long journey, deserts and wastes,
Here wise ones are lost, and experts perplexed.

ڪرڙا ڏونگر ڪه گھٽي، جت برپٽ سُڃن بيران،
ڏاھن ڏاھپ وسري، ٿيا حريف ئي حيران،
"سسئيءَ لنگھيو، سيد چئي، "محبت سين ميدان،"

Sasui, with love in her heart, crossed the water,

Guided by Punhoon, no danger her confronts.

"جنهن جو آرياڻي اڳوان، تنهن کي ڪانهي ڀاڪ ڀمير ۾.

4

Various kinds of hard and difficult rocks,

Long journey, camels' groans echo in the narrow pass.

Those who have seen Punhoon's tracks neither weep nor utter a word,

Only those conscious of self, are attached to this world.

ڪرڙا ڏونگر ڪه گهٽي، جت جبل گوناگون،

ليڙن جون، لطيف چئي، تنگ تنوارون پون،

جن ڏٺو پير پنهونءَ جو، سي نه ڪي رون، نه چون،

هوندن متي هون، لاڳاپا هن لوڪ جا.

5

Hard and difficult rocks whose journey makes the camels groan,

Sasui for Beloved's sake in Vindar roams

I am left behind, come and reach,"

For Ari Jam is the protection of those in need.

ڪرڙا ڏونگر، ڪهه گهٽي، جت ويا روڏا رنگائي،

ساڱاپي سيڻن جي، ٿي وندر واجهائي،

"رهيس، رس،" لطيف چئي، "تنهن ڪميٽيءَ ڪاهي"

آرياڻي آهي، منهن معذورن جي.

6

"Hard and difficult rocks, long journey, much rain falls,

Where Harho's hardships are known to all

Where lie dark spots, haste and reach me there."

ڪرڙا ڏونگر ڪهه گهٽي، جت مينهن وسن ماڪون،

سڄڻ ٿيون، سيد چئي، هاڙهي جون هاڪون،

جت انڌيون اوطاقون، تت ڪاهي رسج، ڪارڻي!

7

Pearl that showered light in darkness, is my Kith[4],

On the day of judgement, I will not be left in the midst,

The Lord of Kech will remember me and call me to himself,

ماڻڪ مٽ سندوم، اونداهيءَ ۾ سوجهرو،

حشر ويل حساب ۾، ڇڏي نه ويندو م،

سارڻو سڏ ڪندوم، ڪوهيارو ڪيچ ڌڻيءَ.

Section VII

1

"My love for Punhoon is so great,

That in this ugly Bhambhore after him I cannot rest,

Sisters! advice to return give me no more, Friends!

پُنهونءَ سين پريتِ جو، ڪوجو پيچُ پيوم،

ڀنڀي هن ڀنڀور ۾، وهڻ وهه ٿيوم،

مَتيون موٽڻ سنديون، ڪاڪيون! ڪيم ڏيوم،

سرتيون! ساهه سندوم، ٿيو حوالي هوت جي.

I entrust to my love my whole soul."

2

Sorrows heaped on sorrows this unhappy maid recieved,

The arrow of love struck her heart and her mind unhinged,

She now socialises with the wasteland's beasts.

ڏانجهن تي ڏانجها، ڏنائون ڏکيءَ کي،
لڳيس نائڪ نيڻن جي، ڪُڙهه اندر ڪا جا،
ٽرن ۾ ٽاجا، ڪري مُنڊ مرن سين.

3

The helpless maid has much sorrow seen,

"Without your help Beloved, Kech I cannot reach, Come Ari Jam,

Help me to cross the pass, I do request".

ڪو مُنهن ڪنل آئيو، وس نہ ويچاري،
هوت! تنهنجي هٿ ري، پهچي نہ پاري،
اچين جي آري! تہ پاند پڇي لڪ لنگهيان.

4

"Oh Love! when will you pity me and send a word?

Longing for you have reduced my body to bones,

My hands cannot work, nor my eyes sleep.

Friend! you wait in Vindar, while I your separation can no more bear."

ڪڏهن تان ٻاجهہ پئي، ساجن! منج سلام،"
سڪ تنهنجيءَ سپرين! ڪيو تن تمام،
هٿين هاج وه ٿي، نيٽين ننڊ حرام،
دوس! نہ سهان دام، تون وندر ٿو ويلا ڪرين!

5

The desert is all perfume, sweet smells from mountains waft,

Bhamhre is glorious, all places are full of scent,

Queen's faces brighten, servants sorrows are gone.

بر مڙوئي بوءِ، ڇپر ڇائون مُهڪيون،
ڀه ڀه ٿي ڀنڀور ۾، هنڌ مڙيئي هوءِ،
راڻين وري روءِ، گوندر لٿا گولئين.

6

"Friends! since I have been betrothed to Jat,

In misery I have been and have suffered lots,

Since then I have been in sorrow half alive half dead.

جتن سان جا نڪون، سرتيون! مون سڱ ٿيو،
ڪري ڪوهيارو ويو، تن ڇني ٽانڪون،
آئون پڻ تڏانڪون، اڌ ڏکوئي آهيان.

7

Beware oh maids! trust not Baloach's sayings,

I should not have slept, to Punhoon wound myself.

May the Kechis spend a while in their place,

They hold me dear but some unlucky one in

متان ڪا، ڀڙي! ٻول ٻاروچي وسهي،
هوند نہ ستيس، سرتيون! ويهي رهيس وڙي،
جت پنهنجي جوءِ ۾، گهاين مانَ گهڙي،
ڪيچين آئون نہ ڪڙي، ڪنهن ڏکيءَ ڏاوڻ ڏائيو.

marriage did participate.

8

Friends! I did not do what love requires to be done,
I slept not folding round my chest curly headed one.
Kechis would not have gone leaving me in the lurch.
Blame my fate, say not a word against my love.

اديون! آئون نہ تيئن، جيئن پريتون پرين سين،
ٻڌي ستيس نہ سکمو، چلور ڇاتيءَ سيئن،
تہ ڪيچي ڪاهي ڪرها، مون کان وڃن ڪيئن؟
ڏوہ مڃنجي ڏينهن، پنهونءَ کي ڪا مَ چئي.

9

Spouse, forget me not, on you I rely,
Help me to cross the mountain, that is difficult and hard,
Oh Ari Jam! come and be my guide and help.
Beloved, with your light may pass this helpless maid,
Turn to light the darkness of the earth, oh pure one!
Hear entreaties of one who begs, oh ideal one!"

ور! مَ وساريج، آهيان تنهنجي آسري،
ڏاڍو ڏونگر جو سُجي، سو لطفون لنگهائيج،
اُسري اُتهين وير! تون آري ڄام اچج،
نماڻيءَ کي نور سين، لالن! لڏائيج،
ظلمت جا زمين جي، سا نرمل! نور ڪريج،
ڪامل! ڪن ڪريج، فريادون فقير جون.

Vai

My Beloved Baloach! abandon not in the rocks this helpless slave,
Pearless is my love in this whole universe,
Do take with yourself, this working washer-woman,
my Beloved.
I will serve my love and for Him water fetch,
Leave not alone the one who has given herself up to Vindar.
Latif says, Sisters! Aryani will come to me hither.

"ڇوري ڇڏ مَ ڇپرين، ٻاروچل! ٻانهي،"
جانب جهڙو جڳ ۾، ناهي ڪو ثاني،
"پُنهل! نيو پاڻ سان، پورهيت پرتياڻي؟
پُورهيو ڪنديس پر جو، ڀرينديس پاڻي،"
هوت! مَ ڇڏيو هيڪلي هيءَ جا وندر وڪاڻي،
"اديون!" عبداللطيف چئي، ايندم آرياڻي.

# Sasui: Kohyari

(The Mountain Song)

## Section I

1

You slept the whole night and not for an instant awoke,
Get up. reach your Love, carelessness does not you behove,
Keep awake and whole night entertain the guests,
Since you slept, you are left in the way.

ليل نہ جاڳيڻءَ لک سيئن، ڪُلي نوم ڪياءِ!
قم ٿي، پهچ قريب کي، اجلس تو نہ جڳاءِ،
مٿي! مهمانن سين، ويهي رات وهاءِ،
جيلان ننڊ ڪياءِ، تي روز رُلين ٿي راه ۾.

2

They rested before they went, their camels did groan,
Camels, kept awake, the credit to them goes,
Start your journey today and reach them as fast as you can.

اجلس ڪري اٿيا، نواريو توڏن،
ننڊ نوازينءَ، اُن جي، مرحبا موڏن،
رڙهي رس روڏن، "اليوم سيروا"، سڪئي!

3

Oh indolent one! so drowsy and indifferent, how can you remain?
Secretly they left and reached the destined land.
Expel sleep from your eyes, lest in mountain's difficult pass, you bewail.

غافل، غفلت ڇوڙ تون ڪيهن، اُٿاس! اوجهرين؟
ڄُماتا چڙهي ويا، وڃي پهتا توڙ،
نيڻين ننڊ اکوڙ، جم ورن ۾ واڪا ڪرين.

4

"A wink of misfortune's sleep came to me,
Now for whom should I in this Bhambhore be?
Sisters! camel riders have harshly treated me."

آلوڙو اکين، آيم ننڊ اياڳ کي،
هاڻي هن ڀنڀور ۾، ڳماريان ڪارڻ ڪن؟
اديون! اوٺيڙن، هنئين سان هاڃو ڪيو!

5

You were mistaken to stretch your legs and sleep,

سٿيڻءَ پير ڊگها ڪري، وڏي جاڙ ڪياءِ،

Had you stood beside Beloved's door, whispers you would surmise.

You are neither Punhoon's kith nor kin,

Yet are wedded to him and you sleep!

در پر اُپئين دوست جي، تہ سر پرهوند سياءِ،
اصل آريءَ ڄام جي، سڳي تون نہ سياءِ،
پنهونءَ سين پياءِ، نياڳي! ننڊون ڪرين!

6

Worthless one stretch their legs and sleep,

Foolish maid! why not search for loved one, continue to keep?

They must bear the taunts who sleep so deep,

Those who at sunset sleep, why do they enquire after Him?

اي ڪم ڪميڻين، جي سُمهن پير ڊگها ڪري،
لوچين چونہ، لطيف چئي، هاري! لڏ هوتن؟
ننڊان نياڳين کي، اوپالا اچن،
سي پنهون ڪوه پڇن؟ جي سنجهي رهن سمهي؟

7

Like the dead, you covered your face and at sunset slept,

You did not care to keep your eyes awake,

The fault is yours and do you now the Kechis blame?

مُتينءَ سنجهيئي، مُنهن ويڙهي مئن جيئن،
اوجاڳو اکين کي، ڄاتوءِ نہ ڏيئي،
هٿان تو پيئي، ٿي ڪيچو ڪيچين کي ڪرين!

Section II

1

"Cruel, strong mountain, cruelly you deal with me,

You cut me like wood cutter cuts the tree.

Who would walk over the rocks if this was not destined?

ڏونگر! تون ڏاڍو، ڏاڍا! ڏاڍيون ڪرين،
مون تن اندر تيئن وهين، جيئن وڻ وڍي واڍو،
اي ڪرم جو ڪاڍو، نات پٿر ڪير پنڌ ڪري؟

2

Oh mountain! against you to my love, I will complain,

At dawn you appear awesome, your paths intricate,

No good have you been to me for Punhoon's foot prints you erase.

ڏونگر! ڏک سنداءِ، پرينءَ گڏ جان تہ چوان،
پنهنءَ تيئن پوارئون، پيا ونگا سنداءِ،
چڱي ڪانَ ڪياءِ، پير وڃايءِ پرينءَ جو.

3

Rock, my first complaint against you to my love will be,

Stones wounded my feet, my soles got bruised,

ڏونگر! ڏوراپو، پهريون چونديس پرينءَ کي،
"پهڻ پير پٿون ڪيا، تريون ڇنيون تو،

You had no pity for me, nor you knew my worth,
I will cry out, "Alas! the rock is hard on me".

رحم نہ پيۓ روح ۾، قدر منھنجو ڪو،
ڙاڪو ڪنديس، "وو! مون سين جبل تو جاڙون ڪري!"

4

Rock, you should comfort those that are sad.
You should solace those whose love has left.
Oh stone! why inflict wounds on their feet?

ڏونگر! ڏکوين، کي دلاسا ڏجن،
گھٽون پڇجي تن کي، جن وٺان هوت وڃن،
تون ڪيئن سندا تن، پھڻ! پير ڏکوئيين؟

5

Rock! tears do not dry on the cheeks of sad ones,
The stones of Pub mountain before them break into bits,
Innumerable sorrows will bring risk to my life."

ڏونگر! ڏکوين جا، ڳل نہ سڪا ڳوڙھا،
هو جي پھڻ پب جا، پڃي ٿيا پورا،
گوندر جا گھوڙا، وڃن جان جد اڪيو.

6

Sasui's talc of woe that she related to the rock,
Beasts heard, they wept and were in a shock.

ڪي جي ڪييا پار، ڏکيۓ، ڏونگر پاڻ ۾،
سڻي سا تنوار، مرون پيا مامري.

7

Rocks are naile for the earth, Beloved is their fixture,
Such forbearing love, you will not find anywhere.

ڏونگر پونيين ڪير، سڄڻ ميخون ڏونگرين،
هھڙا سيڻ سڏير، ڪين لھنديںۓ ڪي ٻيا.

8

The suffering Sasui and the rock together weep,
They tell not anyone of their love so deep.

ٻئي وينا رُوَن، ڏکي، ڏونگر پاڻ ۾،
ڪنھن کي ڪين چون، مَنجھن جو پريتڙو.

9

"How hot will you make yourself to torture the suffering ones?
If you are Pab's stones, my limbs are made of iron,
I blame none, destiny has played tricks on me."

تپي ڪندين ڪوه؟ ڏونگر! ڏکوين کي،
تون جي پھڻ پب جا، تہ لڱ منھنجا لوه،
ڪھنجو ڪونھي ڏوه، امر مون سين ائن ڪيو.

10

Maid! many are companions but all comfort seek,
"Sorrow has made me acquainted with the rock,
Punhoon's love's distress, is my guide in this path."

ڀڙي! تہ ٻيلي گھڻا، ساٿي پُڇي سُک،
رفاقت رڃن ۾، ڏونگر ڪاري ڏک،
آريۓ جو اَهُڪ، مون رھنما راه ٿيو.

## Section III

1

"Oh Punhoon! leave me not midst these rocks,
Take this maid along your camels, in the name of God,
I will myself serve and work for Ari Jam.

مون کي ڇڏ م َ ڇپرين، هت، هوتاڻي! هاڻ،
اوڏي مُندّ اُٺن کي، الله ڪارڻ آڻ،
پورهيو ڪنديس پاڻ، اڳيان آريچن جي.

2

Love! leave me not in the midst of rocks, ego me detained.
Merciful one! reach those in the path, whom ego so misled.

مون کي ڇڏ م َ ڇپرين، پوءِ رهايس "پاڻ"،
جي ڀُلايون پاڻ، تن کي رس، رسيلا راهه ۾.

3

Mother! Baloach's thoughts wéke me up with a start,
He has aimed his forceful, dart at my heart,
That has touched my whole being, I can now no longer live.

سُتي پون ڇرڪ، آيل! ٻاروچن جا،
وم وهاڻي، ووا ڙي! ڪوهياري ڪِرڪَ،
ڏڙ ڏوڙيو تنهن ڏڪ، جڏيءَ جئڻ نہ ٿئي!

4

Mother! Baloach's thoughts wake me up with a start,
Punhoon's darts have points of iron wrought,
Much I try, still I cannot pull Out the dart.

سُتي پون ڇرڪ، آيل ٻاروچن جا،
پنهون جي پيڪان جون، راسيون سجهان رَڪ،
هَنيم هوت ڪرڪ، لوچان، لوهه نہ نڪري،

5

What ever I be, I am Baloach's mate,
What claim can I have over Punhoon my beloved!
From the beginning I was destined for Ari Jam.
I am not worth the shoes that he puts on,
How can I forget such a one and be at rest?

جيهي جي تيهي، تہ بہ، ٻانهي ٻاروچن جي،
حجت هوت پنهونءَ سين، مون ڪهڙيءَ ڪيهي؟
اصل آريءَ ڄام جي، پلئي آئون پيئي،
هوءَ جاپاين پيير ۾، تنهن جُتي نہ جيهي،
وساري ويهي، تن ڪيچيَن کي ڪيئن رهان؟

6

Dead or alive, I am Baloach's mate,
This relationship has made me known as his of late.
He has broken the tie, but I am bound to go to him."

هئي جي نہ هئي، تہ بہ ٻانهي ٻاروچن جي،
اِن سڱ مقابل سسئي، سنڌين ٿي سُئي،
هُن تان لڄ لئي، هُن جو هلڻ هوت ڏي.

## Section IV

1

"Sisters! I hear no talk or news of Punhoon here,

How do I cross this huge range of rocks?

Perchance, anxiously looking for Punhoon I will breathe my last.

ڳالهه نه وائي، اديون! آريچن جي،
ڪنهن پر ڪهي لنگهيان، جبل جهاجهائي؟
جيڪس واجهائي، هاڻي مرنديس هوت لءِ!

2

My love's separation I cannot bean, going to him lies beyond my reach,

Oh Lord! show me Ari Jam's path, be so pleased,

I ask you about my love, show me the way, oh rock!

Eyes' negligence, all this trouble to me has brought.

هلڻ سهان نه هوت جو، وڃڻ مون نه وس،
الله! آريچن جي، گولي ميڙئين گس،
پرين، پهنوار! تو پُڇان، ڏونگريا! مون ڏس،
اکين جي آرس، مُنڌ جيهاڻي جوڙ ڪي!

3

Brother! saw you those that have brought me to this state?

No strength is left in me without them.

I can no longer bear my woes, so to you I relate."

مون کي جنين ماريو، آن ڪي گڏيا سيِ؟
تن ۾ طاقت ناه ڪا، ادا! اُنين ري،
سور ستلم تي، جيلان ڳالهه ڳري ٿئي.

4

He who has inflicted wounds on me, I now perceive,

From His two eyes Punhoon shot darts at me,

Now beyond physician's cure, she in his care lies.

مون کي جنين ماريو، سڃاتم سيئي،
پنهونءَ پيڪان پڇنديا، ٻلن تان ٻيئي،
ويڄنئون ويئي، ٿي وهيڻي سڄڻين.

5

Punhoon's manifestation is sometimes bright and sometimes dark,

I am faced with this variegated path,

First with caustic salts I will be bleached. then dyed red.

پرتوو پنهونءَ جو، سهائي، سياه،
منهن ڏيئي مون آئيو، رنگارنگي راه،
پهرين ڏيندا پاه، پوءِ رڱيندا رڱ ۾.

6

Punhooon's manifestation is my comfort,

Dark day I consider a happy one,

Sweet is the sorrow, that to me Ari Jam has given."

پرتوو پنهونءَ جو، رڱيائي راحت،
پانئيان ڏينهن ٻوارئون، ساجن لاءِ صحت،
مٺي مصيبت، آهي آريءَ ڄام جي.

## Section V

1

"Without the dear ones I am in ill health,
Oh Mother! why did I not die before this distress?
Sisters! the pain that you know not, I must endure.

رِءَ قريبن قوت ڪيو، ويٺي وره چران،
ان عذابان اڳمين، مادر! ڇو نہ مران؟
اديون! جو نہ اوهان، سو مان سور، سرتيون!

2

Sisters! I have been ailing in my love's absence,
My wise friends, where did they disperse!
Those dear to Sasui, in Kech are resting.

اديون اڳهي آهيان، پرين پڄاڻا،
سي ڪوهيارا ڪيڏ ويا، ساجن سياڻا؟
جي سسئيءَ سيباڻا، سي وچي ڪيچ قراريا.

3

If even a little of my suffering I relate,
Beasts be dumb-founded, mountains would crack,
No vegetation will ever grow, trees will all be burnt.

حقيقت هن حال جي، جي ظاهر ڪريان ذري،
لڳي ماٺ مروئن کي، ڏونگر پون ڏري،
وڃڻ وڻ ٻري، اوپڙ اُپري ڪين ڪي.

4

If truth of this condition I disclose,
Beasts will be dumbfounded, struck by it shepherd sorrows,
Rocks will shake, mountains burnt to ashes.

حقيقت هن حال جي، جي ظاهر ڪري زبان،
لڳي ماٺ مروئن کي، رسي سور شبان،
ٿاڪر ٿڪي ڪان، جبل سڀ جلي وڃي.

5

Many faults and defects in me lurk,
Noble Ari Jam, do not leave me in the lurch, Oh!
Helper of the helpless, in this path, be my guide.

ساريان ٿي سبيل، پر تقصيرون پاڻ ڏي،
متان مون کي ڇڏئين، آري ڄام اصيل!
ور، ولهن جا وسيل! رس رهبر! راه ۾.

6

Friends who have seen no sorrow, why do they weep?
They have not suffered, not a wound that is deep,
Their lamentation for their loves is not sincere."

سرتيون سوُراتن جي، ڪوه ٿيون پٽر پون؟
گھاءُ نہ لڳن گهٽ جو، ريا مان ٿيون رون،
چيتاريو نہ چون، پار منهنجي پرينءَ تان.

## Section VI

1

"How do I lament for my love when my longing is insincere?

ڪنهن پر رئان پرينءَ کي؟ اندر ناه اُساٺ،
لوهو ڪا لکن ۾، ويري مٿي واٺ،

In the passes are limb-cutting thorny bushes,
Wailing of the suffering ones in the rocks are heard.

چپر ۾ چونچاٽ، ڏنمر ڏکوين جا.

2

How do I express love's sorrow? I know not the art,
Within I burn and mourn, sick with the dart,
Baloachis weep and wail in different ways."

ڪنهن پر رئان پرينءَ کي؟ پچر ناه پچار،
اندرٿي آهون ڪريان، ڪاٽي منجھ خمار،
گريي جي گفتار، ٻيءَ پيت ٻاروچن ۾،

3

Those in love's fire, perceive none,
Take your love to those who seek the truth,
Cock-eyed sees as'three, but He is only one.

سچ وسندي تن کي، جوش جلايا جي،
طالب جي تحقيق جا، نينهن تنين وٽ ني،
ٽيڏي پسي ٽي، هُو تان آهي هيڪڙو.

4

Give up all else, follow the only One,
You cock-eyed see three, Beloved allows division none.

ٻن ڏيئي ٻين کي، هلج پاسي هيڪ،
ور نہ سهي ويڪ، تون ٽيڏي! ٽئايون ڪرين!

5

You ignorant one! still unaware of spiritual path,
Know the right track that you may discern Beloved in your heart.

اجا تون اواٽ، واٽان پاسي ويسري،
سونهين ٿي سواٽ، تہ منجهان دل ڏگ لهين.

6

Maid! turn not away seeing the mountain Pab,
Fearlessly go ahead, this rock is like a carpet spread in front of Kech.

پانهين، پسي پبُ، متان ڪا، مُنڌ! ڏئين،
اڳيان ڪومَ ڪبُ، ايُ قالي آڏو ڪيچ کي.

## Sasui : Hussaini

(Lamentation)

### Section I

1

Sun sets, take courage, do not return.
Sun faces you, do not hesitate,
You will meet at dusk beloved with his mates.

لڙ مَ، لاڙائو ٿيو، هلي ڪر همٿ،
سج سامهون مُنهن م،ِ متان ڪرئين ڪٿ،
سپرِيان جي سٿ، ڳاڙهي سج ڳالهہ مڙين.

2

Sun sets at last, she sees the rocks,
Sasui's baggage is sorrow's stock,
The woeful one, with head erect, walks to shades.

اُلهي سج اوير ڪئي، ڏٺائين ڏونگر،
"سسئي کي"، سيد چئي، "سورن جو سمر"،
ڪنڌ رکيو ڪر، ويچاريءَ وڻڪار تي.

3

"As I sat, the sun sank, disappearing over the pass,
My path leads over the stones, how to trace Punhoon's track?
My companion now is sorrow and suffering, oh friends!

ويٺي مون ويو، لڙي سج لڪن تان،
آئون ڏوريندي‌س ڪيترو، پهڻن پير پيو؟
سورن ساڻ سهو، اچي ٿيم جيڏيون!

4

Friends! none is to go with me, for I discern desolation ahead,
No water, long distance, before me is desert and waste,
Perchance, troubled by thirst, you might curse my Beloved.

سرتيون سجي سج! متان ڪامون سين هلي!
پاڻي ناهہ پنڌ گهڻو، اڳيان رائو رڳي رڃ،
متان مري اڃ، ڪا ڏئي پاراتون پرينءَ کي.

5

Footprints here are none, did they halt nearby
To fulfil their pledge before passing by?"

پٺيءَ نہ پيرون، اوڏيءَ چڪ نہ چميا،
پويون هيءَ پيرون، نينهن نڀائي هليا.

6

Did you hear Beloved's sweet voice, or in vain you raise hands?

سسيءِ ڪا تنوار، ڪي هُنئين ٿي هٿ ڪڍين؟

Thousands of Sasuis for Him roam and rail;

**But** Baloach's clan never learnt pity from their birth."

سوين رُليون سسيون، هوتاڻن هزار،

ٻاروچاڻا ٻار، توڙ ان ترس نه سکيا،

Section II

1

"Oh mother! hot is the ground beneath my feet, fire of love within me burns"

Burning in double flames, she yarns.

ڪي ڏرتي، ماءِ! ڪي جر سندي سجڻين،

هلي ٻچ واجهائي، ٻنهي جيرن وچ ۾.

2

"Over my head burns love's flame, Unaware of truth you try me to restrain.

Mother, come close that I my tale of woe to you relate.

مٿي مٿان مچ، پريم ٻاروچن جو،

مون کي طعنا سي ڏين، جي نه پروڙين سچ،

امڙ! اوري اچ، ته سٽ سٽايانءِ سور جي.

3

Tears from my eyes fall like drops of rain,

What I considere love was in truth fire's flames.

مٿي منجهان مينهن، پسوا پاڻي جيئن وهي،

مون پانيو نينهن، ڇپيون جيري سنديون.

4

If! ever forget my love,

If his memory is ever erased from my heart,

Then the desert blast may bring my end like desert lark's.

منجهان منهنجي روح، جي وڃي ساجن وسري،

ته مرُ لڳي لوهه، تر ٻاٻيهو ٿي مران!

5

Mother! card not for me the cotton ball,

Throw away the spinning wheel, put in water the spindles of yam,

The one for whom I spun has left for Kech.

پهي ڪامر پچاءِ، امڙ! منهنجي آسري،

ڏيئي لت چرخي کي، پوٽيون پاڻيءَ پاءِ،

ڪتيم جنهين لاءِ، سو ڪوهياري ڪيچ ويو.

6

Cursed be the mountain Haro, cursed be Punhoon and cursed be love,

Mother, I found death like suffering in his search.

ڪوهِ هاڙُو! ٻن هوت! ڪوءِ پُنهون! ٻن پريتڙون!

مادر! مون موت، پسٽان پرايو.

7

Cursed be Baloach's language, cursed their caste,

Telling me to search, He hid Himself in rocks."

ڪوءِ ٻولي! ٻن ٻروچ! گهوري ذات جتن جي!

مون کي چئي "لوچ" پيهي ويا ڇپرين.

8

As the day gets hot, so does she stride fast,
This Brahman's love for Baloach, was from ages past.

جيئن جيئن تپي ڏينهن، تيئن تيئن تاڪيان پنڌ،
ڪو آڳانجهو نينهن، ٻانڀڻ پروچن سين.

9

Burn as long as you live, choice there is none.
Whether it be hot or cold, place to rest is none.

جان جيئن ٻان جل، ڪانهي جاءِ جلڻ ريءَ،
تتيءَ ٿڌيءَ هلُ، ڪانهي ويلَ ويهڻَ جي.

10

Whether hot or cold, march on, there is no time to rest,
Lest darkness fails, you fail to find Beloved's tracks.

تتي ٿڌيءَ ڪاهه، ڪانهي ويل ويهڻ جي،
متان ٿئي اونداهه، پير نه لهين پرينءِ جو.

Vai

Mother, my Love is ornament of my joy and pride,
He is decoration of my neck, that necklace which shoots out light,
Your very existence removes poverty stricken's needs,
To the starving ones, provision you provide,
On Eid day, is a pure and holy sight.
With Punhoon's beauty's reflection the rock is aglow,
The waste land is perfumed, from Wankar scented airs blow.
Mountain's wafted airs perfumed, musk's smell came to all,
Many offered their lives to sacrifice in His cause,
This humble maid, for ever sings songs of His gloryand praise,
That very street's esteem from which He passes, I would raise,
Sisters! I am united with my Love, Latif says.

شاديءَ جو سينگار، آيل! مَرَڪُ منهنجو مون پرين.
آهي ڳه ڳچيءَ جو، ڏئي هالورا هار،
آهي اڱهاڙين ڪي، جانب جو جنسار،
آهين ڪاج ٻُکين جو، تون تان طعام تيار،
اعليٰ اُچو عالم ۾، دوساڻو ديدار،
حسن هوت پنهوءَ جي، ڪڪوريو ڪوهسار،
سج ڪيائين سُرهي، واسيائين وڻڪار،
چپر چاڙون مُڪڪيون، عطر ٿيو آوارُ،
ڪوڙين ٿيا ڪيترا، نالي تان نثار،
سدا صلابت جي، گولي گرفتار،
گهوريان گهُر گهٽي تان، اچي جتان آڏار،
"اديون!" عبداللطيف چئي، "مليو مون منٺار"

## Section III

1

While wandering here and there, Baloach's thought came to me,

Leave Bhambhore I must for, to me it gives no peace.

ڪو ڳُمَندي ڳهور، آيم ٻاروچن جو،
ڇڏيندي‌س ڀنڀور، هنئون هت نہ وندري،

2

Bhambhore's comforts separated me from Beloved's throng,

With many discomforts I will now seek them in the rocks.

ڀنڀور جي سکن، مون کي ساٿان ڪاريو،
هاٿي ساڻ ڏکڻ، تان ڪي، ڏونگر ڏوريان.

3

Save yourself sisters! make haste and quit Bhambhore,

For many friends have suffered here before.

ڀيڻرا ڀنڀوران، ڀڄو تان ابهو،
اڳي ان ماڳان، سرتين سور پرائيا.

4

Sisters! I find hell's smoke in this Bhambhore,

"Find a guide soon Oh! Sasui, under whose guidance, you must go".

ڀيڻرُا هن ڀنڀور ۾، دوزخ جو دونهون،
سوارو سونهون، ڀُڇي پورج، سسئي!

5

Friends! I prefer waste land to Bhambhore,

Sorrow's deter me not, for their sake the rocks I must explore.

ڀنڀوران اُجاڙ، سرتيون! سکر ڀائيان،
مون سين تنهن پهاڙ، ڏکان هڏ نہ ڏوريو.

6

Bhambhore is dearer to me than desolate land,

Where with these eyes I saw Ari Jam my pearless friend.

اُجاڙان ڀنڀور، سرتيون! سکر ڀائيان،
آرياڻيءَ اتور، ڏٺم جت اکين سين.

7

That Bhambhore which confounded got, followed not the loved one,

All did not recongnise Ari Jam, the peerless Prince,

Those who did perceive, followed the glorious one.

ڀُليو سڀ ڀنڀور جو ڀُنيءَ هوت نہ هليو،
شهر سڃاتو ڪين ڪي، آرياڻي اتور،
ماڻيو تنين مور، ڏيکيو جنين دل سين.

8

Repulsive was Bhambhore[1], Ari Jam[2] embellished it,

برو هو ڀنڀور، آرياڻيءَ اُجاريو،

Fear and sorrow, Lord of Harho from the world erased,

Girls learnt to print and made Punhoon their model,

Peerless Prince who the sad hearts cheered.

لاتو سڀ لوڪ تان، هاڙي ڏٺيءَ هور،
چوريون چرڻ سکيون، پرين ڪيائون پور،
آيو سو اَنور، جنهن ڏکيون وهاريون.

Section IV

1

"Ashamed of me, early my beloved left,

For in Bhambhore he came to know of my parentage.

لڄايا مونهان، ساجهر اُٿي سيڻ ويا،
پيين پنڀوران، سُڌ مُهنجي ذات جي.

2

Had I been of Baloach's kith and kin,

Mountain dweller would have taken me with him.

آئون جي هيس هڏ، اديون! آريچن جو،
ساٿ لڏيندي سڏ، هوند ڪوهيارا ڪرين مون.

3

I would complain of brothers-in-law if I were their kith and kin,

Out of respect for them I uttered not a word,

Oh mother! my ancestry appeared a blemish to the royal ones.

هُيس جي سياءِ، تہ ڪيم ڏک ڏير ن تي.
ادب وچان اُن سين، ڳالهہ نہ ڪيم ڪاءِ،
ذات منهنجي ماءِ! ڪڄي ٿي ڪيچين کي.

4

Had I spread my hair as a bed, they would go still,

Perchance, they saw in me some blemish."

ساٿي توءِ هلن، پٿر جي وار ڪريان،
جيڪس ڀاروچن، ڪو ڏٺو عيب اکين سين.

5

Why weep, when with your friends you did not keep awake?

Was it right that while for journey they prepared, you slept?

ساٿين سئين نہ جاڳينءَ، پوءِ ڪڇارڙا روءِ؟
اِيءَ پر ڪپر هوءِ، جو هو سانگي، تون سُمهين.

6

"I call to the companions, there is no reply,

Groaning of camels is not heard in my yard,

Such calamities occur in this bad Bhambhore.

مون سڏيندي سڏڙا، ساٿي سڏ نہ ڏين،
ولهي جي وٿاڻ تي، توڏ نہ توارين.
هيڏا هاجا ٿين، بُري هن پنڀور ۾!

7

If I wander, He is further than Kech, I sit still He is near.

ڪهان تان ڪيچان پري، وهان، تان وٽ مون!

My acquaintence with Ari Jam began in ways strange yet clear."

پلي ڏوريم پون، عبث آريءَ ڄام لئي.

Vai

Hote! my Hote! my flesh will I give to the beasts,

Tearing it into bits, for them to feast.

Setting fire to Bhambhore, I have come to you,

No rest and no peace can I get without Punhoon.

This sad maid, on herself placing grinding stone, her sorrows grind

Come, be near me, go not far where you cannot be found.

Believe me, friends! I have seen Him in my vision,

Without His sight, life is like death to this sad one.

I am crazed by the sweet cup that love made me drink,

Ari's love has set me on fire that burns within.

Were I to go under the earth, I will not give you up,

Severing my head, my body to dust will I entrust,

Hearing Him depart, this miserable maid laments,

Beloved, turn to me your glances full of grace.

Sisters! may my Love on me His kindness shower.

هوت! هوت! اي هوتا! ڏينديس ماه مرن کي،
آئون جرا جيءَ ڪري.
ڏيئي باه ڀنڀور کي، آئيون آيس توڪري،
آرياڻيءَ پُنهوءَ ريءَ، مونکي، سرتيون! تان نہ سري،
جنڊي پايو جان ۾، ڏکي ڏک ڏري،
آءُ اوراهون، سپرين! وڃ م، پيي! پري،
مون ڏٺي، مون وسهو، ورچي تان نہ وري،
ڏکيءَ جو ڏيکارئين، ڏاران منهن مريظ
پيالي پرين جي، موهيس ميٺ ڪري،
آريءَ جي عشق جي، مون کي اندر آگ ٻري،
توکي تہ ٻہ نہ ڇڏيان، جي وڃان پونءَ تري،
ڏڙ وجهنديس ڏوڙ ۾، مٿو ڏار ڏري،
هلڻ سڻي هوت جو، ڏکي، پس! ڏري،
پرين! ڪڄ پانهنجيون، اکيون ٻاجھہ پري،
"اديون!" عبداللطيف چئي، "من ڪا مهر ڪري!"

Section V

1

"Camels crossed Lasbella and went past Manban,

They took my spouse on travels by fraud,

Baloach's were good companions when in Bhambhore.

ليڙن لنگهي لس، مانباٽيان مٿي ويا،
ونئي ور واٽ ٿيا، پُنهُو ڄام پهس،
هٿا وڏي وس، ٻاروچا ڀنڀور ۾.

2

Hard block is my coach, stones my quilt,

Where I spend the night, beasts my relatives become,

ڇپون ڇپر ڪٽ، پهڻ پتراٽيون پائيان،
جتي پويم راتڙي، مرون منهنجا مٽ،

For Beloved's sake the rock I take to be my swing.

سيڻن جي سهت، ڏونگر ڏولي مون ٿيو.

3

Mother! I gave all my love to the camelman.

It was by chance that I came to know him.

Mother! restrain me not my heart longs for him.

مسافر نئون، ماءِ! ورهه وهايم ترو،

اچي ٿيم اوچتي، تن سانگين سين ساجاءِ،

"جيجان! جهل م پاءِ، هيون هوت هٽي ويا!"

4

What made you entangle your hem to wed an alien?[3]

Had you lost your senses to spouse the man from mountain?

Oh lost Brahman maid! did you consider Baloach's love a game?

ڪيئن آڙايءِ پاند، پلءِ پر ڏيهين سين؟

متيون موڙهيءِ سڱيءِ! ڪيءِ ڪوهيارو ڪانڌ!

رليءَ! پاينءِ راند، ٻانڀڻ! عشق ٻروچ جو.

5

Perchance neighbours hid not my low birth,

To win Punhoon's favour they disclosed my caste.

That is why Baloach left me in sleep forlorn.

منهنجو پاڙيچن ڪچو، ڪونہ ڍڪيو،

پاسي ويهي پُنهوءَ جي، ذات سلتي جن،

تيلان ٻاروچن، ننڊر ڇڏي ننڊ ۾.

6

Oh mother! by Hussaini's[4] sad notes I am disturbed,

During the day I pine, at night my wounds get worse,

I fear lest separation between me and my love, lasts long.

"حسينيءَ جي هاڪ"، مادر! "ماري آهيان"،

"ڏينهان ڏورڻ ڏک سين، راتيان ڇڪن چاڪ"

"ڏِجان پر فراق، متان پويم پرينءَ سين."

7

What you gain from separation, union cannot give,

When He came to my resort, subdued was my yearning.

Come back sorrow, joy has taken away my zest,

The wounds that sored, joy has brought them rest."

جيڪي فراقان، سو وصالان نہ ٿئي،

اچي اوطاقان، مون کي ٻرين پري ڪيو.

ڦري آءُ، فراق! مون کي وصالان وڃ پيو.

جي ٿي چڪيم چاڪ سي پرينءَ گڏجي پوريا.

Vai

Alas! alas! Punhoon has made me homeless and desolate,

Woe! alas! pity my sad state.

پنهون! پريشان، ٻرا ٻرا! نڪو خان نہ مان،

هيءِ! هيءِ! حال مُنهنجو.

مون کي بک بوتن جي، ناقي پانيان نان،

I long for the camels, camel's sight is food to me.
City appears a plain, a desert, so I see.
For Ari Jam in plains I am exposed, I weep.
Ari Jam, Has struck me with his love's dart,
This crazed one has with hereseif sorrow's mart.
Your very spit is precious to this beggar maid.
When will this sad one make her home in Kech?
You are to Latif the guide going ahead.

شهر صحرا پائيان، مون ليکي ميدان،
رڻان تي رڃن ۾، آريءَ لاءِ عريان،
پٽيان مُنهن پسڻ لاءِ، هتي تي حيران،
آهي آريءَ ڄام جو، مون کي ڪاري ڪان،
ديوانيءَ جي دل ۾ سورن جو سامان
وجهج پڪ پينار تي، پريم! ڪائي پان،
ڪڏهن ٿيندو ڪيچ ۾، مُٺيءَ جو مڪان؟
آهين، عبداللطيف کي، اڳيان تون اڳواڻ،

## Section VI

1

"Baloachis have come to Bhambhore, my wish is fulfilled,
Seeing Punhoon's kith and kin I was all at peace,
Sorrows left, joyous felicitations I received."

آيا، آس ٿيام، ٻاروچا ڀنڀور ۾،
پسي پهرپنهونءَ جي، نُنهن سين نيڻ ٺريام،
گوندر وسريام، سُکن شاخون مڪيون.

2

Sorrows led her through intricate path,
They guided to unite her with her Lord.

ڏيکاريس ڏکن، گوندر، گس پرين جو،
سونهائي سورن، ڪئي هيڪاندي هوت سين.

3

Hundred joys and my own head would I give in exchange,
If I find true !ove, I would only traffic in that.

سئو سُکن سانئي ڏيان، سر پڻ ڏيان سٽ،
جي مون ميڙي مٽ، تہ ورهہ وهايان هيڪڙو.

4

Oh mother! sorrows never lessend in my case,
Water in water wheel is full to its edge.

سورن سانگهارو، ڪڏهن تان ڪونہ ڪيو،
آيل! اوپارو، ٻاڙو ڏو ٻوڙ وهي.

5

Baloach's arrow of love struck me, camels became cruel,
May no adverse drops of dew on them fall,
To see these aliens, is to my eyes greatest source of solace.

لڳم ٻاڻ ٻروچ جو، ڪرها ٿيا قضاڪ!
اُهکي جا اُٺن کي، سامين پوي مَ ماڪ!
اُڪڙين جي خوراڪ، پسڻ پر ڏيهين جو.

6

Love struck ones have departed from the land,

ڏکوين ڏيهان، جيڪس لڏي ويئيون،

Now who will direct me to Beloved's path?

هاڻي ڪن ملان، پڇان پرين خبرون؟

7

To each is given a handful of sorrows, I have piles,
Carrying their load I roam, their buyers I cannot find.

مُٺ مُٺ سورن سڀڪهين، مون وٽ وٽاٽان،
پريون ڪيو پٽان، ويا وهائو نڪري.

8

"Oh suffering one! prepare yourself to go ahead,
Die not in the rocks, still far off is Kech."

پيڙي پيڙي پڌ، سورائتي! سندرو،
ڪيچ اڳاهون پنڌ، متان لڪن سين لڳي مرين!

9

"Sorrows adorn joys, without sorrows joy disdain,
Through such sorrows, my Love came to me again.

ڏک سُکن جي سونهن، گهوريا سک ڏکن ريءَ!
جنين جي ورونهن، سڄڻ آيو مان ڳري.

## Section VII

1

Those who seek, will one day find the loved one,
The seeking ones will surely see Beloved's region.

پڇن سي پسن، جڏهن تڏهن پرينءَ کي،
ڏرينديون ڏسن، اڳڻ عجيبن جا.

2

Proceed, be sincere in your search or give it up,
Those who seek, are never far from loved one.

پڇيوئي تان پور، نات پڇن هوءِ م پرينءَ کي.
ڳورڻ واريون ڏور، هڏ نه آهين هوت کي.

3

May I always be in search of Beloved, never find, never meet,
Lest longing within my heart is eased.

ڳوريان ڳريان م لهان! شال م ملان هوت!
من اندر جا لوڄ، مُڇڻ سان ماٺي ٿئي.

4

I seek, may I never find, may You always be far,
May without You I find no peace and no solace.

آئون ڳورينءِ، شال مَ لهانءِ، پرين! هُجين پري!
هڏ نه ساه سري، تن تسلي نه ٿئي!

5

I give up going ahead, for I have tasted rock's ascent
Oh sisters! love's thirst you will find within my heart.

ڇڏيم حج هلڻ جي، چُکيم چاڙهيڪا،
اديون! آڙيڪا، هينئڙي پيم هوت سين.

6

She who like me is wedded to Baloch,

جيڪا ڪندي سنگ، مون جيئن ٻاروچن سين،

Will weep tears of blood and find herself on scaffold.

انگُن چاڙهي انگَ، روئيندي سارت ڦٽا.

## Section VIII

1

"They have crossed my threshold, which is death to me,

Woe! Alas! at Beloved's feet I would fall apart,

It behoves me not, to live since my love did depart.

آتڻ اورانگهي ويا، آئون ٿي مران ماءِ!
پٽون ٿيندِيس پيرتي، "هيءَ هيءَ!" "ڪري" هاءِ!
جئڻ مون نہ جڳاءِ، پرينءَ تان پاسو ڪيو.

2

Had I known that separation's ill luck was my fate,

I would have destiny's writ erased,

I would not then undertake this journey to Kech."

ڄاڻي جي ڄاتوم، تہ پوندو فرق فراق جو،
اکر ارادت جو، ڏريائين ڏوتوم،
پوءِ تان ڪونہ پيوم، هوند ڪشالو ڪيچ ڏي.

3

Woman! set up sorrow's smoke and go with them fast,

Break not love's knot, Baloach's party is to cross the pass.

دکائيندي دونهڙا، منڌ! سيٽاني وچ،
پرياڻون مَ پڇ، ساٿ چڙهندو لڪين.

4

Separate not yourself from their caravan, lest they cross,

And you be left behind unable to trace their path.

ڇڄ مَ قطاران، ساٿ چڙهندو لڪين،
مڇڻ ٿئين پٺان، وڳ واٽ ٿي نہ لهين،

5

If you seek Divine Beloved, free yourself of formalities,

Those who had a sight of Him rise above all creeds.

پڇيوڻي جان دوست، تان پا سي ڪر پرهيز کي،
جنهين ڏٺو هوت، تن دين سڀئي دور ڪيا،

## Vai

Leave me not in the rocks, oh Baloach! on you I rely,

Destitute am I, fulfil your pledge, take me along, is my cry.

Kechis! leave not this helpless one in the nocks,

مون کي ڇپر مَ ڇڏيجا، ٻاروچا!
پلئي لڳي آهيان،
ڄوري ڄڻي آهيان، نينهن نباهي نيجا،
ڄوري ڇڏي ڇپرين، ڪيچيا! ڪيم وڃجا،
پهون منهنجو آن سين، ساٿ سلامت نيجا،

My Punhoon is with you, go along safe paths.

I am not of much worth, you show me your favour,

Decked in jogi's dress, you be my succour.

مون تان وڙو وڃائيو، آئين پنهنجو وڙ ڪريجا،
جوڳيئڙو ويس ڪري، سُگهڙي سار لهيجا،
"آرياڻي! عبداللطيف چئي، "مون تي وهلو ور ڪريجا."

## Section IX

1

"No knife but deep distress such cuts did me give,

Sorrow so assails, that it does not let me live.

ڪاتيءَ تان نہ ڪمين، منُ وڃهڙ وڍيو،
ماريس سور تهين، جو نہ جياري جيڏيون!

2

Their separation's sorrow in my body has made many cuts,

It cannot be made the same now, even if I stitch it up."

جيءَ منهنجو جن، انگڙيا رو وڍيو،
پڇاڻان پرين، سبان سڄو نہ ٿئي!

3

Give up all gaiety, weep and learn what they say,

I was in loved ones company only for a few days.

رو، وسانئي راند، پهہ پروڙج سات جا.
هوتن سين هيڪاند، هُئينءَ ٻہ ٽي ڏينهڙا.

4

"Weeping and wailing is heard in my poor hut,

My wounded heart with love's flame burns,

For those whom I love, I will stain with my blood the Haro rock."

روئڻ ۽ راڙو، مون نماڻيءَ جي نجهري،
ڪٺل کي قلب ۾، قرب جا ڪاڙهو،
هوتن لاءِ هاڙهو، رڃائيندیس رت سين.

5

"Will your tears bring back the loved one, why weep?"

"Oh friends! my love has been harsh to me,

By God, none of you, should deceive me."

روئي ڪندينءَ ڪوهہ؟ هاٺي ڪو هوت وري؟
جيڏيون! جيڏوئي ڪيو، سائم سيڻ ستوهہ،
ٻوهي آهيان ٻوهہ، مٿان ڪامون سين ڪري!

6

"Do not set fire to me who am already on fire,

For once like blacksmith, put off my fire by water's shower.

ڪاٺيءَ مَ ڪانيو، مٿيءَ منگر مَ ڏيو،
هيڪر اُجهايو، ڏيئي ٻر لهار جيئن.

7

"Had you died yesterday, you would have your Love met,

No one in good health met his Love yet."

تون جي ڪالهہ مئي، تہ ڪالهہ گڏي پرينءَ کي،
ڪڏهن ڪانہ سٺي، تہ ڪا سکهي گڏي سڄين.

8

"Sooner or later I have to die, why not die on the mount
So that my death be on Beloved's count"?

اڳي پوءِ مران، مر مران مارڳ ۾!
متي پوءِ پريان، خون منهنجو جيڏيون!

9

"Face hardships and in Pab for Punhoon die,
Whole world will then your love glorify.'

مر، متا ڏئي، پنهوءَ ڪارڻ پٻ ۾،
ته سرتيون سڀئي، واکاڻيندي وڃيون.

## Section X

1

Calling and crying in pursuit, Sasui smiles when tracks she finds,
Those who turn back and die, will not be esteemed.

واڪيو واڪيو وک، پاٻوهيو پير کڻي،
سي نه چڙهنديون ٽڪ، موڙي پير مرن جي.

2

Advance each step, no weakness show,
To those who love Hote, suffering makes them glow.

وجهه وڌندي وک، مچڻ لک لکائيين،
ٽک تنين کي ٽک، حب جنين کي حوت جي.

3

Keep calling, be persistant in calls,
Perchance, remembering you they come to a halt.

واڪو هڏ م لاهه، سڏن متي سڏڙا،
مان تنهنجي ڪاءِ، سگر ۾ سار ٿئي!

4

"Nurtured in woe and in sorrow reared,
Happiness was never made part of my fate,
As if I were a branch of sorrow's creeper.'

سورن سانڍياس، پورن پالي آهيان،
"سکن جي"، سيد چئي، "ڀڪي نه پيياس،"
"جيڪس آئون هياس، گري گوندر ول جي."

5

Divine lovers I do not find, Divine love remains,
Those who had searched for it, took it with themselves.

ڪينهي طالب تات جا، نه ته آهي تات تيار،
ڏوريان، پيو ڏڪار، کيڙائو کڻي ويا.

6

"What attraction holds you so, that I pine yet you return not?
The care you would shower on me, when I die, show that now Hote."

ڪنهن جنهن نيهن ننڌاهه، جي مون واجهائيندي نه وريو،
جيڪي مئي ڪنداهه، سو جانب ڪريو جيئري.

7

"Do not lose heart, I be not far from you,
That which is your goal, is my destination too".

متان ٿئين ملور، ڪين آڳاهون آهيان،
ڏسڻ ۾ ڪر ڏور، حد پنهين جي هيڪڙي،

## Section XI

1

Camel riders did not do Punhoon's bidding,
Impulsively Sasui left her village, for journeying,
She sacrified her life, and sleeps in the way side plains.

جيئن اُتن آريءَ ڄام، ايئن اوٺين نہ ڪيو،
ٻڙڪي ٻاهر نڪتي، ڳادر منجهان ڳام،
ساه ڏنائين سام، سُتي سڳر پٽيين.

2

"Passes! were the traveller's garments' hems your sides touching?"
"Mother! more than you, tears of blood he went shedding."

لڪيون! آن لڳا، ڪي پلءِ پرديسين جا؟
"توهان گهڻيرو، ماءِ روندا ورت وياءِ.

3

No mads said to her, far, far away is Kech,
Hearing this, Sasui. hurried her pace.

ڏوٿين چيس "ڏور، ڪيچ اڳاهون پنڌ ٿيو"
پاڻان چڙهي پور، وک وڌائين وتري.

4

Lord of Kech himself was Sasui's pall-bearer.
While alive, she longed for her love's sight,
From mountain pass Ari Jam had brought her,
Humble maid, after death, was honoured and buried by Punhoon's side

سسئيءَ جي سريءَ سان، ڪيچ ڌڻي ڪانڌي،
پسڻ ڪارڻ پرينءَ جي، مُنڌ هئي ماندي،
"لڪن تان، "لطيف چئي، "آرياڻيءَ آندي،"
"پنهونءَ پيراندي، نماڻيءَ نصيب ٿي."

5

"Punhoon goes ahead I must go too,
Lest Baloach says, "the base born can nothing better do."
Unworthy ones act in vicious ways,
You be gracious, return and not hesitate.

"هيءَ ٿو وڃي هوت، آئون ڪ اڳيري ٿيان،"
متان چوي بلوچ، "ڪميڻيءَ مان ڪين ٿيو،"
ڪميڻين مٿان، ٿين موراڳين مديون،
تون ڪر پاڻ وڏان، موٽ، سپاڄها سهڻين!

7

Neither am I your kith and kin, nor worthy of you,
I deserve not Baloach clan, for I am base born too.

نڪي ٿيان سڳ ۾، نڪي سڳيڻي،
آهيان ڪميڻي، ذات ٻروچنءَ نہ جُڙان،

8

My caste's news must not reach Kech,
Lest Punhoon in public feels ashamed."

ڪيچ مَ خبر، هوءِ، هن منهنجي ذات جي،
متان پنهوءَ پوءِ، لڄ منهنجي لوءِ ۾!

## Section XII

1

"Had you like me with your vision seen Baloach,
You would have told me 'Seek', and yourself searched the rocks."

ڏٺان جي ٻروچ، مون جيئن هوت اکين سين،
مون کي چئي "لوچ، پاڻان پٿيون پچرين.

2

Keep saying alas! alas! never that forget,
Shed not apparent tears, but shed tears of blood within,
Patience is a great force, may I meet soon my loved one.

"ووءِ! ووءِ" ڪندي وت، مچڻ "ووءِ!" وسارئين!"
"پاڻي هار مَ پڏرو، رو منجهائين رت،"
صبر وڏ ست، سگها ميڙي سپرين.

3

Silence will bring your end, shed not tears of blood,
Maid, lose not faith, self love leads to losing one's Love.

ماٺ مارينديءِ پرينءَ جي، متان رئين رت!
چوري! ڇڏ م ست، همت هوت وڃايو.

4

To whatever in life you are attached, with that you will be after death,
Those who see not Hote here, can they see Him in Kech?

جڙ جيئري جن سين، مئي پڻ سين تن،
جي هت نہ هوت پسن، سي ڪئن ۾ ڪيچ پسندين؟

5

I alone wander, others are in His company,
She who sets to seek love, will face troubles like me.

اوجهڙ وتان آنءُ، ٻيون سڀ سگر سات جي.
جا نينهن ڳنهندي نانءُ، سا مون جيئن پوندي مامري.

6

A strange knot with my love, me does tie,
Such a knot that it breaks not, much as I try.

ٻڌو ڪنهن ٻنڌاڻ، هينئڙو هوتاڻيءَ سين،
ڪاجا پيس ڪاڻ، نبريانس، نہ نبري!

7

I asked the knowing ones about undulated lands and the rocks,

ڏونگر، ڏنا نوڻ، مون پارکو پڇيا،

Those who seek with no guide, become a prey to highway men who rob.

This difficult path cannot be traversed without a guide to lead.

هيڪليون هلن جي، سي تاڪن سنڌي توڙ،
ايءُ اُهکي پوڙ، سونهن ريءَ، نہ سُتري.

8

In this waste land, are innumerable robbers and brigands,

Oh pedestrian! take a guide with yourself to help you cross this land.

لکين لوڙائو، سهين آهن سج ۾،
ٻر ۾ بورائو، ڪڻ پيادي! پاڻ سين.

9

Separate not yourself from suffering, if you talk of love,

Deal more with it, for such are the ways that lead to it.

نينهن ۾ نالو ڪن، پريتڻي پير ٻيا،
سورن ساڻ ۾ چن، وره وهائج وترو.

10

Those who saw the Beloved, made Him their garland,

How can others know what is alchemy's worth?

سڄڻ ڏٺو جن، تن ڳچيءَ سر ڳهه ڪيو،
ٻيون ڪوهہ ٻجهن، قدر ڪيميا اِن جو؟

11

Sasui! lose not heart, you will see happiness,

Punhoon leading a caravan of camels, eagerly comes apace.

هاري! هنئون لوڏ، سُکن پوندينءَ، سسئي!
ڪوهيارو تو ڪوڏ، اچي ڪره قطاريو.

12

In Hussaini Sur Bibi Fatema for Hussain first did mourn,

After that to the rest of the world, it was known.

حسيني حسين لءِ، بيبي پاڻ چئي،
تهان پوءِ ٿي، خبر ٿئي خلق کي.

## Leela Chanesar
## Introduction

The allegory of Leela Chanesar deals with the fall of God's favoured one from His grace for exchanging his loyality from Him to some other mundane object. To preserve man's moral fibre intact, he has to resist temptations and lures that may come in his way, however strong they may be and however prone to them his nature is. God is very exacting in His chosen one's dedication to Him. Such an erring person is advised to repent, give up pride arid conceit, be humble and meek and go on beseeching for God's forgiveness and mercy as He is "oft forgiving and most merciful."

The folk tale of Leela Chanesaar is as given below:

Chanesar of the Soomra dynasty's Dasra branch, was ruler of Devalkote. He was brave, handsome and famous. He had a beautiful wife named Leela whom he loved very much. She was sociable and popular but had a great weakness for jewels.

At the same time Rana Khanghar ruled over Lakhpat in Katch, who had a beautiful daughter named Kaunroo. Once seeing Kaunroo spending much time and paying great attention to make herselflook more attractive, her friend Jamni taunted her that she probably had the intention of winning Chanesar, Kaunroo who was the only daughter of her parents and was spoilt, haughty and proud girl, took this affront seriously and told her mother Murki that she would either marry Chanesar or commit suicide. The two parents got alarmed at this intention of their daughter, for though it would have been a great honour for their daughter to mary Chanesar, they knew that he was very fond of his wife Leela and their offer might meet with a refusal which would be a disgrace for them. A plan was then devised according to which Kaunroo and her mother were to go to Devalkote as on a business trip to sell some merchandise. So, the two of them arrived at Devalkote as traders and managed to come in contact with Jakhro, Chanesar's favourite minister. Kaunroo's intention of marrying Chanesar was described to him in such touching tones that he promised to help. He then sought an opportuni ty to try and persuade Chancsar to see Kaunroo. But Chanesar refused point blank and angrily replied that in Leela's presence, he could not even think of any other woman. Great was the disappointment of the mother and the daughter when Jakhro had to inform them of his inability to help. Murki and Kaunroo now devised another plan according to which they both managed to go to Leela and in woeful terms told her that they were strangers in the city and had left their own country because of poverty. Leela taking pity on them employed them in the household work, Murki to spin yarn and Kaunroo to make Chanesar's bed.

Time passed but there seemed no chance for Kaunroo ever being able to fulfil her wish. One day as she was making Chanesar's bed, tears fell from her eyes. Leela, by chance, entered the room at this time and asked her the reason for her shedding tears. Kaunroo first tried to avoid answering, but on Leela's insistence said, "lady! I was weeping at the way my fate has taken turn, because once I too was mistress of a palace and lived like you". Leela could not believe this and asked her to prove the validity of what she said. Taking this opportunity, Kaunroo immediately brought to her an extremely valuable diamond necklace. Leela, who was very fond of jewels, was fascinated by the diamonds which sparkled and shone bright. She asked Kaunroo to sell the necklace to her at any price that she liked. Kaunroo replied that the only price of it was the condition that she be allowed to spend one night with Chanesar. Leela was so confident of Chanesar's love and so allured by the diamonds that she agreed to this bargain. That night it so happened that Chanesar was in the company of his friends reveling till late and returned to his bedroom dead drunk. Leela then asked Kaunroo to take her place.

When Chanesar woke up in the morning, he was shocked to see another woman sharing his bed instead of Leela and tried to leave immediately. But Murki accosted him telling him how he could go back to the woman who had sold him for a necklace. Chanesar felt hurt and insulted at this act of Leela and was touched by Kaunroo's sacrifics for his sake. He decided to give up Leela and marry Kaunroo.

Leela tried her best to win Chanesar back but all of no avail. Perforce, she had to go back to her parents.

Now it so happened that the minister Jakhro was engaged to a woman from Leela's family. Seeing Leela's fate, the parents of this woman decided not to get their daughter married to Jakhro. Jakhro was desperate, he went to Leela and begged her to intervene on his behalf. She replied that she would do so, if he would bring Chanesar with himself to attend the wedding, to which Jakhro promised. On his entreaties Chanesar agreed to oblige him.

On the arrival of the bridegroom's party, the women of bride's family entertained them with music and dance. One of these women was veiled and she attracted Chanesar's attention more than others. He requested her to unveil herself that he may see her beautiful face which must be as pleasing as was her voice and her dance. When she did so behold! it was no other but Leela. Chanesar who had consciously put away Leela's memory, in his unconcious mind still loved her and had not been able to forget her. Seeing her suddenly under these unexpected circumstances, he could not bear the shock and dropped down dead. Leela who was pining for a re-union and was hopeful of the success of her plan, seeing the object of her love lying lifeless before her, also died. The two of them found union in death as in all the other folk tales of the Risalo.

## Section I

1

ڏاغُ تنھنجو دائما، ماري معذورين،
سائينءَ ڪارڻ سپرين! وڃ م ڏورين،
آءُ تہِ حضورين، مٽيون رجھان مچ ۾.

Your separation is the cause of grief to helpless ones,

For God's sake go not far from me, loved one,

In your presence jewels I fling in flames.

2

مٽيو وجھان مچ ۾، ھائيءَ ھٽي ھار،
"سوڍي! سُک سيد چوي، "ڪرئين ڪوه قرار؟
راڄا ريساٽو گھٽو، سناٽو سردار،
چوڏس چنيسر ڄام جو، ڏيھان ڏيھہ ڏھڪار،
ٿاڪر اڪين ٺار، مٽيي تي ٿي مٺين!

"In flames of fire, jewels I fling".

"Beauty! how can you now in peace live?

The king is strong and self willed,

Known from far and near as a powerful Lord,

You exchanged for diamonds, this prince of great solace!"

3

چنيسر چورنگ، ٻہ رنگو لوڪ ٻيو،
تنھن سين ڇنيو سنگ، وڃيو ھار ھٿ ڇھين!

If the world is subtle, Chanesar is four times more,

You severed ties with Him, jewels to procure!

4

مٽيي تي موھجي، موڙھي! ڪيءِ مرڪ،
ڇڄي چنيسر ڄام سين، وڏو تو فرق،
وري ويو ورق، آيءِ ڏنءُ ڏھاڳ جو!

Muddle headed; lured by the diamonds, you became conceited,

You yourself are the cause, from Chanesar to be separated,

Ill luck has now come to you, the page of destiny is turned."

"To win the wager and have the diamonds I surmised.

Kaunroo's cunning trick was shrewder than my wish."

5

مٽيو ناه مٽيون، جرتون پسي ھار ھرڪئين،
اصل اھي آڳھين، سندو ڪوڙ ڪٽيون،
اُن گھوٽن ھنئي گھٽيون، دوسنئا دور ڪيون.

Jewel is no jewel, nor necklace that allured you, of any worth,

From clay and bits of glass it takes its birth,

Trouble maker trinket, is the cause of separating many friends.

6

What you considered necklace was a string of sorrow,

Chanesar withdrawing his love from you bestowed it on your maid,

Would that no spouse spurns like this, his mate!

تو جو ڄاتيو هار، سو سورن جو سگرو،
چنيسر چِتُ ڪڍي، ڏيو پورهيت جو پار،
اوٺت جو اچار، ڪانڌ ڪنهين سين مَ ڪري!

7

"I had no ornaments on my arm or neck,

Neither had I dressed my hair or decked my self,

My spouse chose me, for this simplicity's sake."

نہ ڪي ٻانهڙين ۾، ني ڪي ڳرهئوم،
نہ مون سينڌ، نہ سرمون، نہ سينگار ڪيوم،
تنهن لاءِ ڪانڌ سندوم، رکوئي رهِ ڳڙي.

8

"Golden rings in my ears, glittering necklace round my neck,

Armlets round my arms, my hair oiled and decked,

On that account I was deserted by my spouse."

سونا در ڪنن ۾، ڳچيءَ ڳاڙها هار،
ٻانهونا ٻاهن ۾، سينڌ سٽيا وار،
تيلانه پي پچار، ڪانڌ منهنجي ڇڏئي.

9

He was with me already cross, necklace was a mere excuse,

Listen all you friends, no one deceive this spouse,

He crushes the very first attempt of those who so aim.

او ڏمريو ڏس، حيلو ڪيائين هار جو،
سٹو سڀ سرتيون! ور نہ ڪنهين وس،
دعوئي ڀرينءَ دس، پڃيو ٿو پورا ڪري،

10

During wedding ceremony, I saw his crooked feet,

There and then I knew he would some day bring me grief.

پوچا ڏٺم پير، ڏِڪڻ متي ڏِول جا،
مون ڄاتئيو تنهن وير، ڪوجهي ڪندو پريڙي.

11

Kaunroo sleeps midst quilts in the gorgeous palace,

Chanesar spouse I did not expect from you this bitter chalice.

سوڙيين سٽڙياءِ، پکو سهو ولاريو،
چنيسر ڪانڌاءِ! تان مون هيئن نہ ڄاتئيو!

Section II

1

Seeing the shinning diamonds, Leela made a slip,

People now call her the branded one,

ٽڙڪي، پسي ٿوڪ ترڪي، تڪبر ۾ پئي،
اڇيو وڃيو "اڳلي" چئي ليلان کي لوڪ،

Again and again they come to her saying she has sinned,
She has now forgotten her childish prank's.

اندر اوڀالن سين، ساڙي ڪيائونس سوڪ،
ٻالاپڻ جو ٻوڪ، ويو ويچاريءَ وسري.

2

You knew well your spouse! you were so smart!
Yet you thought with necklace you would yourself adorn!
Spouse cares not how a fickle wife is decked,
He reads your deepest thoughts and knows your heart.

هئين تہ ڳهڻون هُوشيار، ڪل بہ هئي ڪانڌ جي!
تو ڀانيو موچاري ٿيان، ڳچيءَ پائي هار،
ڪانڌ ڪوڙيءَ جو نہ وٺي، سوين ڀتين سينگار،
وهم لهي وينجهار دليون ڀرکي داسڙو.

3

I was the exalted one, friends thronged at my place,
I lost my spouse's favour by the touch of the necklace,
Now comes suffering, for I am driven away.

وڏيري هياس، ميڙو مون گهر سرتين،
هٿ ڇهڻ هارجي، ڪڙي ڪانڌ ٿياس،
ڏولي ڏيلياس، آيم ڏنءَ ڏهاڳ جو!

4

I was first lady in Chanesar's domain,
Welcomed was I with flutes and drums whereever I went,
My spouse drove me out, for that I am to be blamed.

وڏيري هياس، چنيسر جي راڄ ۾،
ڍُهلين، دمامين، نقرين، ٿي پلپل پڇياس،
ڏولي ڏيلياس، تيس ڏهاڳڻ ڏيه ۾.

5

I was the first lady in Chanesar's kingdom,
Centre of attraction at friends, courtier's and social functions,
Welcomed was I with drums, kettle drums and flutes,
I was favourite among friends till necklace made me vain,
Now forsaken by my spouse, I live in disgrace.

وڏيري هياس، چنيسر جي راڄ ۾،
دائين، ٻائين، دربانن، پر ۾ ٿي پڇياس،
ڍُهلين، دمامين، نقرين ٿي وچ ۾ ورهياس،
هيس دادلي دوسن جي، ڪٺي هلڪي هار ڪياس،
تهان پوءِ ٿياس، ڪانياري ڪانڌ جي.

6

Swinging in swinging cots, life of ease alone I knew,
I made myself a fickle wife for diamonds few,

هُيس هندورن ۾، پيم ڪان پروڙ،
مٽيي سندي مامري، ڪوجهي وڏيس ڪوڙ،
سامهان ٿيم سوڙ، ويو ونٺي ولهو.

My husband turned away from me, in sorrows I am now engulfed.

7

Oh Leela! bandy not words with Chanesar, expose not yourself,

You brought sorrow to yourself for your spouse you enraged,

Fool! conceit brought you suffering and disgrace.

لبلا! جم لکائين، چٽي چنيسر ساڻ،

ورسين وڙهيو اٿئين، موڙهي! مٺ ۽ پاڻ،

پوري! ڪُيءِ پاڻ، تہ آيءِ ڏک ڏهاڳ جو.

8

Oh! Leela, no match are you for Chanesar,

Can you ignore so many of His favours?

He is only pleased when you yourself to Him completely dedicate.

ليلا! پوري نہ پئين، چٽي چنيسر ساڻ،

تو جو پانيو پانهنجو، سوريسائو راڄاڻ،

پاٽان ڏار پرياڻ، ڪانڌ ڪنهن جو نہ وٽي

9

Bandy not words with Chanesar, expose not yourself,

Your Beloved is forbearing one, you be patient,

Then he who is your cover, your blemish will not reveal.

چٽي چنيسر ڇام سين، ليلا! تون مَ لکاءِ،

دوس تنهنجو داسڙو، کان وڏيائي ڪاءِ،

تہ ڍولو ڍڪ سنڌياءِ، عيبن کي آڏو ٿئي.

10

Argue not with Chanesar, expose not yourself.

This spouse is neither mine, nor yours, nor of any one else.

At his door steps, many favourite ones I saw weeping.

چٽي چنيسر ڇام سين، ليلا! لکاءِ مَ تون،

اي ڪانڌ ڪنهن جو نہ ٿئي، نہ ڪامون نہ تون،

رئنديون ڏٺيون مون، ان در مٿي دادليون.

11

Leela! give up the wily ways that you have learnt,

Live in poverty, round your neck wrap humility's garment,

He will not cast you out, if in this way you entreat.

لبلا! حيلا ڇڏ، جي تون، سوپي! سکين،

پائي پاند ڳچيءِ ۾ پاڻ غريبيءَ گڏ،

هڏ نہ چونڊءِ لڏ، جي ڪارون آٽين ڪانڌ کي.

## Section III

1

Beware maids, Chanesar no wantonness will

چنيسر سين چاڳ، متان ڪا منڊ ڪري،

tolerate,

Too late I realised this is no place for coquettish ways,

He sends away happy ones sorrowing, if put in a rage.

جامون پوءِ پروڙيو، تي هيءَ نہ ماڻي ماڳ،
ڏمريو ڏهاڳ، سگهو ڏئي سهاڳڻين.

2

Beware, practice no deceit with Chanesar, maids,

Pride and concert He will never tolerate,

These turn Him away and bring misary to His friends.

چنيسر سين چاءُ، متان ڪا منڌ ڪري،
ڪانڌ منهين جو نہ وڻي، گيرب ۽ گاءُ،
جي ٽڙي ٽورڙياءِ، تہ دوس دسائي داسڙو.

3

All fortunate ones, all with faces decked,

Each one thought her He would select,

He stood at the door of the one that was humble and meek.

سڀئي سهاڳڻيون، سڀني منهن جڙاءُ،
سڀ ڪنهن ڀانيو پاڻ کي، ايندو مون ڳر راءُ،
پيئو تن دراءَ، جي پسي پاڻ، لڄائيون.

4

With many weaknesses, Dasra I come to your door,

Turn not away from me, for I have none to support,

Erase my faults, you who never them disclose.

اوگڻ ڪري اپار، تو در آيس، داسڙا!
جيئن تو رسڻ سنديون روح ۾، تيئن مون پيڙي ناه پتار!
سائينءَ لڪ ستارا ميٽ مدايون منهنجون.

5

I lost my senses but you consider your greatness,

You expose not faults of those misled,

You graciously expose not those who repent.

جي مون موڙهي مت، تہ تون پاڻ سڃاڻج، سهڻا!
واصل اوائين جا، عيب ڍڪين تون اُت،
اي، پر تنهنجي پت، جيڪي ولهيون ڍڪين ولها!

6

You have innumerable spouses. I have only you,

Desert me not, lest I am exposed to taunts not few,

Wrapping entreaties' scarf round my neck I implore.

ڪوڙين تنهنجون ڪامڻيون، تون ڪوڙين سندو ڪانڌ،
مون کي ڇڏ مَ داسڙا! تہ ويهان نہ وڻوائند،
مون ڳچيءَ ۾ پاند، تو ڇنيهرا هٿ ۾.

# Moomal Rano
## Introduction

The theme of man's fall from Divine grace because of his own folly, is repeated in Moomal Rano with a little difference. Moomal does not exchange Divine favours for material commodity but tries to seek some consolation in ways other than those that a seeker in the search of Reality, is to pursue.

In the biographical sketch of Shah Abdul Latif, it has been stated that he was in the company of yogis for three years and for some time was very much impressed by their appearance and their mode of life. Sur Leela Chanesar opens with a charming description of a yogi who was originally a prince.

It has been related that in the 15th century, Raja Nand of Gujjar family ruled over Mirpur Mathelo (in Sindh). He had nine daughters, the one named Moomal, was the most beautiful and another one, named Soomal, was the cleverest of them all. She was also well grounded in magic and sorcery.

One day, Raja Nand went for hunting and while chasing a wild boar, he discovered that the water dried up when the boar tried to cross it. He then killed it and came to know that its tooth possessed a magical quality which was causing the water to dry up. When he went to his palace, he collected all his treasure and with the magical power of the tooth, got the water dried up and buried it there, the water thereafter resuming its flow as usual. A magician came to know about this tooth, so disguising himself like a beggar he came to the palace and raised such a pitiable kind of wailing that Moomal was compelled to find the cause. The beggar told her that he was suffering from some kind of disease which could only be cured by means of a boar's tooth. Moomal remembered that such a tooth was lying somewhere in the palace. She searched for it and not knowing of its magical power, gave it to the beggar who blessed her and quickly left.

When Raja Nand wanted to check his treasure, he looked for the tooth but it was not to be found. When he came to know that Moomal had given it away, he was in such a rage that he would have killed her if Soomal had not intervened. She told her father that she had a plan by which she would return all this treasure to him.

Accordingly on the bank of river Kak in Ludano, a beautiful palace was built which began to be known as Kak Mahal. It was surrounded by a shallow moat, its bottom inlaid with mirrors, thus giving the impression that it was very deep. At the entrance were posted ferocious lions that roared in a thundering, frightening manner. There was also a beautiful garden with a variety of lovely multi-coloured flowers, the

sight and fragrance of which would intoxicate the visitors. The path from the palace gate to the chamber where Moomal along with her other sisters, all beautiful and gorgeously decked, was intricate and confusing. Natir, the maid servant who led the visitor, would mysteriously disappear and he would be lost in its labyrinth. In the chamber were seven cots, all arranged and decorated alike, one of them being genuine, the others having ditches under them with sharp weapons placed in them. A big gong was placed at the gate of the palace, anyone desirous of seeing Moomal had to strike on it. Natir would then appear to accompany him for a while, then disappear as mentioned earlier. He was robbed by Soomal's men and caught in the intricacies of the passages. Ultimately he managed to return, bewildered and confused. A proclamation was made that any one who managed to reach Moomal, will have her as his wife.

In those days Thar was ruled by Hamir Soomro who was very fond of hunting. Once while hunting in the company of his three close friends who were also his ministers, they came across a yogi with magnetic eyes and bright face wandering about in that lonely place. They asked him the reason for his being there. He told them that once he too was a prince and lived a comfortable life like them but having heard of Moomal's beauty, he tried to see her and as a consequence, had been rendered to this state. The friends became curious to try their luck and see this beauty. They then approached Kak Mahal the way it has been described above. Hamir and two of his other friends had to return unrequited but Rano was wiser than all of them. By throwing a beetle nut in the moat and by intelligently observing the whole scene, he realised that all was magic and sorcery. When he reached the chamber where were placed seven cots, he with his arrow discovered their deception too and seated himself on the sixth solid one. When Moomal arrived, he managed to single her out too. He thus won Moomal for his wife.

Rano returned to his friends and told them of his success. Hamir Soomro asked him to take him along with himself so that he too could see the beautiful Moomal praised by all and sundry. On Rano's advice, he disguised himself as a milkman and went. But Moomal somehow suspecting him asked him to milk the buffalo. Hamir swallowed this insult at that time but later decided to avenge himself. He sent for Rano on some pretex and had him imprisoned where he remained for some time. Later he was freed on condition that he would never see Moomal.

It was hard for Rano to abide by this condition. He managed to procure for himslf a very fast she-camel to go to Ludhano every night, meet Moomal and then return by dawn. But his nocturnal visits could not remain a secret for long. When Hamir Soomro came to know this, he got him arrested again. He remained in prison for sometime and was released on the entreaties of Hamir Soomro's wife who was Rano's sister.

In the meantime, Moomal was pining away in Rano's love. Once her sister Soomal, to cheer her up dressed up like Rano and shared Moomal's bed. That very night Rano, after his second release, came to Kak Mahal and seeing Moomal sleeping with some other man, returned very much hurt and annoyed. He had left his walking stick near the bed. On seeing it in the morning, Moomal understood what had

happened. She sent many messages to Rano to give her a chance to explain the incident but he would not hear of it. Moomal was now desperate. She dressed hereself like a man, took a house opposite Rano's and made friends with him. Rano was very fond of playing chess and so she would play chess with him every day. Once while throwing the dice, the birth mark on her arm, which she had kept covered so long, got exposed. Seeing it, Rano immediately understood that she was Moomal and left. All pleas from her side were of no avail. Seeing no other way of appeasing him, Moomal got a pyre made and setting fire to it threw herself in it. This information soon reached Rano, who now realising her love and sincerity, also jumped into the flames. Death united them both.

## Section I

1

Yesterday a begging yogi did we meet,

On his head a green scarf, round his neck a string of beads,

His appearance was the cause of immense distress to us all.

ڪالهہ گڏيو سون ڪاپڙي بابو بيکاري،

سامي‌ءَ سيلو سر تي، مالها موچاري،

ڏيئي ڏيکاري، ڦٽي دل فقير ويو.

2

Yesterday a yogi did we meet, with face as bright as full moon,

In our hearts he did stir love's tumult and separation's wound.

ڪالهہ گڏيو سون ڪاپڙي، جهڙو ماه منير،

فيض فراق فقير، جوڳي جاڳائي ويو.

3

Yesterday a yogi did we meet at sunrise,

Of wonderous beauty yogi was with tearful, red eyes,

"He finds it hard to return, who sets his eyes on Moomal's face" says he.

ڪالهہ گڏيو سون ڪاپڙي، پهر سج ڪان پوءِ،

پسو سونهن سامي‌ءَ جي، رت ورنو روءِ،

جو مُنهن مومل جي پوءِ، موٽڻ تنهن مس ٿئي.

4

Yesterday, a yogi did we meet, his body covered with ash,

Green scarf on his shoulders, golden necklace round his neck,

"Tell us about Moomal's beauty and her blandishment" said we.

ڪالهہ گڏيو سون ڪاپڙي، بابو رنگ بري،

سائي سال ڪلهن ۾، سامي‌ءَ سون سري،

خبر ڏي ڪري، ڪا مومل جي مجاز جي!

5

Midst desert in a state of rapture was yogi found,
Talking of Kak, there fell from him many tears round,
Some secret bond there was that healed so e wounds.

بيڪاري ڪي بر ۾، ويو ڪيف چڙهي،
ڳالهيون ڪندي ڪاڪ جون، ڳوڙها پيس ڳڙي،
ڪا جا انگ اڙي، جيئن چنا ڦٽ چڙي پيا.

6

Yogi's face was as bright as dawn's sun-rise,
His forehead fragrant and musk-wise,
He showed us the place, where he had been lately.

سج سياڻي جا ڪري، ساميءَ سائي روءِ،
اچي ٿي عطر جي، مُنجهان منگٽ بوءِ،
سا ڏيکاريهون جوءِ، جتان لاهوتي لعل ٿيو!

7

Yogi was adorned with the ornament of love,
Like the moth appeared the bright faced one,
Dyed in Sodi's love, he had come, from Kak's watering place.

جوڳي تي جڙاءُ، نسوروئي نينهن جو،
پتنگ جيئن پيدا ٿيو، سامي سج وڙاءُ،
آيو ڪاڪ تراءُ، ڪنوارين ڪڪوريو.

## Section II

1

Come, loin-clothed yogi, tell us about Gujar girls,
Why your eyes keep on shedding tears of blood?
The beauty and the glamour you saw, why not relate to us?

آءُ لانگوٽيا لال! ڪنهن پر ڏٺيءِ گجري؟
آبُ ارتو اکئين لُڙڪ وهائين، لال،
ڏٺءِ جي جمال، سامي! ڪه نه سلائين؟

2

Sodi's pupils are axes of steel,
Hard strokes from them to the kings she deals,
On Kak's river bank, many a foreigner's grave you will see.

"گجر کي گجميل جون، تارن ۾ تبرون،
هڻي حاڪمن کي، زور منجهان زبرون،
ڪاڪ ڪنڌيءَ قبرون، پسو پرڏيهين جون."

3

Gujar boldly comes before those who snakes charm,
Bravely she confronts those who have mastery of darts.

"گجر گاروڙين، اچو آڏي اُپي،
مٿان پيئي تن، هڏا پاڻ هڻڻ جي."

4

Impertinent Moomal, destroys princes who hunt,

مومل ماري مير، آهيڙين کي آڪري،

Living in her fear, are many learned Pandits,

She aims her dart at those who wear the crowns.

سوڍيءَ گهڻا سڪائيا، پڙهيا پنڊت پير،
هٽي تن کي تير، مٿيان جن مٿن ۾.”

5

Yogi made them perplexed and aware,

Love in abundance is on the bank of Ludano river,

March there and find love's rivulets flowing fast.

جوڳيءَ جاڳائي، ماري وڏو مامري،
لنو لُڏوٽي ڪنڌيين، آميو آهي،
وڃو جي ڪاهي، تہ نڪون پسو نينهن جون.

6

Let us go to Kak's landing place,

None is prevented, all can view Beloved's face.

هلو، هلو، ڪاڪ تڙين، جتي نينهن اُڇل،
نہ ڪا جهل نہ پل، سيڪو پسي پرئين کي،

7

Let us go to Kak's landing place, where love generates,

Where there is neither night nor day, only vision of Beloved.

هلو، هلو ڪاڪ تڙين، جتي گهڙجي نينهن،
نہ ڪا رات نہ ڏينهن، سيڪو پسي پرينءَ کي.

8

Let us go to Kak's landing place and find love's cauldron,

Coloured red in wine are innumerable ones.

هلو، هلو، ڪاڪ تڙين، چرو جت چڙهن،
ڪوڙين رنگ رچن، پاتوڙيءَ پڪ سين.

9

In Kak's palaces are grapes, apricots, lotus flowers and sandalwood trees,

Rano's camel had his fill at a place where moths can't reach,

Let us march that we may see, beautiful maids and lotus flowers of Kak

آڪون، ڏاکون، سرڪنڊ شاخون، جت چوڪا چندن ڪونر،
مئي سيئي ماڻيا، جت نہ پرن پونر،
ڪنواريون ۽ ڪونر، ڪاهہ تہ پسون ڪاڪ جا.

10

All four friends, perfect hunters, mounted,

Rano wisely threw a beetle nut that bounded,

Marching to Kak they went where lovely Moomal lived,

Those hunters to cross Kak's lotus flowers, never returned.

چڙهيا چارئي يار، سوڍا شڪاري،
نڪر ساڻ لٽي ڪڻي سوڍي سوپاري،
ويو ڪاهيندو ڪاڪ ڏي، جت مومل موچاري،
موٽيو نہ ماري، ڪونر لتاڙي ڪاڪ جا.

## Section III

1

The dresses they wore, were like petals of rose flowers,

Bravo! their hair is in knots perfumed with jasmine oil.

Seeing their glorious forms, hearts with love swell

At the sight of their dresses and beauty, silence prevails in spinning place.

جهڙا گُل گلاب جا، تهڙا مٿن ويس،
چوٽا تيل چ۔.ـيلـيا، هاها! هو! هميش،
”پسيو سونهن“، سيد چئي، نينهن اچن نيش،
لالڻ جي ليس، آتڻ اکر نہ اُجهي.

2

Their shawls green like pan's leaves,

Their bodies perfumed with scents and ambergris,

Their hair tied in a knot oiled with musk and sandal-wood.

This one's ears adorned with rings of gold and silver beads, so good,

Pains had she taken to deck herself, says Latif,

Rejoicing in her heart 'It is well that I wed Sodo Chief'.

جهڙا پانن پن، تهڙيون سالون مٿن سائيون،
عطر ۽ عنبير سين، تازا ڪيائون تن،
مڙهيا گهٽو مشڪ سين، چوٽا ساڻ چندن،
سنهن رُپ سون سين، سندا ڪامڻ ڪن،
”ڪيائين“، لال لطيف چئي، ”وڏا ويس ورن،“
منجهہ مرڪي من، ”سوڍي سين سگ ٿيو؟“

3

Golden coloured Sodees, playing with silver,

Musk smelling sofas, in sitting rooms, sandal-wood candles flicker,

Their bathrooms scented, having poured there cups of perfume,

Lovers in rows of two, seeing their beauty stand confused,

For their beloved's sight yogis they became,

So Moomal's wounded lovers, here they came.

سون ورنيون سوڍيون، رپي رانديون ڪن،
اگر اوطاقن ۾، ڪٿوريون ڪٽن،
اوتيائون عبير جا، مٿي طاق ٽڙن،
ٻاٽن ٻيلون ٻڌيون، پسيو سونهن سڙن،
”ٿيا لاهوتي“، لطيف چئي ”پسڻ لءِ پرين،“
”اجهي ٿا اچن، ڪاڪ ڪکوريا ڪاپڙي،“

4

Moomal has struck many, now she herself is slain,

Mendhro's dart of love has struck her brain.

گجر گهٽا گهائيا، پاٽان لڳس گهاءُ،
ميئڌڙي هٿاءُ، لڳس ڪان ڪپار ۾.

5

Rano surpasses all, he has no peer,

رو ۽ راڻي جي ناهہ ڪو، سوڍو سين سونهن،

He scraps from heart, soot layers,

Save Mendhro none is of any worth,

"لاتائين"، لطيف چئي مٽان دلين دونهن
ڪانهي ٻي ورونهن، ٽيو مڙوئي منڌرو.

6

Yogis were not stopped by Kak's gorgeous palaces,

They were not caught in the snare of maid's or mistress's lures,

They paid no heed to inumerable such faces.

ڪاڪ نہ جهليا ڪاپڙي، موهيا نہ محلن،
ٻائن ۽ ٻانهين جي، ڦنڌڻ ڪين ڦجهن،
لکين لاهوتين، اهڙيون اوريان ڇڏيون.

7

Kak did not stop yogis, nor did riches hold them in thrall,

Such ones put in distress many a beautiful lass;

Not moved by their coquetry, yogis went ahead.

ڪاڪ نہ جهليا ڪاپڙي، موهيا ڪنهن نہ مال،
سوڍيون سجهائي ويا، ههڙا جنين حال،
جي ڇورين ڏنا ڇال، تہ بہ لاهوتي لنگهي ويا.

## Section IV

1

"Whole night I burnt the candle till dawn approached,

Return for God's sake oh Mendhra! lest I die,

In your love and search, I have flown many crows of Kak."

شمع ٻاريندي ٻپ، پرھہ باخون ڪيون،
موت مران ٿي، مينڌرا! راڻا! ڪارڻ رب،
تنهنجي تات طلب، ڪانگ اڏايم ڪاڪ جا.

2

"As I watched, stars appeared and then disappeared,

Whole night I thought of Mendhro and his camel,

Tears rolled down my cheeks as sun's rays glared."

اُڀي اڀاريا ۾، لکٿ سڀ لئي ويا،
هڪ ميو ٻيو مينڌرو، رات سڄي ساريم،
ڳوڙها ڳل ڳاڙيام، سورج شاخون ڪيون.

3

"Pleiades have dimmed, Orion above me still remains,

To hell be such a night that I in my love's absence spent'.

ڪتِنِ ڪر موڙيا، ٽيڙو اُڀا ٽيئي،
راڻو رات نہ آئيو، ويل ٽري ويئي،
ڪوءِ سا ڪٽي راتڙي! جا پرين ري ۽ پيئي،
مون کي ڏنءُ ڏيئي، وڃي ڍولو ڍٽ قراريو.

4

Putting me in torture, Rano himselfrests in Dhau,

Last night some secret hint Rano has left,

Without Rano, friends! I have no peace,

راڻو ڪا رات ويو، ڳجهي ڳالهہ ڪري،
سوڍي ري ۽، سرتيون! هڏ نہ ساهہ سري،
وڃي، مان وري! آسائتي آهيان.

Yet I lose not hope that he will return and my yearing cease.

5

Rano held with me sweet talk, when the world slept,

Friends! none of you would ever sleep, if I disclose its contents.

سوڍي سُتي لوءِ، ڪاجا مون سين ڳالهه ڪئي،
ساجي پڌر پوءِ، سر تي سمهي ڪانڪا.

6

Rano, the path by which you come, I daily watch,

Within me lie ties of your pleasant talk,

Nails of love have riveted me to you.

راڻا! تنهنجي راهه تي، ڏيهاڙي ڏيکان،
راڻي جي رهاڻ جون، روح اندر ريکان،
محبت جون ميکان، توسين، لال! لپيٽيون.

7

Lord of earth and its produce, come and comfort me,

Favourite women long for your company,

Do not give me up, oh! perfect Lord of Kak.

آءُ، راڻا راحت! ڏاج ڌرتيءَ جا ڌڻي!
سڪن ٽيون سهاڳڻيون، سوڍا! تنهنجي سٿ،
مون تان لاهه مَ هٿ، ڪامل ڌڻي ڪاڪ جا.

Section V

1

Having made friends with lion, turn not away,

Follow Rano eagerly, with love's sway.

Let not your beauty's grace favour others like rain,

You will think much of Rano, on day of judgement.

سنگ ڪري سين سينهن، ڪنڌ مَ ڦيرج ڪڏهين،
رمج راڻي پٺ م، نرتون منجهان نينهن،
ائين م وسج عام تي، جيئن، مومل! وسن مينهن،
سندي حشر ڏينهن، سوڍو سارينديءَ گهڻو.

2

The earth under my feet, is above many loved ones,

Many brave and strong ones are covered with dust,

Life lasts for days few, get up and seek.

جا پون پيرين مون، سايون مٿي سڄڻين،
ڏگ لٽبا ڏو ڙهِ، اُيي ڏناسون،
"ڏينهن مڙيئي ڏون، اُٿي لوڄ"، لطيف چئي.

3

You took Rano lightly, you thought you would devise some relief,

Your spouse left you, thinking some stranger was beside,

راڻو ڀانيو راند، وڃيو ڪيئن وڙ رائين،
ور وڏوڙو ايهين، جيئن پر پڇتوءِ پاند،
هيءَ! پڳيءِ هيڪاند، سوڍو سارينديءَ گهڻو.

You broke his faith, now much will you Rano bewail.

4

Kak is now a waste, trees are gone, my body burns,

He left his walking stick, that puts me in doubt,

Now I will not survive, unless my love, you return soon to me.

ڪاڪ ڪڙهي، وڻ ويا، جلي منهنجي جان،
رکي ڪام ڪٺڪيو، ماريس تنهن گمان،
هڏ نه جيان هاڻ! سگهو موٽج سپرين!

5

Palace lies in ashes, trees are dead, burnt down is Kak,

Without you, fears grip my very heart,

Come and fulfil those promises that you had made with me.

ڪاڪ ڪڙهي، وڻ ويا، ٻريا رنگ رتول،
تو پڇاٽان، سپرين! هينئڙي اچن هول،
جي مون سين ڪيئي قول، سي سگها پارج، سُپرين!

6

I make an offering of myself, my wealth and Ludano,

Leave not in the lurch this sacrificed one, oh Rano!

It does not befit you to refuse those who sacrifice so much.

حال قربان، مال قربان، گهوريان لڊاڻو،
فدا ٿيل فقير جو، شل رسي مَ راڻو!
مين سين ماڻهو، مناسب ناهي مينڌرا!

## Section VI

1

"Neither children nor spouse, nor in-laws, nor any kith or kin I have,

Love! without you, I have been rendered, helpless,"

'Messenger, convey this message to the lord of Dhatt.

نه وارث، نه ولهو، نه سڱ نيا سياڪو،
تو پڇاٽا، سپرين! آيم اولاڪو،
پانڌيا! پاراپو، ڏجانءِ ڍاٽيءَ ڍول کي.

2

Soda! turn your camel to this humble one's home,

Kak is of no concern to me, I pine for you alone,

Put away your suspicions and doubts, come to the one who longs for you.

ڪرهو ڪميڻيءَ ڏي، سوڍا! وار سڄاڻ!
ڪوهه ڪريان ڪاڪ کي؟ تن توهين ڏي تاڻ،
لاهي غير گمان، اڱڻ آءُ اُڪنڊيين.

3

Be reconciled and enter longing one's yard,
Even a moment's separation now to bear is hard,
With your love-emanating glances, my heart do heal.

اگڻ آءُ اُڪنڊين، پرچي پيارا!
پلڪ پراهون نہ سهانءِ، جيءَ جا جيارا،
نينهن جا نيزارا، سچ، تہ مان سور لهي.

4

Quilts, pillows and long pillows lie unused,
The sight of linen brought by you, does me no good,
I face displeased relatives and Rano's absence, who returns not.

پس تو شڪون، تڪيا سيئي وهاڻا،
پسيو هنڌ، پڇي هيون، جي حبيبن هاڻا،
هڪ ڏنگا ڏاڏاڻا، ٻيو موٽيو تان نہ ميندرو.

5

Soda, your separation has caused pain to my eyes,
Longing for your company, my eyes are dried,
What grace and charm can there be in the sight of longing ones?

سوڍا! سور سڪائيون، اکيون آب نہ ڪن،
راڻي جي رهاڻ لئي، وروٽيون وڃن،
سي ڪيئن، ميندرا! مچن؟ جي تو سوريءَ چاڙهيا.

6

If you come to my house and be my guest,
I will burn my ego in the flames,
For you I will make an offering of myself, my kith and kin.

مون گهر اچي جي ٿئي، ميندرو مهمان،
آڻي جهوڪيان آگ ۾، چيري وجهان چاڻ،
تاڻي تنورن ۾، ٻيري هٽان پاڻ،
پيڪن سوڍو پاڻ، گهر ٽڙ، گهوريان پرتان.

7

Pitch your tent in Kak, Rano! and stay here,
Find out who all are the palace dwellers,
Lose not this chance, lest too late you repent.

ڪوڙ ڦنا تون ڪاڪ ۾، راڻا ويهہ رهي،
ماڙهو جي محلات جا، سوڍا! ڪج سهي،
وينديءِ ڳالهہ وهي، وڪر پونديئن ولها!

## Section VII

1

"Blame not me and go not to Dhatt, oh love!
I abide by the pledge I to you did give.
In your memory I have shed many tears in my place,
Like poison are now to me palace and all its

ڍٽ مَ وڃج، ڍول! ڪاڻياري ڪاڪ ڪري!
آئون اڳهين آهيان، ٻڌي تنهنجي ٻول،
توکي ساري، سپرين! رنم منجهہ رتول،
تڪاڻا ۽ ٿول، وسهہ، مون وهہ ٿيا.

comforts.

2

Sodo took my soul with himself, leaving here my skeleton,

I only long for Rano's vision,

My eyes see none save you.

سوڍي سرنيون، هت ڪرنگهر سڪٽو،
راڻي جي رهاڻ لاءِ، سڪي ساهه پيو.
پسان ڪين ٻيو، تو ريءَ اکڙين سين.

3

Unjust has Rano been to me, oh friends!

My body shivers, I fall, my brain is crazed,

I stay not at one place, my mind wanders in search.

راڻي رڻ ڪيو، جيڏيون! منهنجي جيءَ سين،
من ميندري وڍيو، ڏيي ڌڙ پيو،
ٻجهان ٻهر ويو، هيون هنڌ نه اڳهين.

4

Rano, I look at beds and rooms and weep,

Dust gathers on beds and coaches where none now sleeps,

Pillows too lie covered with dust,

Buildings, trees, perfumes and flowers lie now faded.

Oh Mendhra! without you with whom I will fuss about.

رڻان تي، راڻا! هنڌ نهاريو حجرا،
پيئي کِهه کٽن تي، ٿيا پلنگ پراڻا،
ڏريائي ڏوڙا ٿيا، وري ريءَ وهاڻا،
جايون، گل، جبات، وڻ توريءَ ڪوماڻا،
"ميندرا! ماڻا، توريءَ ڪنديس ڪن سين؟

5

Oh Mendhra! your coming and going in haste was unjust,

Were you not my spouse? Why did you not ask and wait?

You then would have known who was the sleeping one.

جيئن ايندي ئي موٽين، ميندرا، وڏي جاڙ ڪياءِ،
ور نه هئين؟ هوند جٿي مون جاڳاءِ،
ته سُتي جي ساڃاءِ، سوڍا! سگهائي ٿئي.

6

Rano does not complain, nor like the rest of the world weep,

Tears do not roll down his cheeks.

جڳ جئن چوءِ، سوڍو تيئن نه سڪيو،
راڻو تيئن نه روءِ، ڳوڙهو جئن ڳل ڳڙي.

7

Blooming gardens, on Kaks river banks, I shun,

Without Sodo in Kak for me there is no fun,

Rano, with love's rope has tied me tight like a boat.

تن باغئون بس، جي ڪنڌيءَ ڪاڪ ڪڪوريا،
سوڍي ريءَ، سرتيون! ڪاڪ نه اچي ڪس،
راڻي پائي رس، تُن پيڙيءَ جيئن تاڻيو.

## Section VIII

1

I was not wise and made mistakes of many kinds,
Yesterday, all these short-comings came to my mind.

ڪين ساڃاهير، سپرين! جاڙون ڪير جال،
سوڍا! مون کي ڪال، موڙي مُنهن ۾ آئيون.

2

I realise my faults, your silence is a lesson to me,
Your patience has become a wise guide for me.

خاموشي خبر جي، مومل ٿي مت،
صبر ٿيو سپت، منهنجي حق، ميندرا!

3

My love has concealed my faults, else I would have been exposed,
Having forgiven me, he made me mercy's cloud for Kak.

ڍولي ڍڪي آهيان، هيس اگهاڙي،
ڏيئي لک لاڙي، ڪڪر ڪيائم ڪاڪ جو.

4

Soda, your patience is pride for the knowing ones,
Respect those who reprimand in silent terms.

سوڍا! صبر تنهنجو، مرڪ لڄائين،
چُپ سين جي چون، ادب ڪجي اُن جو.

5

Soda! your silence is a lesson to us all,
Destiny favoured me and then I was foolishly led to my fall.

سوڍا! صبر تنهنجو، سيکاري سڀس،
پڇي تڻان پهس، مونکي ضيب نيئي جهليو.

6

Soda! your patience brings the erring ones on right track,
Patience's tool led me to repent in haste.

سوڍا! صبر تنهنجو، بي عقل آڻي باز،
سندي صبر ساز، توبهہ ڪيم تڪڙي.

7

Those in whose faces are noses made by klins,
What difference to them is it if one nose is cut?
Those who in poverty their honour retain, even in adversity are distinguished.

جنين سندي مُنهن ۾، نيهائيون نڪن،
تڻان وڍيو هيڪڙو، تہ ڪهڙو ٿورو تن،
سي مر سڃائي سونهن، جن پلي پينگ پرم جو.

## Section IX

1

From Rano's[1] mates, a yogi[2] with a message came,
Like the moon, light on all he spread,

راڻي جيءَ رهاڻ مان، ڪو آديسي آيو،
چوڏهينءَ ماه چنڊ جيئن، ڪيو سامِيءَ سهائو،

Darkness disappeared[3] when yogi's light shone so bright.

لٿو اُنداهو، جوڳيءَ سنديءَ جوت سان.

2

A yogi came from Rano's mates,

Perfumed with sweet smell of musk was all land,

This accomplished one was coming from that place.

راڻي جيءَ رهاڻ مان، ڪو آيو آديسي،

ڪٿوري خوشبوءِ سين، ولات سڀ واسي،

سوڌو، سنياسي، اُتاهين ٿي آئيو.

3

A fresh message from Rano came last night,

From the Bountiful one, we got this prize,

Ask not of ancestry or caste,[4] all who come here acceptance find.

نئون نياپو آيو، راڻي وٽان رات،

"لڌيسون،" لطيف چئي، "ڪنان ڏاتر ڏات،"

"ڪهڙي پڇن ذات، جي آيا سي اگهيا."

4

Where do I direct the camel? All is light.

Whithin me is Kak's colourful palace, within me is Ludano bright,

All is Rano and Rano, nothing else exists.

ڪيڏانهن ڪاهيان ڪرهو، چوڌس چٽاڻو،

مَنجهين ڪاڪ ڪڪوري، منجهين لڊاڻو،

راڻو ئي راڻو، ريءَ راڻي ٻيو ناه ڪو.

5

Where should I direct my camel? All is bright!

Within is Kak's colourful palace, within is spring's delight!

Save Mendharo nothing else I find.

ڪيڏانهن ڪاهيان ڪرهو؟ چٽاڻو چوڌار،

منجهين ڪاڪ ڪڪوري، منجهين باغ بهار،

ڪانهي ٻي تنوار، ٿيو مٽوئي مينڌرو.

# Marui
## Introduction

Both the earlier surs, Leela Chanesar and Moomal Rano deal with man's fall from Divine grace by making a slip. In this sur, the evolved human self in its efforts for a higher life, resists all temptations and lures that confront one during this journey. The sur begins by making a mention of the memorable words of the Holy Quran that when God after creating the souls asked them collectively, "Am I not your Lord?" the souls replied "Verily, Thou art." According to this covenant by which man has pledged himself, the mystic believes that his only purpose in life is to lead a pure, sinless life and cultivate within himself attributes of God, so that he is ultimately rewarded with the vision Beautific which is his ultimate goal.

The folk tale of this allegory is given below:

Umar Soomro ruled over Sindh from 1355 A. D. to 1390 A. D. During his rule, in a village of Thar called Malir, lived a poor, simple goat-herd named Palno. His wife's name was Madoi. These simple, hard working people used to daily take their herd of cattle for grazing and tender to their other needs.

Their food was simple. It consisted of milk, butter-milk and some crude vegetables that the land yielded. They also had a small piece of land, for which they had hired the services of a man named Phog.

They were very content in their simple life, free from all formalities and conventions. More than all this, they were happy because they had been blessed with a very beautiful daughter named Marui.

In course of time, Phog fell in love with Marui and asked the parents for her hand in marriage. The parents refused and informed him that she was already engaged to one of their own family member, named Khetseen. Phog's unrequited love now tried to find satisfaction by planning to keep Marui away from Khetseen if he himself could not many her. He went to the ruler Umar Soomro, and praised Marui's beauty to such an extent that Umar was tempted to have her as his wife by fair or foul means.

Disguised and accompanied by Phog, after three days' journey on camel, the two of them reached Malir. According to her usual routine, Marui had come to the well to fetch water with a friend of hers. Umar got down from the camel's back and asked her for some water. Taking him to be a thirsty traveller, she advanced to offer him the drink. At this opportunity, inspite of all her resistence, he forcibly caught hold of her and brought her on camel back to his palace in Umarkote.

Umar would daily visit Marui and tempt her with gold, jewellery, rich dresses,

perfumes, good food and other valuable gifts, along with a comfortable life if she would agree to marry him. But Marui was not tempted by any of these things and kept on pining for her people, her betrothed Khetseen, and her village Malir. She would remember her village's free life, its grasses and shrubs, its deserts and its desert products and its scarce spells of rain which would make the desert bloom. Umar now devised another plan by which he thought, he would be able to win her consent. He imprisoned her in the fort but neither the comforts of the palace nor the severity of the prison life and its chains could make this simple village girl either give her consent or forget her poor, hard working, thrifty people. She would neither keep herself clean, nor change her clothes. Her unkempt, unwashed hair became knotty and her dress tattered. She became lean and haggard. When the thought of approaching death came to her, she sent for Umar and requested him that if she died in Umar Kote, he would at least send her body to Malir, to be buried there under its cool earth. Seeing her firm resolve even in the face of death, Umar was at last touched and he sent word to her people, the Marus, to take her away. Marus out of fear of Umar, had not even tried to contact her. She then returned to her native place and to her people in the midst of great rejoicings.

Thus sur in addition to being a spiritual allegory, is a song of patriotism. Just as the individual human soul longs to return to its original abode, so did Marui long to return to her native place Malir. The former aim can only be accomplished by constant rememberance of the Lord and by cultivating godly attributes in oneself so as to live a pure, blameless life without being lured by the many frivolous attractions of the world. Unless one endeavours to live this kind of life and is able to return in the same pure state as it came in this world, the desired goal cannot be achieved as Latif says:

سونهن وڃايم سومرا، ميرو منهن ٿيوم،
وڃڻ تت پيوم، جت هلڻ ناهه حسن ري.

Soomra! my beauty is gone, my face is dirty,

I have to go there, where none is received without beauty.

In the latter case, it is essential for Marui to keep on remembering her native land and her people, only then is her return possible. We see her longing and pining away for her native land's flora and fauna and its scenic beauty after the rains. She longs to return as she has come, in the same dress, without making use of any of the comforts and even essential cleanliness offered to her in the palace.

Through copious use of symbols, after introducing the spiritual allegory, Latif devotes much time and attention to Marui and to her longing and lamentation for her people and for her native land, in between reminding us of the spiritual allegory. We also learn much about the social condition of the people of Thar, their mode of life and their hardships which have not changed much even to this day.

Section I

1

When the words "Am I not your Lord?"[1] on my ears fell,
"Verily Thou art"[2] with all my heart I said,
At that moment I made a pledge with my love.

"الست بربڪم"، جڏهن ڪن پيوم،
"قالو بليٰ" قلب سين، تڏهن تت چيوم،
تنهين وير ڪيوم، وچن ويڙهيچن سين.

2

When God said "Be"[3] and it Became",[4] my heart was my love's since then,
Why then oh Soomra! you put on me chains?
Prince has forcibly put chains on my frame.

جڏهن ڪن فيڪون، من تڏهانڪو مارئين،
تون ڪيئن وجهين تن کي، سومرا شڪون؟
هميرن هڪون، جاڙجسي کي پاتيون.

3

Before "Be"3 was said and it "Became'4, before anything came to exist,
Before there was knowledge of good or temptation to sin,
Only God was there, He alone did exist,
There Marui solved the secret of secrets, Latif says,
Eyes and heart then recognised Him.

نڪا "ڪن فيڪون" هئي، نڪا مورت ماه،
نڪا سڌ ثواب جي، نڪو عرض گناه،
هيڪائي هيڪ هئي، وحدانيت واه،
"لکيائين" لطيف چئي، "ات ڳجهاندر ڳاه،
اکين ۽ ارواح، اُها ساڃاءِ، سڃرين!

4

In this prison of fate, I am depressed,
My body is here, my heart with people of desert,
God Almighty, unite me soon with my dear ones.

"قيد الماءِ" ٿيوم، هت اڙانگي ڳماريان،
"هناڪ جسمي والفواد لديڪم"، هنئون هت سنلوم،
قادر شال ڪندوم، ميڙاڪو سين مارين.

5

No prison is like the prison of what is destined,
What was to happen, the pen wrote, it got dried.
Umar may this desert dweller receive liberty from your hands.

جهڙو "قيد الماءِ" تهڙو بند نه ڪيو ڪيو،
"جف القلم بما هو ڪائن،" لهي نه ترتئاءِ،
عمرا تو هٿاءِ، آجائي ٿئي آجڙين!

6

Without my desert folks, I am distressed,
May I keep pledge with one for whom my eyes blood shed,

ري‍ءَ اعرابين هت، ڳمنگهر ڳماره مون ٿيو،
"بڪت العينان في هواڪ دما"، پچان ساڻ پرت،

My eyes, heart and soul are there where my friends took birth.

من، اکيون، تن تت، تجي جنب جيڏيين.

7

This palace, sisters, without my people, I would burn,

For my people I long, 'all things to their origin return",[5]

Could I go back and see Malir my native land.

هي هنڌ ماڙيون هاڻ، ساڙيون سپ ڏيهين ريءَ،
"ڪل شيءِ يرجع الي اصله" ٿي جهڄن جهلڳين ڪاڻ
يري پنهنجي پاڻ، پسان ملڪ ملير جو!

Section II

1

No messenger on foot or on camel has come,

No one has come to me from my dear ones,

Who would bring their news or letters to me.

نڪو اير، نہ پير، نڪو اوٺي آئيو،
مون وٽ آيو ڪون ڪو، پائران پري پير،
ڪتابتون ڪير، آڻي ڏيندم اُن جون؟

2

Oh Camel rider! would a messenger from there, here reach,

So fort's dirty streets begin to smell sweet,

Come, that those feet that touched Thar's dust, I wipe with my eyes.

In God's name, delay not your coming here,

Who would live in these rooms? In palace depressed I feel.

اوٺي! گوني آڻيين، ڪو هتي جو هت هير،
تہ ڪنا جي ڪوٽن جا، ٿين سرها سير،
آءُ تہ اکيين اگهان، جي پائر ڏنءِ پير،
"الله لڳ"، لطيف چئي، لاءِ مَ تون اوير،
ڪوٺيين گهاري ڪير، محلين مُنجهي مون هنئون!

3

How to write, when destiny destroys those leaves?

It brought to the pyre of fire those who union achieved,

I weep day and night, for many twists lie in their speech.

جي امر هڻنيو اڏ ڪري، سي ڪاغذ لکان ڪيئن؟
واڳيون جي وصال سين، تنين چاڙهي چيهن،
رئان راتو ڏينهن، جيئن اُن جي وائيءَ ۾ ورگهڙا.

4

Umar, Maru's many habitations lie in Thar's green spots,

In mourning they have erased the red wax work on their shawls,

Umar, set me free that I cattle graze and feed.

ٿر ٿر اندر ٿاڪ، عمرا مارُوئڙن جا،
"لاٿائين"، لطيف چئي، مٿان لوئيءَ لاک،
عمرا ڪريو آک، پهريو ٿي پن چران،

5

My blouse in hundred places I darn, my shawl is now a rag,

Hoping soon to return, I did not wear good dress.

Lord! protect that shawl that in Thar I wore.

سهـــين سيبا ڪنجري، لوئي ليڙ ٿيام،
اباڻن جي آسري، ڪتي ڪان ڪيام،
جا ڍٺ ڍڪيام، تنهنجو پرور! پن رهائيين!

6

My shawl is in tatters, my blouse's hundred holes I darn,

I do not oil my hair, it remains dry and in knots,

Save seeing Maru's face, no other ambition do hamir, have

Hamir, in this state may I return to my native land.

سهـــين سيبا ڪنجري، لوئي ليڙون ليڙ،
واسي وار نہ ويڙهيان، مر چڳون رهن چيڙ،
ماروءَ جي مهاڙ ريءَ، اندر ناه اُڪير،
ههڙو حال، همير! وڃي شال ويڙه وڃان!

7

This innocent niaid, darns her blouse, keeps her love intact,

Worn out shawl she mends, this faithful maid,

So none may say "those born in thar, I disgraced".

سبي، سيبا ڏي، پوري نينهن نہ ڪچوئي،
ڪتيءَ وٽيون ڪتيون، سستي سيڻ سي،
مڃڻ چونم ڪي، لڄائي ٿر ڄائيون!

Section III

1

Women of Thar, wear not silken dresses,

Far superior to any shawl, are theirs, in wax worked,

Their shawls made of wool are far better to any velvet or silk,

My rough shawl of wool, I prefer to royal red dresses of silk,

Ashamed I would be to exchange my people's given shawl so coarse.

پٽولا پنوهاريون، مور نہ مٿي ڪن،
جہ لاک رتائون لوئيون، تہ سالنئان سونهن،
اُن ايلاچنئون اڳري، بخمل بافتن،
سکر پائنان، سومرا! ڪٿي ڪان ڪهنبن،
جا ڏنيم ڏاڏاڻن، سالاهيندي لڄ مران.

2

Dresses of brocade and silk I will not wear,

For costly fine stuffs and blue silk clothes I do not care,

With Maroo may I enjoy milk- white blankets!

I long for my love who dwells in deserts.

ارم هڏ مَ اوڍيان، پٽولا، پٽ چير،
پانڏوٽا ٻن ڏيان، ارغج ۽ عبير،
ماروءَ سين شل ماڻيان، ڪٿيون جهڙيون کير!
اندراج اڪير، مون کي پرينءَ پنوهار جي.

3

Maru's betrothal's threads to me, are like gold,

Umar! tempt me not with rich clothes,

Dear to me is each thread of rough shawl that my folks gave to me.

سون برابر سڳڙا، ماروءَ سندا مون،
پٽولا پهنوار کي، عمر! آڇ م تون،
ور لوئيءَ جي لون، ڏاڏاڻن ڏنيام جا.

4

Those threads to me are like gold, priceless my shawl's each warp and web,

Silver I spurn, like straw to me is your wealth.

My hair has Maru's betrothal oil on them, your oil I disdain.[6]

سون برابر سڳڙا، لون لون برابر لک،
ريو جنهن رد ڪيو، ڪوڙ تهين کي ڪک،
مون ماروءَ جو مک، تيل نہ لائيان تنهنجو.

5

My heart dyed in Maru's love, your oil I disdain,

I will hear not else, with hope for him I wait.

تيل نہ لايان تنهنجو، مون ماروءَ جو من،
ڪريان ٻي نہ ڪن، آهر اُنهين آهيان.

6

Bangles of glass desert dwellers' women wear,

Proudly they wear, what others are shy to hear.

ڪراين ڪروڙ جا، چوڙا ڪوڙا جن،
سو مرڪ ماروئڙن، جئان لوڪ لڄ ٿئي.

7

Black threads round our wrists, gold to us is mourning's sign,

Welcome tome is hunger and food spare, in company of my own kin.

ڪارا ڪراين ۾، سون اسان کي سوڳ،
ورجيڏين سين جوڳ، فاقو فرحت پانئيان!

8

Desert dwellers change not their love for glittering gold,

I will not misconceive, being in Umarkote,

Nor will I exchange love of huts, for gorgeous mansions.

اِي نہ ماري ريت، جيئن سيڻ مٽائن سون تي،
اچي عمرڪوٽ ۾، ڪنديس ڪان ڪريت،
پکن جي پريت، ماڙيءَ سين نہ مٽيان،

9

Blessed are those desert maids whose honour desert protects,

Gum trees and forest fruits keep my people safe,

Creepers surround them from all sides

This desolation, me the unfortunate one, in dower received.

ور سي وطن ڄائيون، صحرا سترجن!
گولاڙا ۽ گگريون، اوچڻ اباڻن،
ويڙهيا گهمن وليين، جهانگي منجهہ جهنگن،
مون کي ماروئڙن، سڄ ڳڻائي سيج ۾!

10

Their feet on clean ground, rain water their drink, wool their covering,
Their abode under cluster of trees has no threat, essly they
Live, forgetting self, They are not defiant, Umar! . do not harm to them.

بلرپيڻ، اوڇڻ اُن، جن جا پير مٿي پٽ پاڪ،
وهڻ وراڪن ۾، اُن جي اجو ڪي اوطاق،
پاڻ نہ پسن پاڻ ڪي، ويچارا بي باڪ،
عمر! اوءِ نہ عاق، ڏکيا جم ڏکوئين!

11

What for you is Eid Soomra, for us is mourning,
They have forgotten happiness and Eid shopping,
Longing to see me, Mahir's folk are suffering.

جا، عمر! تو مل عيد، سا اسان سوءِ ورتي سومرا،
ويئي ويچارن وسري، خوشي ۽ خريد،
سڪڻ ڪيا شهيد، مارو جي ملير جا.

Section IV

1

Marui washes not her hair, she long's for her folks,
This maid of that place there, weeps and makes others' eves sore,
She remembers Thar and in its memory grieves,
I-air maid, hears naught save her folks' speech,
Be compassionate oh Soomra! and release her from the fort.

مينڍيا ڌوءِ نہ مارئي، پيس پهنواريون چت،
راج رئاري هنجون هاري، هيءَ هتيجي هت،
آهس پائر پار جو، ڪجهڻ ۽ ڪپت،
وينگس ويڙيچن ريءَ، مس سٽي ڪا مت،
سومرا! سپت، ڪر تہ ڪوٽئان نڪري.

2

Marui is restless in palace, her face is drawn,
She oils not her dry hair, her beauty, suffering has marred,
She is in chains bereft of all joys and laughs,
Those with wounded hearts, find no releif in dressing their locks.

محلين ماندي مارئي، ڏتيم مُنهن ملور،
اٽيا سٽيا نہ ڪري، سونهن وڃايس سور،
"پيس لوه" لطيف چئي، "لٽس ڪوڏ ڪپور،
"چت جنين جا چور، سي مکي مرڪ نہ ڪنديون."

3

Facing Malir, Marui cries and says,
Your comforts to me are like being on scaffold,
I belong to Maroo, will not be your wife by force,
The heart that is captured by Malir's folks can't be happy in forts.

ڪريو مهاڙ ملير ڏي، روءِ اُپي چوءِ،
سهج سوري پانئيان، سومرا! سندوءِ،"
"مِلڪ ماروءَ جي آهيان، جورن ٿيان جوءِ،
"سو قلب ڪوٽ نہ هوءِ، جو هتيجن هٿ ڪيو.

4

Other prisoners are at rest, I alone am restless in chains,
My people's memory, hangs like a sword overhead.

بندي ٻيا قرار، اسين لوچون لوھ ۾،
مٿي تن ترار، سدا سانييڙن جي.

5

Those for whom I these rags wear,
Not even once have they about me enquired,
Big buildings and spacious rooms worry me not,
Not Umar's buildings but my people's indifference, hurts me most.

لنگڙياري لوءِ ۾، جنين لاءِ ٿياس،
تنين تر جيترو پلڪ نہ پڇياس،
جھروڪن جھوريو ھيون، ڪوٺين آئون ڪوٺياس،
مارن مُنجھ مياس، نت ماڙين ماريس ڪين ڪي.

6

Fortune's favourite I will be, if I reach my spouse,
To see my folks, is like daily seeing them a new.

جي ويجھي ٿيان ورڪي، تہ سڀاڳو مِ سئون،
نت نت آهِ نئون، مون کي پسڻ پھنوارن جو.

7

Soomra! how can I give up my folks' thoughts?
Their love is nailed within my heart,
With thousand rivets their love is fixed within,
Many days have passed since I saw my folks or their huts.

آئون ڪيئن ڇڏيان، سومرا! تن پھنوارن پچار؟
جڙ جنين جي جان ۾، لڳي ريءَ لھار،
ميخون محبت سنديون، ھينئڙي منجھ ھزار،
پکا ءِ پھنوار ڏٺي مون ڏينھن ٿيا!

## Section V

1

My folks will accept me not, my beauty is gone,
My Cousins, some taunt me, others will taunt,
Remove my chains that I be free to leave your fort.

سونھن وڃايم، سومرا! مارو مس مڃين،
ڏنگا ڏاڏي پوٽيين، ڪن ڏنا، ڪي ڏين،
جي مان لوھ لاھين، تہ ڪوٽن ۾ ڪين ھٽان،

2

Soomra! my beauty is gone, my face is dirty,
I have to go there, where none is received without beauty.

سونھن وڃايم سومرا! ميرو مُنھن ٿيوم،
وڃڻ تت پيوم، جت ھلڻ ناھ حسن ريءَ.

3

Soomra! my beauty is lost, how will they me accept?

سونھن وڃايم، سومرا! ٿينديس ڪيئن قبول؟

With this dirty face, what happiness in spouse's company can I get?

ڪونهي سهڳ، نہ سول، پوڄي مُنهن پهنوارسين!

4

Those who live in Malir, have faces full of grace,

Their goodness has brought blessings to many a simple face,

Ill luck brought me to this state where I lost my beauty.

تن مُنهن موچارا مارئين، ملير جنين ماڳ،
ناقص نوازي گهڻا، سندو تن سياڳ،
اڳڻ مون اياڳ، حسن هت هيئن ويو.

5

There is no other God but He, misfortunes are All ordained

Say "no trouble comes to you, save what He ordains"[7]

Luck or ill luck to Marui are the same.

ڪونهي قادر ڪيو ٻيو، اُنين جو اياڳ،
"قلن لن يصيبنا الا ما ڪتب الله،" اي معذرت ماڳ،
سيوئي سياڳ، مارئيءَ مساوي ٿيو.

## Section VI

1

If I could return to my folks as I came,

Seasonal rain of joy, Latif says, will fall for them.

Palace is a reproach to me for rest of my days,

By coming here, blameworthy to my spouse I became,

How will I hold my head high in my folks' huts?

جهڙي آيس جيئن، جي تهڙي وڃان تن ڏي،
"تہ لالائي جا" لطيف چئي، "ڪرمندن اٿا مينهن"،
ماڙيءَ لڳم مهڻو، سڀ ڄماندر سيئن،
ٿيس ڪاڻياري ڪاند جي، هتي اچي هيئن،
ڪنڌ ڪڍنديس ڪيئن، مُنهن ماروئڙن جي؟

2

I wish I had never been born or died at birth

My birth has been a source of misery to my Kith.

هيڪ جڻن نہ ڄاياس، ٻيو ڄاپندئي جي مران!
گهنگهر گهڻو ٿياس، ڄاپي ماروئڙن کي!

3

Soomra Lord! tempt me not to break my pledge,

Ruler! I will return after spending here some days,

Lest I may not hold my head high in Malir.

سيل پيچڻ جي، سومرا! مون کي مت مَ آڇج، مير!
ٿورين گهڙين ڏينهڙين، وينديس هت، همير!
مڇڻ منجهہ ملير، ڪنڌ مٿانهون نہ ڪڍان.

4

Would that Marui had not been born; would that she had been dead!

مَ سپني مارئي! مُئي! مَ ڄائي!
جنهن اچي عمر ڪوٽ ۾، لوئي لڄائي!

Who by coming to Umar Kote, has her rough shawl disgraced,

She who craves for Marus, will take in palaces no pride.

جا سانگين سيڏائي، ساڪين مرڪي ماڙئين.

5

God Almighty! let me not die in this prison,

My body in chains, day and night I weep,

Let my days end, when my native place I reach.

”الا! ايئن مَ هوءِ، جيئن آءٌ مران بند ۾!“

”جسو زنجيرن ۾، راتو ڏينهان روءِ،

پهرين وجان لوءِ، پوءِ مر پڄنم ڏينهڙا!

6

For what crime am I confined to this jail?

Am I to be taunted and have chains round my neck?

Umar! if I die here, take my body to my native land.

آئون بندياٽي بند ۾، ڪ ڪي پيس بند؟

مُهين لڳو مهڻو، ڪ مُهين ڪڙو ڪنڌ؟

”مران“ جي هن هنڌ، تہ نجائن مٿث مليرڏي.“

7

If I die, longing for my native land,

Free my body from these chains.

Keep no more this stranger away from her love,

Over my dead body, spread Malir's cool earth,

When I die, send my body to Malir, my native land.

”واجهائي وطن کي، ساري ڏيان ساه،“

”ٻت منهنجو ٻند ۾، قيد مَ ڪريجاه،“

”پر ڏيهياٽي پريئن ريءَ، ڏاڙ مَ ڏريجاه،“

”تڏي وسائجانءِ ٿرن جي، مٽي مُٺيءَ مٿاه،“

جي پويون ٿئي پساه، تہ نجانءِ مڙه مليرڏي.

8

Longing for my native land, if I die,

Send my corpse to my native land, let it there lie.

Let me be buried beside my Marus in Thar,

If my dead body goes to Malir, I will, revive again.

”واجهائي وطن کي، ساري ڏيان، ساه،“

”هي سر ساڙيه سامهون، منهنجو نج، ميان!

”مقامياٽي مارئين، وجي ٿر ٿيان!“

”ميائي جيان، جي وجي مڙه مليرڏي.“

9

Longing for my native land, if here I die,

Make my grave beside my folks, oh Soomra!

Let me be placed near climbers fragrant,

Though dead, I will live if my body is sent to Malir.

واجهائي وطن کي، آئون جي هت مياس،

گور منهنجي، سومرا! ڪج پنوهارن پاس،

ڏج ڏاڏاٽي ڏيه، جي، منجهان ولڙين واس،

ميائي جياس جي وجي مڙه مليرڏي.

10

Iron rings mund my neck, handcuffs, and chains,

ڳچيءَ ڳانا لوه جا، زيريون ۽ زنجير،

My feet are fettered, doors of room are nailed,
Spies roam in yard, ministers are on guard,
Unhappy me in this state in a room I am locked,
Oh Malir's head man! come and enquire after Malir's maid.

پيڪڙا پيرن ۾، ڪوٺين اندر ڪير،
چاري چوگانن ۾، واهيت ڪن وزير،
چن نہ چچي آهيان، اهڙيءَ سٽ سرير،
مارو ڄام مليرا! پڇج ڪي پهنوار ڪي.

11

Handcuffs, and chains have shaken this maid,
I am reduced to bones, worrying over Soomro's intent,
Friends, pray for me that my rough shawl's honour is preserved.

زيرين ٻيڙين لوه ۾، ڳٽن ٽيس ڳاه،
سنڪي سندي سومري، مورنہ چاڙهيم ماه،
سرتيون! دعا ڪجاه، تہ پرم پاروڙيءَ رهي!

12

My shawl of rough white wool, may its honour be preserved!
I will dam all my shawl's holes,
Oh Umar! let this innocent maid return secure,
I promised my friends to be with them in season of rain.

پرم پاروڙيءَ رهي، جنهن ۾ اڇي اُن!
تہ پرڻ ويڻي ونڏيان، توڙي پونس ٽُن،
غافل رک غريب کي، عمرا منجهہ امن،"
"سرتين ساڻ سمن، آهيم اُني مينهڙي."

## Section VII

1

My folks smile, spring returns,
I think of them, their cattles' paths, and their young ones,
Near piles of sand now lie my loved ones' huts.

پنوهارن پاٻوهيو، وريا واهندا،
"ساريم سيڻ"، سيد چئي، "ڳاڏيليون گندا،"
پٽن پر هوندا. پنگا پڙ پيتار جا.

2

My folks smile, spring rain falls,
All their worries are over, strong grow calves,
Soft wool of sheep they shear,
Umar! Maru women, sitting beside their spouses, wool weave.
In Thar even the lambs have given their back's wool
In Thar, they weave good and beautiful shawls,

پنوهارن پاٻوهيو، ڪي وس واهندن،
"لٿو سيءَ" لطيف چئي، "ٻڏو ڦڻ ڦرن،"
اوءِ ٿا ڪورن ڪنئري، سرتيون مٿاسمن،
عمرا اُن اڳندري، پاسي ڪانڌ ڪتن،
پائر ڏنيون پٺيون، ننڍين نوراپن،
ڪائر ڪٿيون خاصيون، اوچيون اُت اڇن،
ڪڍيو پيڻ ڪهن، ملير گهرجي مارئي،

While starching shawls women cry, "We need Marui in Malir."

3

Soomra! Maru gather forests' fruit and grain for daily use,

Stalks of grass they gather to dry,

From lumb grass they extract rice and cook,

Umar, they will not exchange their dish made of white flowers for your pullao.[8]

آٽين ڪي چاڙهين، ڏٿ ڏيهاڙي سومرا!
"ستا ڪيو"، سيد چئي، "سائون سڪائين"،
"منجهان لنب"، لطيف چئي، "چائر ڪيو چاڙهين"،
پلاءُ نه پاڙين، عمر! آراڙيءَ سين.

4

Always abundance find with these contended folks,

"We select and bring full of wild berries many a branch,"

Those who frequent thick forests, are never in need.

تن وهين ويڙيچن ۾، سدائين سڪار،
چنڊيو، آٽيو چاڙهيون، سندو ڏونرن ڏار،
جن جوويڙن سين واپار، سي ڏوٿي هون نه ڏيرا،

5

Strong and healthy they are, being content with just enough,

They move about wearing a dust covered shawl so rough,

Go to Malir and test their honour, and self-respect so rare.

ٿوري قوت قراريا، رهن سبر ست،
ڪٿيءَ ۾ ڪه پڪلئا، پوٽن اهڙيءَ پت،
پنوهارڪي تپ، پيهي پچ ملير ۾.

6

In Thar there is neither restriction nor tax,

Red flowers from branches they break, in trough to place,

Marus are peerless folks, their Malir a bright and happy land.

نڪاجهل نه پل، نڪورائر ڏيه ۾،
آٽيو وجهن آهرين، روڙيو رئا گل،
مارو پاڻ امل، ملير ون مرڪئون.

7

They sweat with baskets, small and large, on their heads,

Their heels covered with dust, up to their feet they sweat,

These are their signs, I know them by their ways.

مٿن ٽبڪ ٽبڪڙا، چڪندڙا اچن،
ڪڙيون ڪيه پڪليون، پگهر، سر پيرن،
اي وڙ ويڙيچن، مون لوڏان لکيا.

8

”در، دروازا، دريون، هاڻي هتي هو،
ڪوڙيين اڏيان ڪيترا، تنبو مٿان تون،
جي مل نہ آيا، مارئي! تنين رڙ مَ رو،
ڪوڪٽ آهي ڪو، پسيءَ پھنوارن ۾.“

"Palace with many doors and windows for you I will construct," Umar tempts.

"For you I will get many tents made;

Mourn not for those who never to you came".

Marui replies, "some trouble seems to breed in my peasant folks'.

9

”سنھيءَ سئيءَ سبيو، مون ماروءَ سين ساه،
ويٺي ساريان، سومرا! ڳولاڙا ۽ ڳاه،
هنئون منھنجو هت ٿيو، هت مٿي ۾ ماه،
پکن منجھ پساه، قالب آهي ڪوٽ ۾.

My soul with a fine needle with that of Maroo is stitched,

Sitting here peasants and grass, I recollect,

My body is imprisoned in palace, my soul lies in huts.

10

سنھي سئيءَ سبيو، مون ماروءَ سين مَن،
هٽي ڪڻ حلم جا، ته وڌائين تن،
ڪئن ٽوپايان ڪن، اباڻي ابريءَ،

With a fine needle my mind is stitched with that of Maru,

In layers with humility's stitches, my body is wrapped,

Without my folks' needle my ears will not be pierced.

11

پاڇاهي نہ پاڙيان، سرتيون! سئيءَ ساڻ،
ڍڪي اگھاڙن کي، ڪين ڍڪيائين پاڻ.
ٻيھر ڄاپي ڄاڻ، ابر جي اوصاف کي.

Friends! kingship I compare not with the needle,

Needle covers naked ones, itself remains uncovered,

Die and be born again to know needle's worth.

## Section VIII

1

ڇُرن، ڇڻڪن چت ۾، وساريان، ڪين وري!
ڪنا عھد ”الست“ جي، ڪ تھائين پري،
”لم يلد ولم يولد“ مارئي ڪوه ڪري؟
اڄ ڪ ڪالھ مري، ساري سانيڙن کي!

Those whom I cannot forget, in my mind do live,

Since the promise of Alast or before,

"He is not begotten nor does He beget,"[9] can Marui help?

Remembering Him Marui may die any day.

2

How can I forget who are in my mind always?

Pure drink from love's fountain they made we take,

Memory of huts keeps Marui alive,

In rainy season they go out, leaving all they possess.

چُرن، چٽڪن چت ۾، وساريان، ڪين وري!
جن ٿي پي پياريو، منجهان سڪ سري،
ونهين ويڙهيچن جي، سٿائين سري،
ٿرن ٿوڪ ڏري، اُني ويڙا اَڪري.

3

He in my mind is always sought,

"Nothing is like Him," woe! that I see Him not,

For my Love has built his hut in non-existance.

چرن، چٽڪن چت ۾، وساريان ڪين ورن!
"ليس ڪمثله شيءِ" پسڻ ناه پرين!
پڪا پهنوارن، نيئي اڏيا ناه ۾!

4

They are in my memory and in my soul,

In rainy season to plains go my folks.

At dawn I recall much preparations for making whey,

Blessed be Malir's salty wells from which I water drew.

چُرن چٽڪن چت ۾، رهيا اندر روح،
اُني ويڙا اَڪري، مارو مٿي موه،
ويرون ولوڙڻ جون، ساريان گهڻو صبوح،
ور سي ڪارا کوه، سنجهه جي ساڙيه جا!

5

In deserts they dig wells to water their goats and sheep,

At dawn women draw water from wells, three hundred feet deep,

Pouring water in buckets, they raise shouts of glee.

Every day I feel a new my folks' separation's pangs.

بير کنيائون بر ۾، پيارين پهون،
سنجن سانيڪن تي، وڏيءَ وير وهون،
پايو جرجنڊن ۾، ڪوڏان ڪن کهون،
ڏينهان ڏينهن نئون، مون وره ويڙهيچن جو.

6

At midnight, women draw water lying so deep,

No chance during the day for those who till dawn sleep,

Unfortunate me, from well they forcibly took away.

آڌيءَ اَٿن تي جيلان پاٽي پاتار ۾،
وارو ويسرين کي، ڏينهان ڪونه ڏئي،
مون ڪميڻيءَ کي، مٿان کوه کڻي ويا!

7

Learning of Marui's fate, those simple women go not to wells,

No maiden of theirs in a palace before was held.

سرتين سنجڻ ڇڏيو، سٽين ڳال سئي،
ماريچي ماڙين ۾، ڪڏهن ڪانه هئي،
عمر! آن مٺي، ان اوپانئيان اڳهين!

Umar! I wish I had died before I heard their taunts.

8

They no more go at dawn to fetch water from the well,
They safely sleep beside their mates,
On both sides of the well, ropes dangle with no concern.

پنيءَ جي پٽڪو نہ سٽان،
سنجڻ واريون سٿيون، وچي ويڙهہ ورن،
پيا سيٽ سڙن، ترهي ٻنهي ڪنڌيين،

9

Umar! my folks keep busy, with whom my thoughts to share?
Those whose talk I cherish, are far from here
They pulled off their huts beside the wells and have left,

عمر! ٿيم اپار، وره وٽيان ڪن سين؟
ڏوٿيڙا ڏور ٿيا، تڳان جن توار،
سٿائون سنگهار، کوهن تان ڪٽي ويا.

## Section IX

1

Where the rain falls, there they build their huts,
They are least aware of this state of mine,
Content with their grass and grain, they seem to have for me no concern.

جهڙ ڦڙ جت ٿيان، اُت اڏيائون پکڙا،
هن منهنجي حال جو، قدر نہ ڪيٽان،
جبکس آن، وسريان، مارو قوت قراريا.

2

Rain has fallen and there is mud and grass,
Intense grows my longing for them, alas!
Could I drink there small cups with relish!
I cherish even one draught with my love, leave alone the cups.

جهڙ ڦڙ مٿي مارئين، جت چيها، چلڙ، چڪ،
اندر ٿو اڄ مري، ساه اُنين جي سڪ،
پيهو ن شال پيون پري، تٿان ڏيئي ڏڪ!
ور پريان سين پڪ، ٻيا پاڻ پريائي گهوريان!

3

On plains and on raised grounds, Maru build their huts,
None stays indoor, all land is so rich,
Chained and confined in palace, my heart fails.

ڊٿين پٽين ڊير، مهين، ماروئڙن جا،
پائر سپ پچي پيو، گهر گهاريندي ڪير؟
ڪوٺين لڳن ڪير، محلين مُنجهي مون هنئون.

4

In this season happy Maru their flocks tend,
Kids they rear on low lands and plains.

هن مندر مارو سنرا، ويڙهين وڳ وارين،
ڇيچيا ڇيڪاريو، ڇيلڙا، پٽين پهرائين،

Thinking of them I shed many a tear,

[10] Tara bird cries, "rain is falling, come back Marui.'

نيڻ منهنجا اُن کي، جهجهو جر هارين،
تاڙا تنوارين، مينهن وسندا، موٽ تون.

5

In rainy season cheerful Maru, are prosperous in mar,

Friends gather huge piles of creapers and grass,

Do they remember this stead fast maid in her land? Latif says.

Oh unique one! do not remove your rough shawl,

God will help you to return, Marui, when rain falls.

هن مند مارو سنرا، ڪاٿر ۾ خوشحال،
سائون، سيارچ، مڪٽي، جيڏيون! آٽن جال،
"سـتيءَ جي" سيد چئي، "ڪا سارَ ته منجهه سنڀال؟"
"لڱن تان" لطيف چئي، "لوئي لاهه مَ لال!"
پلو ڪندو پال، مينهن وسندا، موٽ تون.

6

In this season happy Maru, live near thorny hedges,

Plains are watered by rain, rain water Maru drink,

She is in chains, they in Thar are glad,

Wild bushes' fruit is being eaten, rain falls, return Marui maid.

هن مندر مارو سنرا، ڍنگر ڍار رهن،
پاٽي پوڄ پٽن ۾، پکي پاند پيين،
"هن کي لوهه"، لطيف چئي، "هو ڪاٿر" منجهه کلن،
ڪاٺونبا ڪاڄن، مينهن وسندا، موٽ تون،

7

Maru are known by constant shifting carrying baggage and huts,

With such characteristics they bear journeys brunt.

سدا جن پرياڻ، پانڌي پکي لڏسين،
مارو ڳڻن ساڻ، ويڙا ٿر اڪري!

8

In Thar cow dung I piled, then slert free of care,

My two eyes and nose shed tears,

For my native loved ones are far from me.

پاسا پولڙين ۾، ٻانهون سر ٻيئي،
اکيون، نڪ آريج ريءَ، ٽمايم ٽيئي،
ڏور ٿيا ڏيهي، پرين پائر وٽ ۾!

9

In deserts and plains where wild fruit grows, they assemble every where

Thinking of them my eyes fill with tears,

My heart bleeds for those who since long I have not seen.

ٿاچا ٿر بر جهل، پپون پائر وٽ،
سيئي ساريو، سومرا! اچي آب اچل،
ساڏيـن ڏنم سل، ڏني جن ڏينهن ٿيا!

10

I mourn, I weep for my dear ones out of view,
Oh God! do send a camel man here to give me good news,
That I may give up weeping and mourning for them.

جهران، جهڄان تي، جيئن پسڻان، پري ٿيا،
الا! وٺي آڻين، جو ڪينءَ جي خبر ڏي!
من منهن ڪي، واڪو لهي ويڙهه جو!

## Section X

1

"Rain has fallen, prosperity prevails, congratulations are exchanged,
Rough shawl wearing folks worries are all lessened,
Soomro by himself has sent a message of peace to them,
Now Marui, honour and respect you will get from great ones.

اُتي ٿي ولاڻ، ڪينءَ وڌايون آئيون،
لٿي لوئڙياريين، مڙني مُنهن ڪاڻ،
صلح واريو سومري، چئي پهنوارن پاڻ،
هميرنئون هاڻ، مهت، لهندين مارئي!

2

Camel rider comes from Thar with authentic news,
Maid! be not in anguish, forget not your spouse,
You will return, few are your days in fort.

اُتان اوٺي آيو، خبر ڪيائين ڪري،
وساريج مَ ور ڪي، پئج مَ، مُنڌ! مري،
ويندينءَ اُت وري، ڪوڏينهن آهين ڪوٽ ۾.

3

Remove not your rough shawl, your days in this fort are few,
Your family holds a place of great respect,
Compare not a moment's stay in Thar to your life here,
Steadfast Marui, you will return to Malir, remain true to your faith.

ڪوڏينهن آهين ڪوٽ ۾، لوئي هڏ مَ لاهه،
ڪامڻ! تنهنجي ڪرجي، آڏو وڏائي آهه،
هت مَ پاڙج هيڪڙو، پاٿر جي پساهه،
ستي! سيل نباهه، ملير وينديءَ مارئي!

4

Your virtuous friends remember you,
consider gold as steel, put on no flesh without Maru.

سي ساهيڙيون سارين تون، سيل جُنين جو سچ،
ماروءَ رءَ مَ مچ، سيهو پائنج سون ڪي.

5

You are remembered by your virtuous friends,

ساهيڙيون سارين تو سيل، جنين جو سچ،

Regarding their virtue, no finger can be raised.

نڪو قال نہ قيل، اُنهن جي ادب ۾.

6

He who came from native land, warned me thus,

Wear no jewels and sleep not on royal beds,

Guard your virtue, esteem it a treasure,

Friends entreat that you be true to your faith,

Soon you will be back in an honourable way.

جو ڏيه ڏاڏاڻيان آيو، ڏنم تنهن طعنو،

”پائي ويه م پلنگين، ڳچي سر ڳانو“

”مٿان لڪ“ لطيف چئي ”ڪانءِ مَ خزانو“

سرتين سيل چوائيو، جو رهڻي جانو،

ٿيو سڌ سمانو، حرف لٿي هيڪڙي.

7

Marui replies, "how can friends me mis-understand?

My hair is filthy and unwashed,

My eyes show sleepless nights spent,

Were they here, they would understand how hard it is to protect myself."

مون سين ماروئڙيون، ڪهڙيءَ ريت رسنديون؟

چوٽيءَ ۾ چيڙ پيو، پيم رت ڄيون،

نيڻين ننڊ ٿي، ساري سا ڏوهيون،

هتي جي هيون، تہ سڌ پيين سيل جي!

8

"Much is required in your proof as a virtuous soul,

In secret suffer and learn self control,

Return with your virtue intact, that they may honour you."

”ستي! تنهنجي ست ۾، ڳالهہ گهرجي ڳچ،

وڃيو، چيريو، چچريو، پر ۾ اُپي پچ،

ساڻ امانت اچ، تہ تئين سماني سانڍيہ ۾.“

9

"I will preserve my virtue and not remain in fort,

Oyster is in ocean reared, drinks not river's single drop,

But pins its hope on clouds, the way I for Malir thirst,

My safe return, my people will celebrate by drinking milk.

جان ڪين ستين سيرتان، ڪين وهنديس ڪوٽ ۾،

سپ سمنڊين سپجي، ندي پيئي نہ نير،

جيئن هوءِ ابر آسري، تيئن مون من ملير،

کائر پيين کير، جي امانت اُت وڃي!

10

Like the oyster that pins its hope on the clouds,

Like the crane that longs for the mountain, I long for Thar.

I have promises to keep there, how long have I to stay here!

Would I be here, if I were not confined?"

جر ۾ سپون جيئن، آهين ابر آسري،

جيئن ڪنجون سارين روهہ کي، مون تن اندر تيئن،

هت وعدا وڃڻ جا، هت نہ ڀانيم تيئن،

ڪوٽين وهان ڪيئن، جي نظربندياڻي نہ هئان؟

11

Oyster produced in the ocean, pins its hope on clouds,
The two shellad one drinks neither salty nor sweet water,
It produces pearl, for in deep waters, it bears thirst.

سپ سمنڊين سپجي، ابر اسارو وس،
ٻاڙو پئي نہ ٻپڙي، مٺو منهن لڳوس،
ماڻڪ تي مڙيوس، جيئن تنگ ڪڍيائين تارِ ۾.

12

From oyster's virtues lesson learn,
Rejecting all other water, they wait for clouds to burst.

"سکو سپ سرتيون! سپن ملا سير،"
"پيو مٺائي نير، اُپيون ابر آسري،"

## Section XI

1

Messenger from Malir has come to the fort,
Assistance comes to me, enemies now have no hope.

مليران مارو، پکي پيهي آيو،
وريا واهارو، هاٺو سپ هيٺا ٿيا.

2

"Welcome messenger! covered with native dust, for me any loving message
I long for Malir and my spinning place,
The dust of my native land I, prefer to ambergris."

"ڀلي سڪ! پيرن ڪيہ! ڪو نينهن نياپو مارئين؟
"اتِ اُڪنڊي آهيان، تنهن آتڻ تنهن ڌيہ،"
"سنڌي جا ساڙيہ، ڪہ ڪٿوري پائيان."

3

Auspicious were those days that in prison I spent,
In palace, large drops of tears like rain I wept,
Longing for return, I was in a miserable state
My love has purified my chains.

سکر سيئي ڏينهن، جي مون گهاريا بند ۾،
وسايم وڏڦڙا، مٿي ماڙين مينهن،
واجهائي وصال کي، ٿيم تهوارون تيئن،
نير مهنجي نينهن، اُجاري اڇو ڪيو.

4

Umar! today I met folks of my native land,
Standing, he gave me my love's message,
With God's grace, disappeared my chains, Latif says.

عمر! اڄ گڏيام، ڏوٿي اُنهيءَ ڏيہ جا،
پاراپا پرين جا، اڀي اُن چيام،
"لهي لوہ پيام، لطف ساڻ، لطيف چئي،

1

When ruler begins his subjects to rob,
Can Maru live in Malir for long?

جـ سي لوڙائو ٿيا، جنين پر رهن،
مارو منجهہ ٿرن، رهي رهندا ڪيترو؟

2

When those on whom you rely deceive,
Poor Maru, who will their complaint receive?

جـ سي لوڙائو ٿيا، جنين سنديءَ ڏير،
مارُوئڙا فقير، ڪنهن در ڏيندا دانهڙي؟

3

Let me go and wash myself in Malir's waters,
I will return having bathed myself in those waters,
To weavers of rough shawls that will be a great favour.

ماروءَ پاس ملير ۾، ڌوئي مر مران؟
پاٽي واري پانهنجو، وينديائي وران!
ٿورو منجهہ ٿران، هنئد لڳي لوئڙيا ريين!

4

No spouse will I have, save rough shawl wearer,
Even though dirty, I think of him with great fervour.

ڪانڌ نہ ڪنديس ڪو ٻيو، ڪٿيروئي خوب،
ميروئي محبوب، اسان مارو من ۾،

5

Umar! let my face remain dirty and unwashed,
Lest Maru say in palace it was washed.

مُنهن منهنجو، سومرا مر ميروئي هوءِ!
متان مارو چوءِ، تہ ڌوتو ڌوراٽن ۾.

6

Where are woollen rugs, rough shawls, bags, huts and berries red,
Happy friends lying by their spouses' side?
Could I with Maru enjoy seasonal red forest fruit,
I would greet all and sundry midst thorny bush.

جت ڪرڙ، ڪتا ۽ ڪاهيون، پال، پڪا ۽ پڪ،
سرهيون سي سرتيون، حاضر پاسي حق،
مارُوئن سين ماٽيان، شال منڊائتي مڪ!
ڪنڪاريان خلق، جا ٿر ڄائي ۾ ٿوهرين.

7

Latif says, "Were Marui here, I would enquire after her,
On her behalf I would entreat Umar,
I would offer myself, if he does not free her.
Getting her chains removed, I would accompany her,
I would then hold her hand and take her to Malir,

جي هت هئي مارئي، تہ لڌيم ڪر ڪيٽاس،
ارداسيم عمر کي، ويجهو ٿي وٿانس،
جي نہ ڇڏيائين ڪ جهليائين، تہ پنهنجو انگ آڇيانس،
لاهي لوہ، لطيف چئي، متان هنڌ هلانس،
موکي ملير سامهين، وٺي ٻانهن وڃانس،
رهبر ٿي ريڙهيانس، سنهاري ساٿيہ ڏي.

I would be her guide on her way to that beautiful land."

8

Love knots for Maru in my heart are like knots in forest grass,

Umar Soomro's chains are tied with easy knots,

In Malir I will untie these knots with no trouble.

جئن ڳنڍيون منجهہ ڳنڍير، تئن مون من ماروئڙن جون،
ڏنيون لس، لطيف چئي، هنئڙي کي همير،
وڃي منجهہ ملير، سڀ ڇوڙينديس، سومرا!

9

By just listening to talk about Malir, separation disappears,

Relieved of all sorrows, happiness seems to be near.

سُڻي ساڻيه ڳالهڙي، لهي ويا لوه،
اندر جا اندوه، لٿا ڏک سک ٿيا.

10

Umar, you were destined to be pure,

Malir's daugher's chastity, you preserved.

توکي توڙائين لکي، عمر! اڇائي،
جنهن تو سامائي، مام نہ پڳي مارئين.

11

Marui! neither weep nor wail, nor tears shed,

No more a prisoner, burn your chains,

Maid of the forest, soon will you reach your forest folks.

مَ کي روءُ، م رڙ کي، هنجون هڏ مَ هار:
توتان بند، بدا ٿيو، پيڙهيون نيئي پار،
پهچندينءَ، پنوهار، سگهي سنگهارن کي.

12

Today again in Maru's memory my wounds are sore,

Umar! sorrows in my heart have found a hold,

Maru's separation seems to severe my limbs.

اڄ پڻ چڪيم چاڪ، ونهين ويڙيچن جا،
سورن اچي، سومرا! اندر ڪي اوطاق،
ماروءَ جي فراق، هڏ منهنجا ڪپيا.

# Kamode

## (Love Resplendent)

### Introduction

Kamode is a musical melody which is sung in the afternoon and has a sweet soothing effect. The two earlier Surs, Leela Chanesar and Moomal Rano deal with man's fall from Divine grace by some folly or weakness of his, Kamode deals with man being blessed unexpectedly by Divine grace because of his humility and submissiveness towards Almighty, as the folk tale of Noori and Jam Tamachi given below, allegorically elaborates.

During the reign of Jam Tamachi of the Samo dynasty who was a strong and powerful ruler of Sindh, on the banks of Lake Kinjhar, there lived a tribe of fishermen of Gundro caste. They were poor, dirty and smelt of fish. Their clothes were old and in rags. Their only source of livlihood was fish hence most of their time was spent on the boats and in the water, though they also built poor, shabby thatched huts. Their children were filthy, with unkempt hair, always playing with water.

Among these fishermen, there was a maid named Noori which means light. The name suited her to the finger tips for she was extremely beautiful and at the same time, had the grace and delicacy of form, features and behaviour that you find in ladies of high class families. Yet she was not at all proud of all these qualities, on the contrary, she was humble and modest.

Jam Tamachi was very fond of hunting and sailing in his royal boat on the Kinjhar Lake. Once it so happened that while he was in his boat, his eyes fell on Noori. Her beauty and her modest gaze fascinated the king. He decided to make her his queen and asked the fisherman for her hand in marriage. They were only too glad to accept the king's proposal.

Noori after her marriage with Jam Tamachi, lived in the palace and soon acquainted herself of all the modes of palace life. She was no longer a fisher-maid but a queen among queens for the king had other wives too.

The king one day told all the queens that he would take the one best dressed among them for an outing in the royal carriage, that evening. Each one of the queens tried her best to put on the most gorgeous dress that she possessed and adorned herself with jewellary and perfume of the choicest kind, save Noori who dressed herself in her former dress in which the king had seen her first. Tamachi like a connoisseur had a look at all his queens, when he saw Noori, he was so touched by her humility that he decided to take her for the outing in the royal carriage. That evening he also declared her to be

his chief queen.

In Kamode, Shah Abdul Latif has given a graphic picture of the poverty and rough life of the fishermen, contrasting it with that of the king's palace and its inmates. The king's generosity and his freely mixing with them, points to the amelioration of their lot and doing away with the bothers of a class orientated society.

As far as the spiritual allegory is concerned, Jam Tamachi in the beginning of the Sur and at its close, seems to symbolise the beneficent Lord God Himself; in between, he seems to stand as a symbol for the Holy Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) and the pearls, rubies and other precious stones distributed to all and sundry, may signify the verses of the Holy Quran and the sayings of the Holy Prophet, ushering an era of a happy, glorious and upright life in which God consciousness and obedience to His laws prevails. Noori is the symbol of the chosen one for her humility and submissiveness to the Divine laws, tax stands as symbol of accountability and chastisement for one's actions in the present life, its remission symbolises forgiveness through holy Prophet.

The Sur opens with Noori words expressing her humility and submissiveness even after she has become a queen and is living in Tamachi's palace. The next episode is that of Jam Tamachi selecting Noori in her fisherwoman's garments midst all the queens so gorgeously dressed and decked with jeweller. The Sur ends with the description of Tamachi's generosity and a changed world order, of equality, justice and brotherhood.

Section I

1

You are Samo King, I fisher-maid with many defects,
Seeing your queens, let me not be of your nearness bereft.

تون سمون، آئون گندري، مون ۾ عيبن جوءِ،
پسي راڻين روءِ، متان ماڳُر مٽئين!

2

You are Samo King, I Gundri maid of many defects,
Turn not away from me because of fish's smell.

تون سمون، آئون گندري، مون ۾ عيب اپار،
پسي لِيءَ لغار، متا ن ماڳُر مٽئين،

3

You are the ruler Tamachi, I am a fisher maid,
Think not of leaving one, whom you have wed.

تون تماچي، ٽڙ ڌڻي، آئون مهاڻي مي،
مون کي ڏاهگ مر ڏي، آئون نالي سُيس تنهنجي،

4

You are ruler Tamachi, me poor Gundri maid,
I am your spouse, let my people go free of tax.

تون تماچي، ٽڙ ڌڻي، آئون گندري غريب،
توسين جام! قريب ڪي ڏن، ڇڏائي ڏيج مون،

5

Full of fish their baskets and their trays,
Disgusting is the touch of their dress with your dress,
Yet standing in their midst, favours them the Samo King.

ڪڪي هاٽيون ڪاريون، ڇڇيءَ هاٽا ڇڄ،
پاند جنين جي پاند سين، لڳو ٿئي لڄ،
سمون ڄام سهج، اپو ڪرن اُن سين.

6

Dark, ugly, displeasing to look at,
Sitting on the road, with full of fish their baskets,
Save Samo King, who would favour them?

ڪاريون، ڪوجهيون، ڪوڙيون، مور نہ موچاريون،
وٺي ويٺيون واٽ تي، ڪڪيءَ جون ڪاريون،
اُنهن جون آريون، سمي ريءَ ڪير سهي؟

7

With fishermen Tamachi now is pleased to talk,
Young and old Gundi women to palace flock,
Living by Kinjhar Lake or far off, all have gained.

ٿيا تماچيءَ ڄام سين، مُهاڻا محروم
ننڍيءَ وڏيءَ گندريءَ، مٿي ماڙيءَ ڏوم،
جي ڪنجهر، جي روم، سي سڀ انعامي ٿيا.

8

Noori now neither catches fish, nor cuts nor sells,
On purpose, she threw the basket in the well
She now adopts Samo palaces ways.

نہ وڍي نہ وڪڻي، نہ ماري نہ ڏاري،
ڪارو وڌائين ڪوه ۾، نرتون نهاري،
سائي پر پاري، جا گهر سمي سپجي.

9

She neither carries the basket, nor cuts fish nor sells,
She does not weigh the fish and has no scales,
For now she adopts Samo palace's ways.

نہ وڍي نہ وڪڻي، نہ ڪٽي ۾ ڪاري،
اهج، سهج، ساهميون، ڏرئان نہ ڏاري،
سائي پر پاري، جاگهر سمي جي سپجي.

10

Noori put on her fisher-maid's dress,
All Samo queens were gorgeously decked,
King chose her for a ride in royal carriage.

پاهوڙو پيش ڪيو، نئون نوريءَ نيئي،
حاضر هيون هڪيون، سميون سپيئي،
نوازي نيئي، گاڏيءَ چاڙهي گندري.

11

No pride, no conceit could fisher-maid even think,
With her modest gaze she bewitched the king,
With artful ways, of all the queens, she charmed the Prince.

مهاڻيءَ جي من ۾، نہ گيرب نہ گاءُ،
نيٽڻ سين ناز ڪري، ريجهايائين راءُ،
سمون سپين ملاءُ، هيرايائين حرفت سين.

12

Strange was Noori's humility's scene,

Samo, the ruler of the land, she won,

Other queens losing their position, behind her stood.

نوريءَ جي نياز جو عجب اجهل هوءِ،
سمون سر سيڻ ۾، مي مورڇئو سوءِ،
اڇيو اُپين پوءِ، حجرت پڳي راڻيين.

13

Her hands and feet, her face and form never has that of a fisher-maid been,

Like the main string in the violin, she was a queen among queens.

From her infancy, she behaved like a royal being,

Cognizant of that, Samo tied on her arm, the matrimonial string'.

هٿين پيرين، آرکين، منهن نہ مهاڻي،
جيئن سڳووچ سرندڙي، تيئن راڻين ۾ راڻي،
اصل هئي اُن کي، اهل جاماڻي،
سمي سڃاڻي، ٻيڙو ٻڌس ٻانهن ۾.

14

By Kinjhar Lake, none has Noori's face and form,

She was spared of fishing stuff and its catching spots,

Tamachi, the king, himself fans her with peacock feathers.

ڪهڙو ڪنجهر ۾ ڪين پيو، جهڙي سونهن سندياس،
مڏ، مياڻيون، مُڪڙا، مڙئي معاف ٿياس،
مورڇل مٿانس، اپو تماچي تي هٿي.

15

Fie upon those proud royal ones! haughtily holding heads high,

Blessed are the daughters of Kinjhar who yearn for Tamachi Jam,

Not the queens but the fishermaid, won the pearl like prince.

ڪوءِ سميون! ٻن سومريون جي اچن اوچي ڳاٽ
ورسي ڪنجهر ڄائيون، جن تماچيءَ جي تات
راڻين ملان رات، ماڻڪ سي پرائيو.

Vai

She sits midst fishermen with handful of diamonds,

As long as Tamachi lives, Noori is the favoured one,

Filth made way to perfumes and fragrance,

Blind and lame flocked at this generous one's call,

This brave warrior did not exclude a single spot,

Precious gifts to the lowly were given like first picked fruit of season

هيري هٿ وڌائين، ويهي ساٿين وچ ۾:
نوازش نوريءَ جي، آهي تماچيءَ تائين،
گندگيءَ گوشو ڪيو، عطر اوت اوتيائين.
انڌا، منڊا آئيا، سخا سڌ وڌائين
پسو جود جوان جو، ڪو هنڌ ڪون ڇڏيائين،
قسمت ڪميڻيءَ سين، جهڙي وٺ وٺيائين،
موتي مڇيءَ هٿ تي، ڪوڏن جيئن ڪڍيائين،

He scatterd pearls like shells in fish shop,
In fishermen's gathering, gems like fish's scales he scattered,
Gold and Silver in charity he spattered,
Pearls and rubies all over were found,
Turquoises upon beggars he bestowed,
To the poor he gave away precious stones.

ماڻڪ مياڻن ۾، چلرن جيئن چٽائين.
ڏيئي سون سوال ۾، ربي راند ڪيائين.
پاٽيت آئي پاڻ سين، لعلون سپ لٽيائين،
فيروزا فقيرن تان، گهوري سپ گهورپائين.
اُتي عبداللطيف کي، اُچلي اَملُ ڏنائين،

Section II

1

Oh smiling love! may you live long!
Never leave me, you are my dearest lord,
Tamachi! stay longer on Kinjhar's shores.

سر سلامت سپرين! مرڪڻ! تون مَ مريج!
آهين ٺار اکين جو، وٺان مون مَ وڃيج،
تماچي تڳيج، ڪوڏينهن ڪنجهر ڪنڌيين.

2

Clear water below, above branches bow, trees all round,
Enjoying this atmosphere Noori and Tamachi are found,
Breeze blows from north, Kinjhar like a cradle rocks.

هيٺ جر، مٿي مچر، پاسي ۾ وڻراه،
اچي ويچي وچ ۾، تماچي جي ساءِ،
لڳي اُتر واءِ، ڪينجهر هندورو ٿئي.

3

Clear water below, above branches bow, beside me is loved one,
All my wishes are granted, none remains unfulfilled.

هيٺ جر، مٿي مچر، پاسي پرين سندام،
ڪوڙين ڪاج سڌام، آڻ سڌو ڪونہ رهيو.

4

Clear water below, above branches bow, all around are lotus flowers,
Spring has come, Kinjhar smells of musk bowers.

هيٺ جر، مٿي مچر، ڪنڌيءَ ڪونر ترن،
ورئي واهوندن، ڪينجهر ڪٿوري ٿئي.

5

All Samo queens adorned themselves to win the king,
But he freely moves midst men who catch fish.

سميون ڪري سينگار راءُ ريجهائڻ آئيون،
ڄام هٿ ۾ ڄار، ڄَلي ڄيرن وچ ۾.

6

Noori's humility has made Tamachi immortal,

He made her sit in the carriage and raised her honour,

Even today Kinjhar folk say this tale is authentic.

نوريءَ جي نوازيو، ٿيو تماچي تي،
گاڏيءَ چاڙهي گندري، ماٺو ڪيائين مي،
ڪينجهر چوندا ڪي، ته سچ سيائي ڳالهڙي.

7

Noori know not of Samo queens born before she came,

In wedding and other celebrations they do not participate,

What other business do they care about whose mind is set on Tamachi King?

ڄامان اڳي ڄي ڄمِڄايون، تن جي نرت نوريءَ کي ناه!
نه منهن نه مارڪي، نه وِڄن ڪنهن وهان ۽
سي ڪينجهر ڪنديون ڪاڻ، جن تماچي تڪيو.

8

The King is neither begotten nor does He beget,

He is a relative to all the young and old fisher-women,

Neither begets nor is begotten, His justice and equity is for all,

His state is kingly, glorious is His seat of power.

نه ڪنهن ڄايو ڄام کي، نڪو ڄام وياءُ،
ننڍيءَ وڏيءَ گندريءَ، سيڻ آه سياءُ،
"لم يلد ولم يولد" ايءُ نجابت نياءُ،
ڪبر ڪبرياءُ، تخت تماچي ڄام جو.

9

Clean your huts, Tamachi the ruler is to approach,

Fisherwoman! sweep your yard, there is an end to your sorrows,

Put away your worries, for Samo shelters us all.

پڪا پڪارئو، ڄام تماچي آئيو،
گوندر لاهيو، گندريون، آتڻ اُجاريو،
ڪينجهر قراريو، سمي سام بخشي.

10

Such magic resides in fisher-maid's eyes,

To her, his soul at once flies,

See love's miracle, the king carries on his shoulder the fishing net.

ڪوجو ڪامڻ، مي آهي اکڙين ۾،
تن تماچي ڄام جو، ناپون پايوني،
عشق ايئن ڪري، جيئن ڄارو ڄام ڪُلهي ڪيو.

# Ghatu

(The Crocodile Killer)

## Introduction

Ghatu means crocodile killer.Crocodile has been used here as a symbol for all kinds of base passions that human nature is prone to. Crocodile killer is that person who wages war against them and overcomes them. Ordinary means are not of much use. One has to be firm and take great care to resist them. This allegory is based on the folk tale of one named Morero and his seven brothers who were swallowed by a crocodile.

There lived a fisherman named.Obhao in Sone Miani, a small village on the borders of Las Bela, at a distance of 60 miles towards north west of modern Karachi. He had seven sons, six of them were strong and healthy, the seventh one, Morero was club-foot and was not as tall or of strong built as his other brothers, but he was more intelligent than them. All the other brothers had to go out fishing and were fond of life of adventure but Morero stayed to look after the other needs of the family.

Now it so happened that the fishermen began to experience a weird power in the waters where they used to fish especially in a whirlpool called "Whirlpool of Kolachi", for whoever went near it, never returned. Since no one would come back, nothing could be known about the cause of the catastrophic incidents. Once the six brothers, though warned, out of curiosity and youthful desire for an adventure, recklessly came close to this whirlpool and nothing of them was heard afterwards. When they did not return after a long wait, Morero decided to go and find out what had befelled his brothers. After much enquiry, he came to know that the crocodile that lived in that whirlpool must have swallowed them as they had dared to go near it.

On returning home, Morero ordered an iron cage to be made, its outer frame was fitted with sharp nails, and other sharp instruments, each one tied with a strong rope, its other end to be tied with a yoke. Accompanied by a number of helpers, he came to the whirlpool of Kolachi, where he himself sat down in the cage and asked his helpers to throw the cage in the whirlpool. He further asked them to pull the cage out as soon as they saw the ropes shaking. The cage was carefully lowered in the water, the crocodile was also anxiously waiting for it and tied to swallow it immediately. The sharp nails and other sharp instruments stuck into his flesh rendering him helpless with pain and stiffened his body. Morero then shook the ropes, the helpers fixed the yoke to

the bulls and keeping a tuft of straw on the back of each, they set fire to it. The heat made the bulls run bersesk and as they ran with great force and speed, the crocodile was brought on the land and was cut in to pieces. The skeletons of the brothers were recovered and burried near the north east side of Karachi, at the foot of the mountain, and he himself spent the rest of the days of his life as a keeper of this grave. This place is even till today called the "graveyard of Morero". It is at a distance of two miles from main Karachi, near the cremation ground of Hindus.

## Section I

1

The wise and the well informed, are at this baffled,
For those who entered the waters and were by the waves engulfed,
Past and future from their memories were all erased.

ڳـنگهريا ڳـهڻ ڄاڻ، موڙهي مت مهائين،
ويا ڳڌجي وير ۾، پيا مُنهن مهراڻ،
اڳيان پويان ڏاڻ، ويا ويچارن وسري.

2

Night falls, their turbans are moist with dew
Drifting in the waters, are ores and handles few,
From Kolachi's whirlpool none could ever return.

ماڪ پڇاين مولهيا، مڻان؟ رات پئي،
اوليون اُجهڻ لڳيون، ويا ونجهه وهي،
ڪلاچئان ڪهي، ڪڏهن ڪون آيو.

3

One who enters Kolachi's whirlpool is in its calamity lost,
No one can tell why their fishing nets entangled got.

ڪوجو ڦهر ڪلاچ ، گهڙي سونئي،
خبر ڪون ڏئي، تہ ڄڄ ڪڄاڙي رنڊيا؟

4

"Wearing big turbans, carrying big spears, yesterday they left
Brothers have not returned, it is so very late."
Such a bright team whirlpool in its swirl has caught."

ڪالهہ ڪلاچيءَ ويا، ڇٽيون ڪٽي ڇڳير،
پائرن پيرو نہ ڪيو، ادن ڪئي اوير،
اهڙي خاصي ڪير، ڪُن ورائي جهلي.

5

"I neither see the turbans nor do the big fishing nets float,
Mother! fishermen return not with loaded boats.

ترپون پسان نہ تار ۾ جهڳا جاءِ نہ ڪن،
"مادر! ملاحن ماڳن نہ ڏويا مڪڙا."

6

"I saw daily fishermen return with fish loads,

Their tools haunt me beside the waters and at home,

I fear, leaving the world, they are lost in the sea".

ڏهاڙي ڏٺم ڪيترا، جنين ماريو موڪ،
گهر ۾ گهاتوئڙن جا، ٽا مارينم ٽوڪ،
لڏي وڃان لوڪ، اونهي ويا اوهري،

7

"On whirlpools's bank I stand in the sun,

Fishermen have not returned, long time away they have been,

Those who were my prop, got into their boats and left".

اُڀي اوسڙان اُس ۾، جهليو ڪن ڪنار،
گهاتو گهر نہ آيا، وڏي لڳن وار،
هيس جنين هار، سي موڙي چڙهيا مڪڙا

8

Where the fishermen looked for fish, I see only piles of sand,

Many were caught thus, tax collectors left as waters were like land.

جتي گهوريو گهاتوئين، تتي واريءَ ٻٺ،
سهين ساٽي مٺ، سر سڪو، سونگي گيا

9

I have to borrow fish, Oh God! be pleased that fishermen return,

Let me not feel small before hard hearted merchants

I have now come to know fishermen's worth.

مون اڌاريا مڇڙا، الله! گهاتو آڻ،
ميان! مدارن سين، مون کي وجهہ مَ ڪاڻ،
هت منهنجي هاڻ، قدر لڌو جن ري.

10

In light mood you strut the way fishermen walked,

To investigate Kolachi's whirlpool they rested not.

ائين جا لڏولوڏ، اي پر گهاتوئڙن جي،
ڪُن ڪلاچيءَ ڪوڏ، سُک نہ ستا ڪڏهين.

11

Searching and searching they entered the waters deep.

Crocodile they killed, their faces bright reveal.

گهوريندي گهور پيا. اگهور گهوريائون،
ميڪر مارِيائون، ملاحن مُنهن سندرا.

12

Crocodiles are not caught like fishes by fishing nets released,

Equip yourself with strong, sweep nets used in deep seas,

These are shallow water's inlets and channels, the deep ocean is further still.

جيئن جهڳا پائيين جهول ۾، ايئن نہ مرن مڇ،
سير ڏار سمنڊ جا، ڪي رائون رڳيون رڇ،
هي چارون ۽ ڇڄ، اجا اوڙاهہ اڳاهون ٿيو.

# Sorath

## Introduction

Sorath allegorically represents all the attractions of the world. One who is completely engrossed in worldly pursuits and is indifferent to a higher life, does not live a complete life. Time comes when such a person becomes conscious of this short-coming and then the course of his life changes. He becomes a different man. The folk tale given below couches this truth in the uncommon request of a ministrel for the head of the king, after having enthralled him with his rapturous music.

Sorath is the name of the queen in the folk tale and it is also a melody in music. It is sung during the second part of the night.

Rai Diach, the ruler of Jhunagarh had a sister who had no issue. She prayed to a saint that she be blessed with a child. She was told that a son will be born to her but he would severe the head of her brother Raja Rai Diach. This information became the cause of great concern to her, so when the child was born, with much regret, she had it placed in a wooden box and entrusted it to the waters. The box reached the kingdom of Raja Ani Rai where it was picked up by a bard and his wife who brought up the child with love and care and named him Bijal. They taught him to sing and play on the harp. When he was old enough to work, he was entrusted with the task of looking after the cattle. Once while in the jungle, he heard enchanting musical notes coming from a tree, on closer scrutiny, he discovered that these sounds came from the dried intestines of a deer, hanging on the tree. The sounds produced were so sweet and so thrilling that all the beasts and the birds of the forest had gathered to listen to the music. Bijal took these dried intestines and fixed them on his harp. When he played on it, birds and beasts would surround him and now even the human beings came to hear it. In a short time he came to be known as a marvelous singer.

It so happened that at the time when Bijal was born, a daughter was born to Raja Ani Rai, making an addition to his already seven daughters. Infuriated, the Raja ordered the child to be placed in a box to be floated in the river. This seems to be the common practice in those days of conveniently getting rid of unwanted children. A potter by name Ratni caught hold of the box and himself being childless, brought up the child and named her Sorath. Sorath grew up to be so very beautiful that the fame of her beauty reached Ani Rai who not knowing that she was his own daughter, whom he had cast away, asked for her hand in marriage. As Sorath was being taken to the Raja in a bridal procession, Rai Diach came to know of it and was furious that instead of giving

Sorath in marriage to him, she was being sent away to Ani Rai. So he forcibly kept Sorath in his palace after severely reprimanding Ratni, the potter. When Ani Rai came to know of this, with a huge army he laid seige to Jhunagarh but even after twelve months, he could not succeed and had to return. He now ordered that a large platter full of gold coins would be the reward of that person who would bring to him the head of Rai Diach. This announcement was made public. In Bijal's absence, his wife took the platter of gold coins and promised that her husband would accomplish the desired task. When Bijal came home, he was shocked to learn what his wife had done. He had no other choice but to embark on this ignoble journey.

When he came in sight of the palace of Rai Diach, he began to play on his harp, a tune which was so enthralling, that the king asked the ministrel to come up in the palace and play for him. He played on and on till the king was in rapture and asked him what reward he should give him. He offered him all the wealth of his kingdom but Bijal replied that he did not want anything else save his head and since he was so famous for his generosity, he would not refuse him. The king was still in the ecstatic mood of the music, he cut his own head with a dagger, which was presented to the ministrel.

Bijal took the head to Ani Rai who was shocked to see it. He rebuked him and even banished him from his kingdom for treating such a generous person in this way. Bijal was also now ashamed at his own act, and went back to Jhunagarh with the severed head, where he found Sorath burning as a satee' in the funeral pyre along with Rai Diach's trunk. Seeing, this, he was now so conscience stricken that restoring the severed head to the trunk, he threw himself in the flames and was burnt to ashes.

Analysing the spiritual allegory, Bijal's music is the voice of conscience that arouses Rai Diach from his absorption in the lures and glamour of the world symbolised as Sorath. Through the rapturous power of this celestial music, he is in that ecstatic state of mind in which the Divine secret is conveyed to him in confidential tones by which:

> Eyes are enabled to behold light upon light,
> Rai Diach's frame with inner light shines bright.
> Knowledge of the whole world was to him revealed.

The cutting of his head with his own hands, symbolises the drastic change that he himself brings about in his previous mode of life after this experience. The bard's act of returning the severed head to the king's body, and Sorath's burning as a satee, are symbols of a rejuvenated spiritual life expressed in the following words:

Sorath is dead, peace prevails, the king pitches his tents, Music and song is heard again, resumed is all merriment, Rejoicings are all around, see the happy king.

There has been another version of the sur that according to the sufi discipline it is imperative to seek a holy man as murshid (guide) on the precarious path of the journey to the lord. From that point of view, Bijal is that murshid whose every instruction has to be carried out verbatim. Rai Diach is the seeker who in compliance with his murshid's instruction is prepared to perform the most hazardous tasks willingly, symbolised in the cutting of head, by which act he is blessed with the sight of the Divine

light and the knowledge of the whole world dawns upon him. This is the secret that Bijal discloses to the king. Sorath is the symbol of Rai Diach's previous mode of life, her burning on the pyre with Rai Diach's trunk and later with the severed head, symbolise the closing of the chapter of worldly attachments.

The last stanza is a scene of rejuverated spiritual life when Sorath is dead, peace is restored, the happy king pitches his tents and heavenly music plays on.

## Section I

1

With faith in God, Bijal starts from this land,
His harp he adorns with tassels and bells.
At a distance, seeing Rai Diach's palace, he stands,
And begins offering a prayer there and then:
"Gracious Lord! will it so that my song pleases the king."

الله جي آس ڪري، هليو هتائين،
چارڻ ٻڌا چنگ کي، جھوڙا ۽ جھائين،
ڏٺي راءِ ڏياچ جي، ڏوران ڏٺائين،
وينتيون واحد کي، تنهن وير ڪيائين،
"سپاجها سائين! راءُ ريجهائين راڳ سين."

2

"I come from a far distant place, oh king!
You are of the highest rank, I am a humble one who sings,
How to please you! for your head, this ministrel begs".

پرديسان پنڌ ڪري، هلي آيون هون،
اُونچو تون عرش تي، آنءُ پورو متي پون،
ڪيئن تسدين تون؟ هي سر سوالي مڱڻو."

3

"From far distant land I come hearing your praise,
I am naive, and know not how to beg,
Bestow that on me, that fulfils my cherished wish".

پرديسان پنڌ ڪري، سُڻي آيس شان،
مڱان ڪهڙيءَ مت سين؟ نسورو نادان!
سو ڪو ڏيارئين ڏان، جو طمع کي ترڪ ڪري."

4

"I remain unwell in heart, cold makes me sick,
Give me safety, this is the burden of what I sing,
The secret of pleasing you, to me unfold, for that I long."

سرديءَ سالم نہ رهان، گرميءَ ٿيان گداز،
من ڏيج امانَ تون، سائل هٿي ساز،
رباهيءَ کي راز، خالص، ڏيج خليل جو.

5

Oh king! I have come to your door, for your life I ask,

"تو در آيس راجيا: جاجڪ ولي جي،
ڪنان نار حاميه هاڻ بچائج هي،

Save me from torture and from uncalled wrath,

May God bless you and bestow heaven on you.

وانـي ڏياريئي وي جت آهي جنات عدن"

6

Leaving all other doors, I came to your door,

Oh! gracious husband of Sorath, do listen to me, I implore,

Blessed one! do fill this bard's empty lap.

"ٻيا در ڏيئي ٻن کي، آيس تنهنجي در،

سنهارا سورٺ ورا! تون ڪا منهنجي ڪر،

ڀلا! ڀيري ڀر، پالهو پاند پينار جو.

## Section II

1

An inspired bard came to Jhunagarh,

He took his harp and played on it,

All the people of the city were with music enthralled,

Palace maids were perplexed, the queens did cry,

The harp's strain was, "this bard's aim is the head of the king".

جاجڪ جهونا ڳڙه ۾، ڪو عطائي آيو،

تنهن ڪامل ڪڍي ڪينرو، ويهي وڄايو،

شهر سڄوئي سُرسين، تندن تپايو،

دايون درمانديون ٿيون، ٻاين ٻاڏايو،

چارڻ ٿي چايو، ته ماري آهي مڱڻو.

2

With humility and care, the bard played on his strings,

The gracious king in the palace sent for him,

Lost in music, bard and the king became one.

نرتي تند نياز سين، ٻرائي ٻيجل،

راجا رتولن ۾، اونائي امل،

راز ڪيائين راءِ سين، ڪنهن موچاري محل،

"انا حمد بلاميم، سين هنئي سائل،

ڪنهن ڪنهن پيئي ڪل، ته هردوئي هيڪ ٿيا.

3

Only few could understand this secret,

Those alone could read, who already had knowledge of it,

"Man is my secret, I am his secret"[2], was the vein,

The king and the bard became one by this strain.

ڪنهن ڪنهن ماڙهين، پيئي ڪل ڪائي،

رسيا جي رمز کي، تن پار سي پائي،

"الاسنان سري وانا سره ورتي اي وائي،

راجا راڳائي، هر دوئي هيڪ ٿيا.

4

The bard has come to ask for king's head,

Bags of coins and jewels he refuses to accept,

I came to your door, for you never refuse one who begs."

سرجي هٿائين هليو، چارڻ چتائي،

سو موڙا جهلي نه مال جا، ٿو مالڪ موٽائي

"تو در آيس تي، جهڻن تو ناه نه سڪيو."

5

"I am one of those who has inherited song."

The king asked the bard to play that for which he so longed.

”جي ميراثي مڱڻا، آئون پڻ منجهان تن،“
”ڪي ڪه منهنجي ڪن، ارٿ منجهاران اُن جي،“

6

The king said, "Bijal play for me that strain,

Which on entering Girnar was your refrain.

Will you return to your distant land or your reward here receive?"

ڪا جا ڳالهہ ڳري، ٻيجلڪا! ٻڌاءِ مون،
پيھين جيئن گرنار ۾، تندن تان ڪري،
ڪ تو پنڌ پري؟ ڪ مڱ جهليندين؟ مڱڻا!

7

"I want no reward, nor to my distant land will return,

I have come to you with a secret,

Oh! husband of Sorath, understand that, I will not return,

For your head from distant land, I have come".

”مڱ نہ جهليان، مورهين، نہ مون پنڌ پري،
ڳجهي آيس ڳالهڙي، ڳجهي تو ڳري،
سا سمجهج، سورٺ ور! ويندس ڪين وري،
پريان پير پري، تون لءِ آيو آهيان“

8

He asks for king's head, not else will he accept,

He spares not the poor, life of handsome kings, he takes,

He lays down princes, draws their breath,

Dawn or dusk no one he spares,

سر مڱي، سر گهري، سر ريءَ ٽئي نہ صلاح،
غريبنئون نہ گذري، ٿو ماري مير ملاح،
نايو نوابن جا، سوريو ڪڍي ساه،
خالق، سنجهہ صباح، ڪونہ ڇڏيندو ڪنهين.

## Section III

1

At dawn, the bard plays music soft and sweet,

King in his palace with it is pleased,

"Oh musician! come and play again that strain,

That I may give away this head," he says.

ڪي جو ٻيجل ٻوليو، پنيءَ ويهي پان،
راجا رتولن ۾، سيباڻو سلطان،
آءُ مٿاهون، مڱڻا! مقابل ميدان،“
”گهوريان لک“ لطيف چئي، ”تنهنجي قدمن تان قربان،“
”مٿو هيءَ مزمان! هلي آءُ تہ هٿ ڏينءِ.“

2

"Come up oh supplicant in a palanquin,[3]

Sorath's bridegroom, the king, desires you in his mansion,

”آءُ مٿاهون مڱڻا! چڙهي ۾ چوڏول،
توکي گهوٽ گهرايو، راجا منجهہ رتول،
ٻيجل! توسين ٻول، وهاڻيءَ وڏڻ جي.

He pledges to cut off his head at dawn, for you"

3

The supplicant entered the palace with his wonderful harp,

The bard's touch on the strings, shook fort's walls,

Bijal's name spread far and wide, all heard his strange request,

'The famed one asked the king for his head,

That would plunge Jhunagarh in grief, sorrow in palace prevail.

محلين آيو مڱڻو، ڪٺي ساز سري،
لڳي تند طنبور جي، پيا ڪوٽ ڪري،
هنڌين ماڳين هوءِ ٿي، ٻيجل! تهنجي ڌانهن ٻري،
جهونا ڳڙهه جهري، پوندي جهان جهوڪ ۾،

4

The generous king and the bard, with none to intervene, one became,

The chords expressing what was in the mind of supplicant,

Same thought shared the bard and the king.

ڏاتار ۽ مڱڻي، ڪونه وسيلو وچ،
سائي تال تندن جي، سائي چارڻ چت،
جي هُتي جي هت، ته ڳالهه مڙئي هيڪڙي.

5

"Bard! I salute you ten times", says the king,

You ask for that head which is not one grain of peppers' worth,

If you are in need of my head, I would offer it ten times.

"جاچڪ! تو جهار، ڏهه ڀيرا ڏياچ چئي،"
"جنهن ۾ مال نه مريءَ جيترو، تو تنهن تون طمع ڌار،"
"جي اچيئي ڪم ڪپار، ته ويهه ڀيرا وڍي ڏينءِ،"

6

"On either side of the forest I scanned,

In my mind, I went over all the generous ones' names,

No one offered his head, save you oh king!"

"ٻيلي ٻئي پار، جان مون نيڻ هڻي نهاريا،
چوري ڪيم چت ۾، ڏسين جا ڏاتار!
هيءَ سر توهان ڌار، ٻيجي ڪنهن نه ٻوليو."

7

"Bard! let that one not live for whose head you bargained,

Bard! had you asked for something that I did not have,

It would have been to all the generous ones a disgrace."

"سو جيءَ، مڱڻهارا مَ هوءِ، جنهن مٿي تو سر سٽو ڪيو،
جو مون مل مورنه سپجي تان جي سوڪهريوءِ،
ته جڳان جڳ ڏنوءِ، ڏنگو ڏاتارن کي."

8

This head would I sacrifice for you,

Get the skull and leave this place soon,

Lest you became a defaulter in your bargain with Ani Rai.

"مٿو مٿائين گھوريان، مٿو تو مٿاءِ،
هڏو هيءَ هٿ ڪري، جاجڪ! وهلو جاءِ،
تون سين انيراءَ، متان وچن ۾ ولهو ٿئين."

9

My head is of little worth compared to your chords,

There is nothing in the skull, do not go oh bard!

Ashamed am I, offering it to you.

"مٿو مور نہ پاڙيان، تنھنجي تند تنوار،
سر ۾ سڄڻ ناه ڪي، موٽ مَ مڱڻھار!
ڪينھي منجھ ڪپار، لڄيندو تو لاهيان."

10

"If hundred heads are placed in one scale, in another your chords,

Lower will be the scale containing them all,

Save for bones what is the worth of my head?

"سو سرن پائي، جي تند برابر توريان،
اُٿل اوڏانھن ٿئي، جيڏانھن ھيجل ھرائي،
سڪئون هڏ آهي، سر ۾ سڄڻ ناه ڪي."

11

If my neck had many many heads,

I would cut each of it more than times hundred,

Even then your string's value will surely surpass them".

"مٿي اُتي منھنجي جي ڪوڙين هُجن ڪپار،
تہ واريو واريو وڍيان، سڀئي ڪي سو وار،
تہ پڻ تند توار، تنھنجي مٿائون مڱڻا!"

12

"Oh king! all are prepared to give riches and wealth,

You give that which remains a legacy for those who beg."

جو تو ڏيڻ، ڏياچ! لاهيو اِي سر سيڪو ڏئي،
ڪي ناه جھڙو ڏئي، جو سندو ٿئي سواليين."

13

The bard is pleased with the generous king,

"Beggar! your other alms you will receive at dawn, head is now present

In non-existence lies trure existence."

پسي پاٽ پُر ٿيو، سندو جادم جود،
"مڱ وهاڻيءَ، مڱڻا! مٿو هير موجود،
بلڪ آهي بود، ناڪسيءَ نابود ۾."

14

Bard with harp on his shoulder, had walked to Girnar,

He asked for the head and raised such a cry.

چارڻ چَنگ ڪُلهي ڪري، پير پُري پاتا،
"صدا جي"، سيد چئي، "وائي ڪيائين واتان"،
تنھن تي راءِ راضي ٿيو، دل وڏيءَ داتا،

The generous kning was pleased with him,

Rai Diach's mother may well smile for having such a son.

مُرڪي مر ماتا، روڙي راءِ ڏياچ.

Section IV

1

Without any gain, bards come not within kings' palaces' site,

Eyes are enabled to behold light upon light,

Rai Diach's frame is bright, it shines with a light concealed,

Knowledge of the whole world to him was revealed,

For this, even the kings bow their heads before such bards.

ريءَ مصلحت مڱڻا، قصر ڪين اچن،
نور تجلو نور سين، نميو نيڻ پسن،
خيمي ۾ ڪنگهار جي، چانڊوڻا چمڪن،
تيلاه ملڪن ڏٽين، مجيو مڱڻهار ڪي.

2

"Welcome to my palace", said the king, "your secret

I understand, What you wish to say about it I fully respond",

Be content with what is put in your begging bowl.

"مر تہ آئين، مڱڻا! مام پروڙي مون،
جيڪا ڳاهہ ڳالهائين، سا سڀ سمجهيون،
تنهن ۾ تسج تون، جيڪي پويئي پٽ ۾."

3

"Bard! what surprises me about your lyre,

You play on its strings, yet its sweetness you survive,

But you tore my heart to pieces with your strings, last night".

"چارڻ! تنهنجي چنگ جو، عجب آهيم ايءُ،
هٿي آيو هٿن سين، جيئرو رکيو جيءُ،
رات منهنجو ريءَ، ڪاٽيو تو ڪماچ سين."

4

Strings hold no other secret but with Divine message viberate,

Through bard's skill and not just by sound of strings,

Respond like a falcon, be quick and fly to increase your worth.

"تان نہ آهي تند جو، رون رون ڪري راز،
هڻندڙ سندا هٿڙا، سيڪو چئي ساز،
ست ڏيئي شهباز ٿيءَ ٽوڪ پرائيين.

5

"what your strings say, I accept,

Ask for something more, ready is my head,

'This body made of dust is worthless when it is cut."

تند تماريءَ، تان ڪهيو سو قبول پيو،
سر تہ آهي سٽ ۾، پر ٻيو ڪي مڱج دان،
خاڪ مٽي ڪابان، ڪاٽئان پوءِ ڪُجھ نهين.“

6

"Bard! what you ask will be given to you, ask for more,

My palace and Sorath will not with your strings be equal in score",

"Come close to me that I may to you a secret relate".

"You want my severed head or the whole body with the head?"

”چارڻ ٻولج ڪي ٻيو، جو گهرين سو گهاريان،
گهر، سورٺ نہ پڙي، جي تندن سين توريان،
ڳجهي آهيم ڳالهڙي، آءُ اوري تان اوريان،
ڪ ڪلهئون ڪوريان؟ ڪ جا جڪا جسي سان ڏيانءِ؟

7

Blade, string and head have reconciled,

"There is no better act than your coming to this place,

You ask for my head and not what I could not give, God be praised"

ٽيئي پرچيا پاڻ ۾، ڪٽارو ڪنڌ،
تنهن جهوئي ناه ڪي، جوتو، چارڻ! ڪيو پنڌ،
”اي شُڪر الحمد، جيئن مٿو گهريوءِ، مڱڻا!

8

The heavenly music plays on, at the touch of the strings,

In the presence of that gracious prince,

He sees the light of heaven shining bright,

Taking the dagger, into his own head, he it drives.

ڪنجهي ڪيرت ڪينرو، واڄو ولاتي،
هنئي تند حضور ۾، تنهن پارس پيرا تي،
ڏسندي ٿي ڏياچ کي، ظاهر ٿيو ذاتي،
ڪڍي تنهن ڪاتي، وڌو ڪرٽ ڪپار ۾.

9

The flower of Grinar is plucked, women wail,

Hundreds like Sorath cried and wept,

Dressing Rai Diach's hair, to the bard they deliver his head,

They weep and say, "last night the king passed away."

گل چنو گرنار جو، پٽڻ ٿيون پٽين،
سهين سورٺ جهڙيون اُپيون اوسارين،
چوٽا چارڻ هٿ ۾، سر سينگاريو ڏين،
ناريون ناڏ ڪرين، ”راڄا رتا رمگيو.“

10

Sorath is dead, peace prevails, the king pitches his tents,

Music and song is heard again, resumed is all merriment,

Rejoicings are all around, see the happy king.

سورٹ مُئي، سک ٿيو، خيما هنيا کنگمار،
ٿيو راڳ روپ سو، لڳي تند تنوار،
سو ڏٺين پٽين پار، پسو! راجا راضي ٿيو.

# Kedaro

## (The Battle Ground)

## Introduction

In the history of mankind, there have been stray incidents, where an individual has laid down his life for truth and righteousness. But the tragedy of Karbala is unique in its own nature as here a band of faithful and devoted followers under the command of their dauntless leader, faced the challenge of the forces of cruelty and ruthlessness till each one sacrified his life, dying a martyr's death. The word kedaro means a battlefield, it is also melody in music. Here Shah Abdul Latif has described in touching tones the tragedy that befell Imam Hussain and his small band of followers at the battle field of Karbala. He has also given a graphic account of the preparations made for war, the weapons used, the bravery of the warriors, the courage and strength of character displayed by their wives.

After the passing away of Holy Prophet Muhammad (PBUH), the question arose as to who should be the Khalifa of the vast Muslim empire that had come into existence in such a short time. The Hashmis wanted Hazrat Ali to be the Khalifa but the Quresh wanted the decision to be made by consensus according to which Hazrat Abu Bakar was elected as the Khalifa. This resulted in dividing the Muslims into Sunnis and Shias. After the demise of Hazrat Abu Bakar, Hazrat Umar became the Khalifa, and after him Hazrat Usman, who was followed by Hazrat Ali. After Hazrat Ali, Imam Hassan became the Khalifa but he passed on the task of governing the vast empire to Muawiya, the ruler of Syria who had defeated him with a promise that after his death, Imam Hassan would be the Khalifa again. He now settled down at Madina alongwith his brother Imam Hussain. After Muawiya's death, his son Yazid usurped the title of Khalifa as he had already got Imam Hassan poisoned. He now asked the governor of Madina to see that Imam Hussain and Abdullah Bin Zubair both of whom he feared, would acknowledge him as the Khalifa. But Imam Hussain and Abdullah getting an inkling of what was to follow, secretly left Madina for Mecca.

At this time, Koofis wrote a tetter to Imam Hussain asking him to come to them, so that under his command, they would join him against Yazid. Imam Hussain sent his cousin Muslim to find out how far Koofis were sincere. When Muslim reached Koofa, he found great enthusiasm among the people in favour of Imam Hussain. Such information was conveyed to Imam Hussain asking him to come to Koofa.

When Yazid came to know of this state of affairs, he removed Nauman from his post and sent Ubedullah as the new governor who adopted extremely severe and cruel

methods of dealing with the Koofis. Unable to resist the harsh treatment meted out to them by Ubedullah, Koofis once again changed sides, now joined Yazid's followers and martyred Muslim, of which Imam Hussain was completely unaware. He had started his journey after receiving Muslim's letter and on Thursday Ist. of Moharram, 61 Hijra era (680 A.D.), reached the frontier of Babal where he learnt about the martyrdom of Muslim from Hur, a commander sent by Ubedullah who on the 3rd of Muharram brought him to the shore of river Farat (Euphrates) in the plain of Mariah also known as Karbala where Umar Bin Saad was waiting with 4000 soldiers. Imam Hussain was prepared to return to Mecca or even for talks with Yazid, but Ubedullah would not allow, insisting of his acknowledging Yazid as Khalifa. He blocked all their paths of return and even prevented them from drinking water, posting his guards on the river's bank. Lack of water was the greatest hardship. Seeing no other way, Imam Hussain ordered the tents to be pitched in the plain of Karbala. He had with himself 40 infantry and 32 cavalry when Hur came and joined him.

On the 10th Muharram, a commander named Shimer ordered an attack of arrows and of setting fire to the tents of Imam Hussain's party. The two opposing armies now prepared for war and there followed a slaughter of men. When Imam Hussain's dear and near ones all lost their lives, he put on an Egyptian Quba, wore the turban of holy Prophet, placed the shield of Hazrat Hamza on his shoulder, and tied round him the sword of Hazrat Ali, named Zulfiqar. Riding on his horse Zuljinah he came in the midst of the thick of the battle, and after killing many from the enemy's camp, himself became a martyr to the cause for which he had fought so heroically.

Shah Abdul Latif in his imagination sees Imam Hussain in heaven where Bibi Fatima, his mother, removes Karbala's sand particles from his body and Hazrat Ali wipes blood from his wounds. He also visualises the day of judgement where all believers receive salvation in exchange of Imam Hussain's martyrdom.

## Section I

1

| | |
|---|---|
| Month of Muharram starts, restless are the two Imams,<br>God ordains what He pleaseth and knows the reason why. | ڏنو محرم ماه، سنڪو شهزادن ٿيو،<br>جاڻي هڪ الله، پاڻ وڻنديون جو ڪري. |

2

| | |
|---|---|
| Month of Muharram returns but not the Imams,<br>May I see Madina's leaders with will of God! | محرم موٽي آيو، آيا تان نہ امام،<br>مديني جا ڄام! مولا، مون کي ميڙيين! |

3

The princes who left Madina, have not come back,
Oh brother dyer! dye my clothes black,
I mourn for those who never did return.

مير مدينان نڪري، آيا نہ موٽي،
ڪارا رڱج ڪپڙا، ادا نيروٽي!
آئون تنين لاءِ لوٽي، جي مير مسافر رانيئا.

4

Martyr's tribulations are in fact God's mercy's rain,
Yazid is quite unaware of such divine grace,
To sacrifice themselves was from eternity Imam's fate.

سختي شهادت جي، مڙوئي ملار،
ذرو ناه يزيد کي، اي عشق جو آثار،
ڪسڻ جو قرار، اصل امامن سين.

5

Martyrdom's tribulation, is God's grace,
Only the wise can fathom Karbala's tragedy's depth.

سختي شهادت جي، نسوروئي ناز،
رند پروڙن راز، قضيي ڪربلاجو.

## Section II

1

Moon sets, Madina's warriors prepare for war,
With them are drums, axes, spears, swords, falcons,
Ali's sons will fight with hard steel weapons.

چنڊ وهاٽي چڙهيا، ملهہ مدينان مير،
اُن سين طبل، باز، تبرون، ڪند، ڪٽارا ڪير،
عليءَ پٽ امير، ڪنداراڙو رڪ سين،

2

In Karbala's plain, they pitched, their tents,
With Yazid they fought. coming face to face,
They hesitate not at swords' sharp strokes.

ڪربلا جي پڙ ۾، خيما ڪوڙيائون،
جهيڙو يزيد سامهون، جُنبي جوڙيائون،
مُنهن نہ موڙيائون، پسي تاءُ ترار جو.

3

Perfect ones from Prophet's family, came to Karbala's plain,
With Egyptian swords they killed and put unbelievers to shame,
Well it is, that Bibi Fatima gave birth to such brave sons.

ڪامل ڪربلا ۾، اهل بيت آيا،
ماري مصرين سين، تن ڪوڙا ڪنبايا،
سچ ڪ بيبيءَ جا ڄايا، همڙا سوره سپرين.

4

Brave expert warriors came on Karbala's plain,

ڪامل ڪربلا ۾ آيا جنگ جوان،

| | |
|---|---|
| The earth trembled, there was commotion in heaven, | ڏرتي ڏبي، لرزي، ٿرٿليا آسمان، |
| No ordinary war was this, but a display of Divine love. | ڪره هئي ڪانہ، هو نظارو نينهن جو. |

5

| | |
|---|---|
| God lets His dear ones and friends be sacrified, | دوست ڪهائي دادلا، محب مارائي، |
| Trial and tribulations are for the select ones, | خاص خليلن کي، سختيون ساهائي، |
| Eternal and Absolute God, He does what He wills. | الله الصمد، بي نياز سا ڪري جا چاهي، |
| Some deep secret lies hidden in this. | انهيءَ منجهہ آهي، ڪا اونهي ڳالهہ اسرار جي. |

## Section III

1

| | |
|---|---|
| Did any one see these warriors in action? | ڏٺو ڪالهہ ڪنهين، جهونجهار ڪو جهيڙو؟ |
| Elephant's limbs got severed, blood began to run, | هاٿين هڏ مڇائيا، ريلو رت نئين، |
| Brave warriors prefer that position which endangers life. | پانئن ساسئين، جٿان جيءَ جوکو ٿئي. |

2

| | |
|---|---|
| The armour burnishers are here soon, | آيا، اجارين، تنڪ، تراريون تڙا، |
| Arrows on their shoulders, warriors do not remove, | سانگيون سائن هٿ ۾، ڪلمون نہ لاهين، |
| Brave lovers of martyrdom, remain on their feet. | اُپائي آهين، مهائي مرڻ تي. |

3

| | |
|---|---|
| They strike, they ride the horses, they care for their companions, | هڻڻ، هڪلڻ، ہيلي سارڻ، مانجهيان ايءَ مرڪ، |
| The brave constantly fight with steel's weapons. | وجهن تان نہ فرق، رڪ وهنديءَ راند ۾. |

4

| | |
|---|---|
| Brave meet the brave, there is heard din of swords, | بهادر گڏيا بهادرين، ڪڙڳ ڪلول ڪن، |
| Charging they hit, bodies on bodies roll, | وجهن ڌڙ ڌڙن تي، هاڪارين، هڻن، |
| Heads fall, plain echoes with sounds of moans and cries. | ڪرن ڪنڌ نچن، رڻ گجيو، راڙو ٿيو، |

5

| | |
|---|---|
| Some one challenges from one side, from the other some one strikes, | هوڏانهن هُن هاڪاريو، هيڏا هي هڻن، |
| Bugels and pipes are heard horn both sides, | سرنايون ۽ سنڌڙا، ٻنهي پار ٻرن، |
| | گهوٽن ۽ گهوڙن، رڻ ۾ لائون لڌيون. |

Horses and bridegrooms' heads meet in battle ground.

6

Horses and bridegrooms have few days to live,

Sometimes they in palaces lodge, some times in deserts well.

گھوڙن ۽ گھوٽن، جيئڻ ٿورا ڏينھڙا،
ڪڏھن منجھ ڪوٽن، ڪڏھن راتي رڻ جا.

7

In swinging laps are brought warriors frames,

Their wives weep and throw handfuls of dust on themselves,

They weep and cry aloud, the plain all this commotion resounds.

جھمنديون اچن، جھوليون جھنجارن جون،
پايو ڀڪ ڀھار جا، تن جون وھون واڪا ڪن،
پٽين پار ڪين، رڻ گجيو راڙو ٿيو.

8

"Oh bridegroom![1] come in festive clothes for your nuptials,

Then where spear strikes against spear, come faster there,

There is no danger till martyr's marriage is complete."

"ڪانڌ! ڪلارين ڪپڙين، ورا! ونا ھيو آءُ،
جت سانگين جي سٽ وھي، اُت وک وڌندي پاءِ،
تان تان ڀو م پاءِ، جان جان نوڏين نہ چڙھين.

9

"I will not believe my husband fled, he must have been killed,

I will hold my head high if he has wounds on his face,

If he has wounds on his back, I will die of shame".

"ڀڳو"، آئون نہ چوان، "ماريو تہ وسھان،
ڪانڌ منھن ۾ ڌڪڙا، سيڪيندي سُنھان،
تہ پڻ لڄ مران، جي ھونس پٺ ۾،"

10

With their heads held high they cry,

"Friends this brave warrior has honoured us all"

مُنھن مٿاھان جن جا، سي پٽيو ڪين پار،
"جيڏيون! ھن جھنجھار، اُجاري سڀ اڇا ڪيا."

11

"T's well that you die on battle field, I for you weep,

Taunts are uttered for long, while life is brief".

"مر مرين، آئون رئان، موتي آءُ مَ ڪانڌ!،
ڪچن وڏا پاند، جيئڻ ٿورا ڏينھڙا."

## Section IV

1

Strong misty wind blew, dust storm came,
As if to sons of Ali night strode on battle's plain.

ڪاجا ڍري ڍنگري، ڪو جو وريو واءَ،
علي شير وياءُ، رڻ ۾ پين راتڙي.

2

Yazid, give up your animosity with Ali's sons,
You will not have the felicity which awaits Mir Hussain.

جهيڙو لاهه، يزيد! عليءَ جي اولاد سين،
سان نہ پسندين عيد، جا هوندي مير حسين سين.

3

Cruel Koofis acted deceit, jointed Yazid's camp,
They came face to face the gallant one in battle's plain,
To make him a martyr, they had it all arranged.

ڪوفين قهر ڪيو، ٿيا جماعتي يزيد سين،
پلٽين ڪي پڙ ۾، ورنه ور پيو،
سڌر هون سهو، شير شهادت رسيو.

4

Koofis wrote a letter in God's name,
"We are your subjects, you are our head,
Come to us that we may select you as our lord."

ڪوفين ڪاغذ لکيو، وچ وجهي الله،
"اسين تابع تنهنجا، تون اسان جو شاه،
هيڪر هيڏي آءُ، تہ تخت تابيني تنهنجي."

5

In Karbala's plain, Koofis prevented them from drinking water,
The princes then remembered Ali, their noble father,
Coming out of tents, glancing around, they call Prophet Muhammad for help.

ڪوفي ڪربلا ۾، پاڻي نہ پيارين،
اُتي علي شاه کي، شهزادا سارين،
نڪريو، نهارين، "پڙه، مير محمد عربي!"

6

At dawn from Karbala came a bird covered with blood,
Reaching the mausoleum of Prophet Muhammad, it loudly said,
"I have seen the glitter of swords, come Prophet be their help".

پره پکي آئيو، ڪربلا مان ڪهي،
روضي پاس رسول جي، تنهن اچي هاڪ هنئي،
"ڏٺيم رڪ رئي، "چڙه، مير محمد عربي!"

## Section V

1

No other comrade, nor Hassan is with Hussain,
Far off is their native land, Yazid! is that why you make quick attacks?

حسن ناه حسين وٽ، ٻيلي نہ ٻاهون،
ساڙيهہ شهزادن جو آهي اڳاهون،
يزيد! جلاهون، تيلاءِ ڪرين تڪڙيون؟

2

Would that Hassan were here in the battle's plain,
Like a moth he would have over his brother sacrified himself,
Who is there now to prevent enemy attacking Hussain?

ڪلي وير ڪٽڪ ۾ هجيءَ! جي حسن هو،
ڀيڙو ڀيرو ڀاءُ تي، پتنگ جيئن پيو،
آهي ڪير ٻيو، جو ڪري هلان مير حسين تان؟

3

Those who come to wage war are not all brave,
They lay down their lives, who with defeat will! not themselves disgrace.

ڪلي وير ڪٽڪ ۾، سائو سڀ نہ هون،
پڙ تي سيئي پون، موٽڻ جنين ميهڻو.

4

In war, he who guards himself with an armour,
To keep himself alive is his desire,
Brave is he who without it fights.

ڪلي وير ڪٽڪ ۾، ٻاڪر جو پائي،
اڃا اُن کا جيئڻ جو، آسانگو آهي،
سوره سوچائي، جو رڳوئي رڻ گهڙي.

5

Brave warrior! remove all doubts, if you intend to win,
Attack with your spear, grapple with the enemy, hold not the slanting shield,
Strike sword against sword, that you may never yield.

سوره! مرين سوڀ کي، تہ دل جا وهم وسار،
هڻ ڀالا، وڙه ٻاڪرين، آڏي ڍال مَ ڍار،
مٿان تيغ ترار، مار تہ متارو ٿئين.

6

Dauntless Hur bravely marches forth,
"I am since long a lover like the moth,
May the Prophet, your grand father, be pleased,
This venerated head, over you let me sacrifice."

حر هلي آئيو، مانجهي مردانو،
"آهيان عاشق آگ جو، پتنگ پروانو،
مان راضي ٿئي رسول رب جو، نبي تو نانو،
هيءَ سر سمانو، گهوٽ! مٿان ٿي گهوريان،

7

Hur was given this advice since long,
He left enemy's camp and came along,

هئي هدايت حر کي، ازل ۾ اصلا،
چڙهي آيو جنگ تي، هلي هن پارا،

To Hussain he said," May I be over you sacrificed doing all I dare,

"God does not test a soul more than it can bear."[2]

He too was wounded and as a martyr died.

ايندي چيائين، امام کي: گھوريس آنءِ مٿاءِ،
"لا يڪلف الله نفسا الا وسعها"، جيڪا پڄنديم سا،"
گھوٽ کي لڳا گھاءِ، هيءَ بہ شير شهيد ٿيو.

8

Peerless brave warrior Hussain, stood with a steel helmet,

His head-gear studded with pearls and diamonds,

It soon became red, stained with flowing blood.

پاونگ اپو پڙ ۾، هٽي هزاري هول،
جوهر ۾ جڙاءَ سين، ڪامل سر ڪنگول،
رتو رت رتول، مولهيو مير حسين جو.

9

Blood red was his beard, his teeth shone like pomegranate flower,

Like the full moon his head gear did glitter.

On judgement's day, when all assemble, his mother may well be pleased

Bravo! to that fearless' warrior, who died on that battlefield.

ڏاڙهي رت رتياس، ڏند تہ ڏاڙهونءِ گل جيئن،
چوڏهينءَ ماه چنڊ جيئن، پڙ ۾ پاڳڙياس،
ميڙي ۾ محمد جي، مر مرڪي ماس،
تنهن سوره کي شاباس، جو مٿي پڙ پرزا ٿئي.

10

His mother wiped from him Karbala's dust,

Ali cleaned from his wounds the drops of blood,

All believers' salvation got, in his blood's exchange.

ڪڪرا ڪربلا جا، مادر ٿي ميڙياس،
ڦڙن تان رت ڦڙا، علي ٿي اگھياس،
مڙئي معاف ڪياس، خالق بدلي خون جي.

## Section VI

1

Prince, lover of war! as long as you live,

Throw yourself on spears point, drink essence of steel,

Be the feed of vultures, who since ages have longed for such meat.

ڪونر ڪلي جا ڪوڏيا، جانڪي تائين جيءُ،
مٿان آڙن اُسري، رڪ پيالو پيءُ،
ڳاه ڳجهن جو ٿي، ويلي جن وره ٿيا.

2

Like goats on a meadow, vultures roam on battlefield,

Brave face brave, running to challenge one another,

ڇيهر جيئن ڇهون، تيئن رڻ ڳجهن رانيئو،
ونڪا ونڪن ڳڏيا، ڀوڙيو ڀهون،
مهاين وهون، نيهر مهانگو ڪنديون.

Martyrs' wives have made indigo's price to rise.

3

To cast off their heads in war, these warriors hesitate not,

Courageous ones laid down their lives in presence of Imams,

"Since they fought in the cause of God." 3

Huris in heaven, adorn these martyrs with garlands of flowers.

ڪوٻا ڪلي ڪوڏيا، راوت ڪين رهن،
سائن سر فدا ڪيا، اڳيان امامن.
يجاهدون في سبيل الله ڪم اهوئي ڪن.
حورون هار ٻڌن، سهرا شهيدن کي.

4

Paradise became their home where the chosen ones have gone,

United with God, in Him their existence they lost.

God! favour me with a glimpse of them.

جنت سندين جوءِ، فائق هليا فردوس ڏي،
فاني ٿيا "في الله" ۾، هوءِ ۾ پٽا هوءِ،
رب! ڏيکارئين روءِ، اُنهن جي احسان سبين!

5

Three types of creatures mourn Hassan and Hussain,

People in their homes, beasts in jungle, angels in Heaven,

Birds in sorrow beat their wings for the loved ones have left.

Lord! may you grant victory to the princes so brave.

حسن مير حسين کي، رنو ٽن ٽولن،
گهر ماڻهين جهنگ مرئين اُپن ۾ ملڪن،
پکين پاڻ پڇاڙيو، تہ لڏيو هوت وڃن،
الله! شهزادن، سوڀون ڏئين، سچا ڏڻي!

6

Those whose hearts grieve not for Hassan and Hussain Imam,

Can they be forgiven by the Almighty, Lord of all.

حسن مير حسين جو، جن نہ هينئڙي جار،
خالق، رب، جبار، ڪين مرهيندو تن کي.

# Sarang

## (Rainy Season)

## Introduction

Sarang is a melody in music which is usually sung in rainy seasin. In fact the word Sarang itself means season. It contains a beautiful description of the preparation that nature makes before the rain falls. The flashing lightening, the clouds forming shapes of towers in the sky and the cool breeze from north that comes as a harbinger of rain, are described in glowing terms. Rain and its array come as a reminder of God's presence in all that we perceive and behold. It also reminds us of His mercy and generosity and directs our thoughts to Him. In the monsoon season one sees rain everywhere. It showers on many different parts of the world. Shah Abdul Latif mainly concerned about the peasants and the villagers, makes us visualise how happy they are when the rain comes and what prosperity it brings to them. Butter, grain and other commodities are found in plenty and every one rejoices at this prosperity. The only persons who cannot share these feelings of joy, are the hoarders who had hoards of grain to sell in time of scarcity at a higher price. The widows and the poor wives whose husbands are away, also are sad and uncomfortable as they have no one to help them to repair their huts and provide them with other necessities of life.

Shah Abdul Latifs love for his native land Sindh, is expressed in lines where he prays to God to make it a land of abundance but at the same time, his universality can be seen when in the same breath he prays far the prosperity of the whole world.

> Dear God, may you always make Sindh a land of abundance rare
> Beloved mine! may you make prosperous the whole universe.

The coming of rain, a sign of Divine mercy, stands as a symbol of the advent of Islam which in a short duration, spread to many countries of the world.

### Section I

1

"آگميو آهه. لڳه پس"! لطيف چئي،
"اونو مينهن وڏ ڦڙو، ڪڍو ڏڻ ڪاهي،
"چن چڙهي پٽ پٺو، سمر سانياهي"،
"وهو مَ لاهي، آسرو الله مان."

See! the dark clouds in the sky appear,
Large drops of rain fall, for out-door life your herds prepare,
Leave the lowlands, come on higher grounds,
Trust in God, give not up hope abound.

2

Look! God sends dark clouds in the sky,
Drenched in rain water, the plains colourful are,
God sends on tracks and paths plenty of grass,
Herdsmen receive new life by the worry removing rainfall.

"آگم ڪيا الله، لڳه پس"! لطيف چئي،
"پلر جي پالوٽ سين، پٽن جهليا پاهه،"
"واحد وڏائي ڪيا مٿي گسن گاهه،"
"سانگن ور يا ساهه، اٿن آب اگوندرو."

3

Clouds' beauty in no way equals to Beloved's grace,
Season's charms without His sight are of no avail,
When Beloved enters the hut, sounds and sights of rain become great joy.

آگم ايءَ نه انگ، جهڙو پسڻ پريئن جو،
"سيڻن ريءَ" سيد چئي، "روح نه روچن رنگ"،
"سهين ٿيا سارنگ، جاني آيو جوءِ ۾."

4

Loved one enters my hut, my heart is at ease,
Worries take flight at His sight,
His cherished presence was with us for a while.

جاني آيو جوءِ ۾، ٿيو قلب قرار،
وهلو وڃائين ويو، ڪري غم گذار،
نظارو نروار، پريئن پسايو پنهنجو،

5

From north are heard the sweet notes of rain quail,
Ploughmen prepare their ploughs, rejoice herdsmen,
Today my Beloved has donned rain's array.

اڄ پڻ اتر پار ڏي، تاڙي ڪئي تنوار،
هارين هر سنباهيا، سرها ٿيا سنگهار،
اڄ پڻ منهنجي يار، وسڻ جا ويس ڪيا.

6

Today too, like dark hair, rain bearing clouds appear,
Lightening flashes to rain, wearing red gear,
Rain brought memories, uniting me with my love,

اڄ پڻ اتر پار ڏي ڪارا ڪڪر ڪيس،
وڄون وسڻ آئيون، ڪري لعل لبيس،
پرين جي پرديس، مون کي مينهن ميڙيا.

7

Today too, the sky appears sombre and dark,
Season's beauty brings back memories of the past,
May the rain, water the lowlands and the plains,
In such season, your presence in my hut, I crave.

اڄ پڻ اميدون، آگم سنديون اڀ ۾،
ساوڻ پسي سرتيون، سڄڻ ساريون مون،
آئون آسائتي آهيان، مان پڄائي پون،
گهر ته گهرجين تون، مند مڙيئي مينهن جي،

8

Rain bearing winds from north attack,

اتران ٿي آيون، ڪري هڪل هوءِ،

| | |
|---|---|
| Filling ponds, lowlands, forming rivulets, | پري تل تراڻيون، جوڙي هليون جوءِ، |
| See! perfumed winds wafted from the plains, | پسع جا پٽن ۾، ڪٿوريءَ خوشبوءِ، |
| On holy Prophet's mausoleum they shower, rain. | اڄي روبروءِ، انيون روضي تان رسول جي. |

9

| | |
|---|---|
| Loved one all of a suddeen appeared, | پريئڻ پسايو پانهنجو نظارو ناگاهہ، |
| Depressing feelings in such joyous company disappeared, | لٿو ڪٿ قلوب تان، تي ور وهڻ واهہ، |
| All wishes were fulfilled at such a gracious sight. | اميدون ارواح، پيءَ پسندي پنيون. |

10

| | |
|---|---|
| Oh rain! if you learn to weep like my eyes, | وسڻ اکڙين جيئن، جي هوند سکئين مينهن! |
| Then night and day your drops will not cease. | تہ هوند راتون ڏينهن، بس بوندئيون نہ ڪرين. |

11

| | |
|---|---|
| The lightening flashes, soon grain holding vessels will swell, | گام گنديءَ گنج، ابر ۾ اهاءَ ٿيو، |
| At loved one's generous ways, all worries dispel, | پسي پر پريئن جي، ڏور ٿيا سڀ ڏنج، |
| For lovers of rain, may it in abundance fall, at eve. | شال وسندو سنج، عاشق تي اوهيڙا ڪري! |

12

| | |
|---|---|
| Arabian horses in the yard, twisted horned buffaloes and huts outside, a pleasant sight, | اڳڻ تازي، پهر ڪنديون، پکا پٽ سهن، |
| Rain outside, coach perfumed, loved one beside, | سرهي سيج، پاسي پرين، مرپيا مينهن وسن، |
| May all the days pass like this. | اسان ۾ پرينءَ، شال هئن برابر ڏينهڙا. |

13

| | |
|---|---|
| It has rained in deserts, wastes and lower grounds, | بر وٺا، ٿر وٺا، وٺيون ترايون، |
| At dawn are heard the charming sounds, | پرهہ جو پٽن تي، ڪن ولوڙا وايون، |
| Prosperous herdsmen's wives' hands are filled with butter, | مکڻ پرين هٿڙا، سنگهاريون سايون، |
| They milk the light coloured buffaloes standing beside, | ساري ڏهن سامهيون، پولايون، رايون، |
| Happy in their homes are maids and mistresses alike. | بانهون ۾ بايون، پکي سنهن پنهنجي. |

14

| | |
|---|---|
| In deserts, wastes and Jessalmir it has rained, | بر وٺا ٿر وٺا، وٺو جيسر مير، |
| Clouds and lightning have come to Thar's plains, | آگم ڪکري آئيون، پائر پري پير، |

Lone, needy women are now free from care,

Fragrant are the paths, happy herdsmen's wives all this share.

"لاٿائون" لطيف چئي، "وانديون مٿان وير،"
"سرها ڪيائون سير، سرهيون سنگهاريون ٿيون،"

15

From Kachh come rainbearing winds to deserts and wastes,

Streams of water by evening cover the plains,

Merciful Lord has removed all worries from the land.

بر وٺا، ٿر وٺا، وٺي ڪڇ ڪنار،
پونياڙي پٽن تي، ڏس! نايائون نار،
سپاجهي ستار، لاٿا ڏرت ڏيهہ تان.

16

Oh rain! be mindful of the thirsty ones,

Let there be plenty of water in plains, let cheap be grain

Let all land receive rain that prosperous become herdsmen.

سارنگ! سار لهيج، الله لڳ اڃين جي،
پاڻي پوڄ پٽن ۾، ارزان اُن ڪريج،
وطن وسائيج، تہ سنگهارن سک ٿئي،

17

Men, deers and buffaloes pant for rain,

Coots and rain quails for clouds eagerly wait,

Oysters in the ocean daily watch for it,

Let herdsmen drink rain water, that they may be fit.

سارنگ کي سارين، ماڻهو، مرگ، مينهيون،
آڙيون ابر آسري، تاڙا توراين،
سپون جي سمونڊ ۾، نئين سج نهارين،
پلر پيارين، تہ سنگهارن سک ٿئي.

Vai

On judgement's day, Sayed will take care of me,

Prostrating before God, he will make entreaty,

For his followers forgiveness he will request,

Sun's glare will dazzle eyes, Israphili will blow his trumpet,

Believers all will be assembled, there noble Muhammad (PBUH) esteemed

Each to save himself, towards merciful one will speed,

There lord will honour him and forgive his followers sins.

مُنهنجو سيد سار لهندو،
مون کي آهہ اميد الله ۾،
سجدي پئي سپرين، زاري زور ڪندو،
اُمت ڪارڻ احمد ات پرمل پاڪ پنندو،
صور ڏڪاءُ ٿيندو، اکيون سڀ سج ڪيندو،
ميڙو ٿيندو مومنين، ات محمد مير ملندو،
مهلت ڏيندس مولي، اُت بديون بخشائيندو،

## Section II

1

Crimson clouds, as red as wax

Form designs like those on multi-coloured neat dress,

Over Bhit it has rained and filled Karar lake's lowlands.

سارنگ سائي سٽ، جهڙي لالي لاک جي،

ايئن سي اڀن انگيا، جيئن سي ڇُني ڇٽ،

برسيو پاسي ڀٽ، ڀريائين ڪن ڪرار جا.

2

Rejoicing, the clouds lovingly come over Bhit,

North wind blows, like multi coloured bright flowers dazzles lightning,

Green plains are fragrant, heaps of grass is piled,

Water from the plain has collected and filled Karar from side to side.

ڀري ڀٽ تي آيو، سارنگ سهج منجها،

ڪڙيون ڪٿڻ هار جيئن، وڄون اتر وار،

سرها سبزا ٿيا، ڍامڻ ڍپ ڪيا،

ڀري [illegible]ان، ڀريائين ڪن ڪرار جا.

3

Rain filled Karar lake's lowlands, it watered the desert,

Timely lightening has brought a colourful change,

Coming from mountain Pab it passed Makran,

God so ordained that much grass grows on river banks.

ڀريائين ڪن ڪرار جا، وٺو وارياسو،

ڪٽيتيءَ ڪوڙ ڪيو، ڇڱو چوماسو،

ماڪاٽيءَ تان موٽيو، ڏيئي پب پاسو،

خالق ڪيو خاصو، ڇيهو ڇڪيءَ ڪنڌئين،

4

Rain makes green river banks and hillsides, flowers grow on Garang's[2] banks,

Passing through village Hada-kut, it filled lowlands,

Water flows all around, gardens in splendour grow.

ڇيهو ڇڪيءَ ڪنڌئين، ڪيائين ڳڙنگ تي گل،

هڏا ڪٺيان هليو، ڀري ترايون تل،

آنڌائين آب اڇل، مٿي باغ بهار ٿي.

5

Today the clouds form towers of many colours bright,

Fiddle, harp and other musical instruments are heard from all sides.

Last night the clouds poured goblets of rain over Padam lake.

اڄ رسيلا رنگ، بادل ڪڍيا برجن سين،

ساز، سارنگيون، سرندا، وڄائين برجنگ،

صراحيون سارنگ، پلٽيون رات پڏام تي.

6

Love and rain mean one and the same,
Clouds cry before coming of rain,
Loved one, if you come, like cloud I will become.

مينهان ۽ نينهان، ٻئي اکر هيڪڙي،
جي وسڻ جا ويس ڪري، ته ڪڪر ڪن ڪيهان،
بادل ٿي بيهان، جي آگم اچڻ جا ڪرين.

7

Sight of clouds make widows sob, thinking of their mates,
May huts that they' have build, without any help, not get wet,
If rain from north destroys them, whom can they complain?
Would that their spouses could come back to them!

ڪڪن ڪانڌ چت ڪيو، جهڙپسيو جهجن،
ور ريءَ وانڍين اڏيا، پکاسين مَ پسن!
اتر ڏاهي ان جا، ته ڪنهن کي ڪارون ڪن،
وارث وري تن، اچي شال اولون ڪري.

8

Clouds remind them of their absent husbands,
Lightning's roar through their frames sends shudderings,
In silence they suffer, so helpless they feel.

ڪڪن ڪانڌ چت ڪيو جهڙپسيو جهٽڪن،
سٽيو رڙ رعد جي، ڪليون ٿيون ڪنبن،
ڪليون ڪين ڪڇن، ويچاريون ورن ري.

## Section III

1

Clouds' gliding movements, teach graceful walk to elephants,
Lightning's crimson colour baffles the rain bugs,
Like the full moon lightning shines,
Every one tries to see the loved one
Who has taken with himself abundant saffron?

گنير گت سکن، چلڻ جي چاھ پئي،
هند وا حيرت ۾ پيا، لالي کي لبن،
چمڪن چوڏس چنڊ جيئن، ويڇڙيون وهسن،
"لوچن ٿا"، لطيف چئي، "پسڻ لئي پرين"
ڪوثر قريبن ساٿ، سنياري ڪنيا.

2

Season of rain is here, musical instruments are heard all over,
Lowlands abound in grass where graze buffaloes,
Happy herdsrnen's wives weave garlands of flowers,
May you remove days of hardships of the world all over.

منڊ ٿي منڊل منڊيا، کي اوهيڙن اوڪ،
چاچر ٿي چڻن ۾، مينهون چرن موڪ،
سرهيون ٿيون سنگهاريون، پويو پائن طوق،
ميها، چيڙ ڦنگيون، جت سڀ ٿين ٿوڪ،
لاهين مٿان لوڪ، ڏولائي جا ڏينهڙا.

3

Season's music, rain quils warbling notes,

Farmers repair their ploughs, happy are herdsmen.

My loved one today makes preparton for a downpour.

مند ٿي منڊل منڊيا، تاڙي ڪئي تنوار،
هارين هر سنباهيا، سرها ٿيا سنگهار،
اڄ پڻ منهنجي يار، وسڻ جا ويس ڪيا.

4

"May God bring you close to us, my beloved mate,

Longing for you, my whole strength is drained."

محب، منهنجا سپرين! آڻيئي الله!
توکي ساري ساهه، اکنديون آهه ڪري.

5

Loved one comes in the garb of clouds, that bring rain,

A lightening midst those who their whole life long for them.

آڳم ڪيو اچن، سڄڻ ساوڻ مينهن جيئن،
پاسي تن وسن، جي سڀ ڄماندر سڪيا.

6

"Some provision and shelter from cold I need, my hut provides none,

Relate my condition to my good husband,

Return to your yard, that I may be at peace."

اوچڻ گهرجي آجڪو، جهوپو سهي نه سيءَ،
سڱائيج سوڙ ڪي، حال مُنهنجو هيءُ،
اڱڻ آيو ٿيءَ، ته ڍوليا! ڪنهن ڍنگ ٿيان.

7

"Spouse! without you, I shudder at eve,

Cold and depressed I am even in warm bed,

Yet I rely on the hope that dawn will bring you back."

ڪانڌ! تنهنجي پاندريءَ، سنجهي سيءَ مران،
ڪامل! ڪپاهن ۾، پيئي ٿار ٺران،
تاريءَ تو تران، جيئن ور وهاڻيءَ واريو.

8

"Spouse! thinking of you whole night in cold I am awake,

No wink of sleep comes to me though in bed,

Cold matters not, if at dawn you are back."

ڪانڌ! تنهنجي پاندريءَ، سيءُ مران سڀ رات،
ڪامل! ڪپاهن ۾، جهپ نه اچي جهات،
اچين جي پرڀات، ته آئون سيءُ نه ساريان.

## Section IV

1

Through season's rain, loved one in Jhoke brings about downpour,

سڄڻ ساوڻ مينهن جا، جهٽڪن پاسي جهوڪ،
ڏيندا پاهه پٽن کي، منجهان مينهن موڪ،

Plains will become green with plenty of water from this source,

Clouds' eyes pour, pure water for people to drink.

لس پيارن لوڪ، آگم ڪيو اکين سين،

2

West wind blows, lightening appears from Khumbat,

Bring the buffaloes young and old, on their grazing path,

Herdsmen are happy, days of adversity are no more,

Rain in a moment will water plains that were dry before.

واهوندان وڄون ٿيون، ڪڙيون ڏانهن ڪنيات،
ڪنڍيون ڪاهي گس ڪريو، وڄون ڪريو وات،
سنگهارن سک ٿيو، لٿي اڄ اسات،
جهڙ ڦڙ ڏيئي جهات، پسائيندو پٽيون.

3

Through clouds peeps the partial sun,

Lightning appearing now and again, felicitates men,

Be not depressed oh heart! soon you will meet the loved one.

سڄو صاف نہ اڀري، سرلي وچان سج،
مينهن چڙهيو ماڙهن ڪي، ڏيئي وڏائيءَ وڄ،
هينئڙا ڪپ مَ ڪج، سگهو ملندءِ سپرين.

4

Lightening turned to Dhatt making green, meadows and plains,

Sun and moon I would compare not to loved one's face,

The one that in my heart resides, entered my hut.

ڍٽ ڍري پٽ پيون، ٿيا ولهارن ويءَ،
سج چنڊ نہ پاڙيان، سڄڻ جي شبيهہ،
جي جاني اندر جيءَ، سي پرين پيهي گهر آيا.

5

Lightning turned to Thar and watered its plains,

God showered His mercy on buffaloes and men

My Beloved! keep the herdsmen happy and free from need.

ڍٽ ڍري پٽ پييون، وڄن ڪيا ڏرم،
واحد وڏائي ڪيا، ڪنڍين ساڻ ڪرم،
سنگهارن شرم، رک منهنجا سپرين!

6

Clouds come back once again, it rains,

Lightenings flash from all sides with them,

Some go to Istanbul, others turn to west,

Some shine bright over China, others take care of Samarkand,

موٽي مانداڻ جي، واري ڪيائين وار،
وڄون وسڻ آئيون، چوڏس ٿي چوڌار،
ڪي اٿي ويون استنبول ڏي، ڪي مٿيون مغرب پار،
ڪي چمڪن چين تي، ڪي لهن سمرقندين سار،
ڪي رمي ويون روم تي، ڪي قابل ڪي قنڌار،

Some wandered to Rome, to Kabul and Qandhar,

Some lie on Dehli, Deccan, thundering over,

Some pour rain over Jesalmir, dropping showers over Bikaner,

Some soak Bhuj, others water Dhatt,

Some made green the plains of Umarkote

Dear God, may you always make Sindh a land of abudance rare

Beloved mine, may you make prosperous the whole universe.

كي دليءَ، كي دكن، كي گڙن مٿي گرنار،
ڪنهين جنبي جيسر مير تان، ڏنا بيڪانير بڪار،
ڪنهين ڀڄ ڀڄائيو، ڪنهين ڍٽ مٿاهين ڏار،
ڪهين اچي عمرڪوٽ تان، وسايا ولهار،
سانئيم! سدائين ڪرين، مٿي سنڌ سڪار!
دوس! مٺا دلدار! عالم سڀ آباد ڪرين!

7

Preparation for rain once again are afoot, all nature rejoices,

Lightening brings rain falling in downpour unbiased,

All the world has piles and piles of it,

Rain removed scarcity, all over is prosperity's bliss.

موٽي مانڊاڻ جي، ڇڙي ڪيائين جوڙ،
وڄون وسڻ آئيون، ڀهه ڀهه ڀڏائون ڀوڙ،
انن جا عالم ۾، لکين ٿيا ڪوڙ،
سارنگ لاٿي سوڙهه، ساندهه سهائو ٿيو.

8

Cloud was commanded to prepare for rain,

Rain pattered and poured, lightening flared.

Grain hoarders, hoping for dearness, wring their hands,

Five would become fiften in their pages they had planned.

From the land may perish all the profiteers,

Herdsmen once again talk of abundant showers,

Latif says have hope in God's blessed grace.

حڪم ٿيو بادل کي، ته "سارنگ ساٽ ڪجن،"
وڄون وسڻ آئيون، ٺهه ٺهه مينهن ٺمن،
جن مهانگو لهي ميڙيو، سي ٿا هٿ هڻن،
پنجن منجهان پندرهن ٿيا، ايئن ٿا ورق ورن،
ڏڪاريا ڏيهن مان، شل موڙي سڀ مرن!
وري وڏيءَ وس جون، ڪيون ڳالهيون ڳنوارن،
سيد چئي، "سين، آهي توه تنهنجي آسرو".

9

Dark clouds collect in lovers heart, outside it is clear,

Lightening will bring rain to God's seekers,

Their eyes are always wet., in whose homes God resides.

اندر جهڙ جهور وهي، ٻهر ڪڪر نه ڪوءِ،
وسائيندي وڄڙي، حب جنين کي هوءِ،
لالن جنين لوءِ، سي اوڪاڻين نه اکيون.

10

From north come clouds and it rains,

Reviving memories of far off loved one, bringing close the same.

آگمجي آئيون، اتر ان ڪري اور،
جي پرين هٿڙا ڏور، سي مون کي مينهن ميڙيا،

Vai

Season of mists and rain is here, I will put on red dress.

Clouds obey, when Beloved orders them to rain,

Young wife ties bells to young buffalo with her soaked hair,

Come to my hut Sayed says and take charge of my affairs.

آئي مند ملار، آئون ڪهبا ڪنديس ڪپڙا،
وسڻ جا ويس ڪيا، اڄ منهنجي يار،
لار لائيندي وڇڙا، پنڙس ڀنيا وار،
پکيءَ آءُ پرين تون! لهه منهنجي، سيد! سار،

# Asa

(Fervent Desire)

## Introduction

Asa means hope, hope which is eternal. Asa is also a melody in music. In this sur Shah Abdul Latif with citations from the Holy Quran and Hadith makes us aware of man's relationship with God which ought not to be ignored or neglected. Man has to live in this world, yet be out of it. He has to make himself strong against the various temptations and base desires that are bound to come in his way. He has to perform cheerfully the daily tasks of the routine of life, yet not be unmindul of life's real purpose which is to strive for a higher life. He has not to be engrossed in the sensuous beauty of the world, unaware of the eternal beauty of the Lord. Man is a hybrid, hence he can neither ignore this world nor the spiritual realm. For the same reason, Shah Abdul Latif though a sufi, does not believe in complete renunciation as he says in this sur:

مون کي مون پرين ٻڌي وڌو تار ۾،
ايا ايئن چون مچڻ پاند پسائينڪ

My Love bound me and threw me in water's depth,
Standing on the bank, he kept saying, don't you wet yourself.

Man must strive to perceive unity of the metaphysical world and avoid duality for there is no duality. He has, then to obey the Divine laws or follow Shariat[1] strictly before he turns to contemplation which will ultimately lead him to perceive Reality. With implicit faith, firm resolution and hope to cheer in one's efforts, a higher life can be achieved. Those who live their lives in accordance with the above guidelines, those who accept that whatever happens to them is the will of God and believe that the purpose of their life is to render Divine service for which they are prepared all the time putting away their ego, become a clear medium for the light of God to be reflected. For such persons Shah Abdul Latif says:

تن تسبيح من مڻيو، دل دنبورو جن،
تندون جي طلب جون، وحدت سين وڄن
وحده[2] لا شريک له، اهو راڳ رڳن
سي ستائي جاڳن، ننڊ عبادت اُن جي.

Their body is the rosary, their mind the bead, their heart the harp,
Love strings resound with unity in every part,

"He is one and he has no peer", the veins sing,
Through sleeping, they are awake, their very sleep is akin to praying.

## Section I

1

In infinitude I wander, Oh guide limitless I find,
Loved ones beauty, which is of its own kind,
Intense longing here, there the loved one does not care.

لوچان ٿي لاحد ۾، هاديءَ لهان نہ حد،
سپريان جي سونهن جو، نڪو قد نہ مڏ،
هت سڪڻ بي عدد، هت پرينءَ پرواه ناه ڪا.

2

With 'self' no one reached that place,
"God is one, He loves oneness"[3], duality burn
Before unity shed all tears of your being.

"آئون" سين ان پار، ڪنهن تان ڪون ٿيو،
"ان الله وتر يحب الوتر" نيئي ٻيا ئي ٻار،
هيڪڙائي وٽ هار، هنجون جي "هئڻ" جون

3

Cursed be duality Oh Love! save me from 'self,
Hold "I" close and examine it, none but you exist.

"ٻن ٻيائي! سپرين، پاٽان، مون کي پل"،
"آئون" اوريان جهل، توکي رسي "تو" ڏٺي!

4

'That' is not far from 'this', nor 'this' is without "that",
"Man is my secret and I am his [4], this understand,
The seers and knowing ones went on repeating it.

"هو" پڻ ڪونهي "هن" ري، هيءَ نہ هن کان ڌار،
"الانسان سري و انا سره" پروڙج پچار،
ڪندا ويا تنوار، عالم عارف اهڙي.

5

Vain are your prayers if you are conscious of 'self
Give up all other props, then say "God is great."[5]

جان جان پسين پاڻ کي، تان ناهہ نماز،
سڀ وڃائين ساز، تهان پوءِ تڪبر چئو.

6

Prostrate not in prayers, if you are conscious of 'self',
Lose your own existence, then say "God is great'.

جان جان پسين پاڻ کي، تان تان ناهہ سجود،
وڃائي وجود، تهان پوءِ تڪبر چئو.

7

Losing one self, raised God's servants to heights,
Hidden in whatever frame they be, their origin they keep,

نابوديءَ نيئي، عبد کي اعليٰ ڪيو،
مورت ۾ مخفي ٿيا، صورت پڻ سيئي،
ڪبي ات ڪيهي؟ ڳالهہ پريان جي ڳجهہ جي.

Loved one's secret, words fail to describe.

8

Those who existence forget and in God, got absorbed
Sitting, standing, prostrating, they follow not,
Their non-existence brought them close to God.

جن وڃايو وجود، سي فاني ٿيا "في الله" ۾،
نہ تن قيام نہ قعود، نہ ڪو ڪن سجود،
جيلاهن ٿيا نابود، تيلاهن ڳڏيا بود کي.

Section II

1

Eyes that behold not the Beloved a t sunrise,
Pull them both out and throw to crows such eyes.

اڀرندي ئي سج، پرين جي نہ پسنديون،
ڪڍي ٻيئي ڏج، اکڙيون ڪانگن کي.

2

Fasting, let your eyes gaze on Beloved's beauty,
Beloved's sight is better than your eating dishes seventy.

نيرا نائي نيڻ، نيئي آڇ پرينُ کي.
ستر کاڌا کيڻ، جي ڏٺو منهن محبوب جو.

3

Eyes had breakfast, beholding Beloved at dawn,
Such one's mind, soul and body did Haj perform.

تن نيڻن ڪي نيران، جن ساجهر سڄڻ پيکيا،
جي، جسي ۽ جان ڪر حضوري حج ڪيو.

4

At dawn the eyes came to see the Loved One,
Lost are they in worship, all else they shun.
Without any dye they will be dyed and in loved one lost.

اکڙيون علي الصباح، دوست ڏيکڻ آئيون،
اپنديون اوداس ۾، ٻي نہ ڪنديون ڪاءِ،
رچنديون ريءَ پاهہ، پرچنديون پرينءَ سين.

5

Eyes daily weep and rejoice,
Seeing Beloved again and again, more they desire.
The more they see, the greater their longing becomes.

وسن ۽ وهسن، ڏيهاڙي ڏسڻ لءِ،
ڏسي ڏسي آئيون، تہ بہ تلاشون ڪن،
ڍاپيو نہ ڍاپن، پسڻ منجهان پرينءَ جي.

6

Eyes rebuke and annoy eyes,
Since they learnt to long, in quarrelling with one another vie,
Joy, anger and reconciliation they reveal.

اکڙيون اکڙين تي، ڏمر ڏوس ڪرين،
جيلا نہ سکڻ سکيون، تيلاهن دعوي منجهہ ڏڙين،
کلن ۽ ڪرين، رسن پرچن پاڻ ۾.

7

Many obstacles I place in the path of eyes,
Crossing over the sleeping world, they Beloved find,
They gratify themselves, leaving me dissatisfied.

اکين کي آئون، جان کي جهلون پائيان،
لوڪ لتاڙي ننڊ ۾، ساڄن سونائون،
مون کي مارياٺون، پاڻ پرچي آئيون.

8

Eyes consult one another and decide,
To find love, where is involved toss of life,
Nothing else is accepted life alone is sacrifice.

اکين پنهنجي مت، پاڻ سين پاڻهين ڪئي،
اُتي وڃي لڳيون، جتي جان کي کپت،
نہ ڪا ڳالهہ نہ ڳت، جيءُ ڏني ريءِ نہ جڙي.

9

Eyes fell in love without asking me,
They loved where no relief can be,
Poor heart waits lamenting, in the Beloved's path.

اکڙين آرو، مون کان پڇي نہ ڪيو،
اتي وڃي اڙيون، جتي چوڻ نہ چارو،
هينئڙو ويچارو، واٽون جهليون وڃهلي،

10

Let your eye do reverse of what others do,
If wordly people go with the current, against it be you,
With a fixed gaze, go backward to Him you love.

اک الٽي ڌار، ونءُ ابتو عام سين،
جي لهوارو لوڪ وهي، تون اوچو وهہ اوپار،
منجهان نوچ نهار، پر پٺيرو پرينءَ ڏي.

11

Boundless is Beloved's beauty veiled,
If to me were He to show His face,
My arteries would be red, and my body feel the strength.

تان جي ٿين سامهان، پٺيرا سونهن،
سنئون و رائي سپرين، منهنجي مان ڏي ڪن،
رڳو سڀ رچن، تن ۾ تازائي ٿئي.

12

Possess those eyes that can Beloved see,
Look not at others, for Beloved demands absolute fidelity.

اکيون سيئي ڌار، جن سان پسين پرينءَ کي،
ٻئي ڏانهن ڪيمَ نهار، گهڻو ريسارا سپرين.

## Section III

1

Look not for the loved one with your bodily eyes,
For they can never see the one so glorified,
They alone can see Him who close both of them.

ديک مَ تون سين تن، هي جي مجازياڻيون منهن ۾،
ڪين سڃاتو سپرين، نهاري نيڻن،
پرين سي پسن، ٻئي جنين ٻوٽيون.

2

Rely not on those bodily eyes that you own,

Naive one, why ask not for the path leading to the loved one?

مجازي م مٽ ڪر، پنھيون ائين نہ پير،
پڇي ٿيئن نہ پير، هاري! حقيقيءَ جو.

3

On straight path every one guides, none directs on the difficult one.

Seeking and reaching are close by stages,

My heart is set for that where 'Yes' and 'No' do[6] not exist.

سڏئين سونھا ئي سيڪا، مون کي منجھائي،
طلب ۽ تحصيل، اوريان ئي آهي،
مان تن تت لائي، جت آهہ نہ ناهہ ڪا.

4

'Yes' or 'No' are still within human reach,

Loved one's beauty is beyond what man can conceive.

جت آهہ نہ ناهہ ڪا، ايءُ خاڪيءَ جو خيال،
جانب جو جمال، پسڻان ئي پري ٿيو.

5

Till you reduce yourself to a needle,

How can you loved one's eyes enter?

جان تن ڪيوءَ نہ تيئن، سوئيريا نئي سنھڙو،
پرين پائيندا ڪيئن، توکي اکڙين ۾.

6

Come, dwell in my eyes, then I will close them,

So, the world sees you not and I see none.

اکين ۾ تي ويھہ، تہ آئون واري ڍڪيان،
توکي ڏسي نہ ڏيھہ، آئون نہ پسان ڪي ٻيو.

7

May the cobra snake sting the one to me so adverse,

Hiding he tries to hear loved one's converse.

کر کي کپر کاءِ، نانگ مٽيارو نڪري
اپو جو اوناءِ، سر پر سندي سڄڻين.

8

Loved one's ways are perfect, men find fault,

To understand Him is a puzzle that needs to be solved.

سڄڻ سڀئون ڪن، لوڪان ليکي ونگيون،
سندي سپرين، پرون پروڙڻ ڏاکڙو.

9

Reason stands astonished, bewildered,

True worth of eternal beauty, blind cannot comprehend.

حوصلو حيرت ۾، ڪري ڪين درڪ،
جو حسن سندلو حق، سو ڪور پروڙي ڪين ڪي.

10

Human reason stand aghast,

حوصلو حيرت ۾، وڃي ٿيو ويچون،

Signs of love, blind one understand not.

محبت جون ميچون، ڪور پروڙي ڪين ڪي،

11

The blind disputed over the elephant dead,

Unable to see with their eyes, they touched with hands.

Those with sight alone can elephant know,

Only the spiritual guides enable us to see truth's glow.

مئي هاٿي تي مامرو، اڇي ڪيو انڌن،
مناڙين هٿن سين، اکيين ڪين پسن،
في الحقيقت فيل کي، سڃا سڃاڻن،
سندي سردارن، بصيرت بينا ڪري،

## Vai I

In appearance Khalil[7] in reality Azar[8],

You are still sick, spiritual health do not desire.

Where glorious God is, not a trace of plurality exists,

In appearance a Muslim, in reality a narrow minded one.

If you desire God's union, put away duality':

Lord! may you grant me this ability.

مُنهن منجهه خليل، اندر آذهر آهين،
سڏ ۾ ڪر صحت جي، اجا تون عليل،
نالو ناهه نفاق جو، جتي رب جليل،
منهن ۾ مسلمان تون، قلب تان قليل،
واليءَ جي وصال ۾، دوئي ناهه دليل،
"الا" عبداللطيف چئي "سچو رڪائج سيل"،

## Vai II

None can foretell death's approach, repent,

"Make haste and repent before death overtakes."

Delay not to meet the Beloved, prepare yourself,

Death with a lash drive's the forgetful ones.

Death prepares its axe, to cut heads,

Buildings of those blind ones to the ground are razed,

The deserving ones are led with honour to heaven at proper time,

Where God in place of a shroud will grant them dress that brightly shine.

موت منڌ نه آهي، تائب ٿيو تڪڙا،
"عجلو بالتوبه قبل الموت" ويهه تون ويرم لاءِ
پريان ڪارڻ پاڻ کي، سگهو ويهه سنياهي،
اجل اسارن کي، ڪام هٿي تو ڪاهي،
وڏائين وڍڻ لئي، ڳن ڪهاڙي پاهي،
عمارتون انڌن جون، ڍاهيو ٿو ڍاهي،
بنا ڪوٺ، ڪر نه ڏيءَ، ڪنهن وڏي ويرو ناهي،
"أتي" عبداللطيف چئي، بنا ڪفن پهرائي،

## Section IV

1

Disappointed they died, never being enlightened
Like a sparrow poking its beak, from pile of grass they departed,
In that Valley, like bubbles they were, when they were alive.

محروم ٿي مري ويا، ماهر ٿي نہ مٺا،
چڙيءَ جيئن چهنج هڻي، لڏيائون لٺا،
حباب ٿي هٺا، انهيءَ واديءَ وچ ۾.

2

Those for whom we pine, we ourselves are,
Lose yourself in the secret, "He neither gives birth nor is born"[9].
Oh - seeker! through those words learn the Reality.

اسين سڪون جن کي، اسين پڻ سيئي،
"لم يلد و لم يولد" ووڙن اوڏانهن پيهي،
تمان منجهيئي، پارکا پرکج حق کي.

3

If with inner eyes you behold,
Doubt not blind sceptic! the secret of its beauty.

ڏسڻ ڏسين جي، تہ هر کي حق چئين،
شارڪا شڪ مَ ني، انڌا انهيءَ ڳالهہ ۾.

4

That doubt which comes in the way of belief in God,
Put away, save God's existence, believe in naught.

آڏو جو اثبات کي، سو شرڪ لاهي شڪ،
هڪ جنهن ۾ حق، تنهن لئيءَ جهڙو ناهہ ڪو.

5

Repeating Kalma[10] alone, does not make you a Muslim,
While within you reside deceit, disbelief, and the evil one,
In appearance alone you are a Muslim, an idolator within.

ان پر نہ ايمان، جيهڻ ڪلمي کو ڪونائين،
دغا تنهنجي دل ۾، شرڪ ۽ شيطان،
منهن ۾ مسلمان، اندر آذر آهين،

6

You are not true even to your disbelief, call yourself not so,
"Janio[11] doesn't befit you being least a Hindu,
Put tilak on[12] those who believe in duality.

ڪوڙو تون ڪفر سين، ڪافر مَ ڪوٺاءِ،
هندو هڏ نہ آهئين، جڻيو تون نہ جڳاءِ،
تلڪ تنين کي لاءِ، سچا جي شرڪ سين.

7

Your face is brighter than the mirror, your heart is black,

مُنهن تہ آهيريا نہ ٿي اُجرو، قلب ۾ ڪارو،
پهر ان زيب زبان سين، دل ۾ هچارو،

Your speech is soft and sweet, but you are cruel and heartless,

Such a one is far from union with the loved one.

ان پر ويچارو، ويجهو ناهہ وصال سين.

8

Acquire eyes that deserve Beloved's union,

Put away duality, celeberate sight of the beauty of loved one,

Save Him, none else is to be praised,

Be witness to that glory, and among the believers be counted.

تون ڪا ڪاني پاءِ، ونن ۾ وصال جي،

دو بنائي دور ڪري، معرفت ملهاءِ،

سپريان جي سونهن ۾، رخنو ڪون رهاءِ،

اک اشهد چاءِ، تہ مسلماني ماڻئين.

9

Black antimony in eyes suits women,

Use it not, act like a man,

Let your eyes be red, immersed in love.

سرمون سياهيءَ جو، رنن کي رهاءِ،

ڪاني ڪارائيءَ جي، مڙس ٿي مَ پاءِ،

اکين ۾ اٽڪاءِ، لالائي لالن جي.

10

When they used red antimony in their eyes,

They beheld then all around glorious red light.

سرمون سرخيءَ جو، جڏهن پاتو جن،

تڏهن ڏٺي تن، رونق ريٿي جهڙي.

11

Those who used white antimony in their eyes,'

Saw no differences but all around white light.

سرمو سفيديءَ جو جڏهن پاتو جن،

تڏهن ڏٺي تن، اڇائي عالم ۾.

12

My tears disclosed my Love's secret,

My pale colour caused doubts in men minds

It became my enemy for it disclosed what I should hide.

مون تان لڪائي گهڻو، روئڻ ڪئي روشن،

رسيو رذيلن کي، منجاهن زرديءَ ظن،

ويري مون ورن، ڳالهہ ڪيائين ڳجهہ جي.

13

Countless oceans within me are in commotion,

Let me burn within, no smoke outside be discerned.

لکين سئين مهراڻ، آئي سپ اڌميا،

سڙان منجهہ ئي مان، ٻهر ٻاڦ نہ نڪري.

14

Know and comprehend 'Self' comes between you and the Loved One,

That is the chief obstacle in the path of union.

"پاڻ" پڙدو پاڻ کي، سٽي ڪر سنڀال،

وچان جو وصال، سو تان هئڻ هن جو.

15

Oh seeker! know this, 'Self is the barrier,

Remove it and you will find the way clear.

"پاڻ" پڙدو پاڻ کي، طالب! سڻج تون،
نہ ڪا هان نہ هون، پڙدا سڀ پاسي ٿيا.

16

I is born within I, when self awareness is perceived,

From self awareness comes the real I,

He alone is I, none of you deserve so to yourself call.

"مون" موهين ۾ سپجي، مون کي "مون" جڳاءِ،
مونهين منجهان مون ٿئي، مُهين جي ساڃاهہ،
اُنهين ايئن جڳاءِ، اوهان کي ايئن نہ چوڻو.

17

Love cannot be reared in grain receptacle, nor can grain skin roast the flesh,

Weak love cannot bring about loved one's closeness.

گنديءَ نينهن نہ سپجي، تهہ نہ پچي ماهہ،
ڪچيءَ پر ڪياءَ، ٿئي سما جوڳ سڄڻين؟

18

Not for a moment can love's closeness, I endure,

Union is far off, even at its mention I tremble, weak I grow.

نظر نزديڪون، سهي نہ سگهان ساعت سينءَ،
پسڻ پري سندون، آئون نالي ڳيرڙي نجهران.

19

My Love bound me and threw me in waters deep,

Standing on the bank He kept saying now dry you must keep.

مون کي مون پرين، ٻڌي وڌو تار ۾،
اڀا ايئن چون، "مچڻ پاند پسائين"

20

One thrown in water, can he save himself from getting wet?

Enlightened one, teach me how I can achieve this end.

پيو جو پاتار، سو ڪيئن پسڻ کان پالهو رهي؟
سالڪ! مون سيکار، ڪو پهہ انهيءَ پاند جو.

21

"On contemplation rely, yet know the laws,

Be aware of Reality, which is your Destiny to grasp

Remain firm on this, that you may keep away from getting wet".

"ڪر طريقت تڪيو، شريعت سڃاڻ،
هنئون حقيقت هير تون، ماڳ معرفت ڄاڻ،
هوءَ ثابوتيءَ ساڻ، تہ پسڻان پالهو رهين"

22

"Keep away from falsehood, consider it a branch dry,

"ڪوڙي ڪج مَ ڪلاهين، ڪکي پائنج لانگ،

Oh worthy seeker! like the yogis your desires must under control lie.

You will then be able to cross without getting wet."

ساري سناسين جيئن، لائق! رکج لانگ،
تہ چارئي چا درپاند، اوسا کٽي اڪرئين."

23

You ask for a coach of comfort and struggle not,

Without pleasing the loved one, you will be considered not,

سنوئي سيج گهرين، جفا ڏئين نہ جان،
صلح ريءِ سيڻان، متان نونڏين نہ چڙهين.

24

Those that struggle to please the loved one, their goal will achieve,

Those who are pious and in God's oneness believe,

They alone will be adorned as bridegrooms elect.

صلح جن سڄڻ سين، سيج ماڻيندا سي،
"الذين آمنو وکانو يتقون"، ان پر ايا جي،
نيئي نونڏين تي، ڏکي چڙهي چاڙهيا.

25

**Those in union with the loved one, peacefully sleep,**

**They close their eyes their sleep is deep,**

**From all worries and troubles they are free.**

جي ٿيا حل حبيب سين، سمهڻ تن ثواب،
نيڻ ميراڻي ننڊ سين، خوش ڪيائون خواب،
اوسيڙو عذاب، دليان تن دور ٿيو.

26

**Their body is the rosary, their mind the bead, their heart the harp,**

**Love strings resound with unity in every part,**

**"He is one, and He has no peer', the [13] veins sing**

**Though sleeping, they are awake, their very sleep is akin to praying.**

تن تسبيح، من مڻيو، دل دنبورو جن،
تندون جي طلب جون، وحدت سر وڄن،
"وحده لاشريڪ له" اِهو راڳ رڳن،
سي ستائي جاڳن، ننڊ عبادت اُن جي.

Vai

Some spiritual power there be in those old huts,

In God's presence, they are honoured, though none takes their notice.

A stranger such a one is considered, with God he dines,

"Such holy men are under my cloak" 14 God lads them all.

ڪي اُنهن منجهہ آهي، هو جي جهونا پسجن جهوپڙا،
ان درسيئي اگهيا، جن کي ڪونہ چتائي،
ڏاريا پانئن ڏاريو، پاڻ پريان سين کائي،
"ان اوليائي تحت قبائي" پنهنجا پاڻ پرائي
"لا يعرفهم غيري" پر کي ڪين پسائي،
پنهنجي ڇڏي پٽ پر، رڙهہ اُنين جي رائي.

"None knows the Holy ones save me", strangers'[15]
He does not let them see,

Put aside your own conclusions, follow theirs,

Humbly serve them with good manners,

This way alone you will felicity find.

خدمت ڪر خلق سين، پاند ڳچيءَ ۾ پائي،
"اديون" عبداللطيف چئي، "اتامين ڪي آهي"،

# Rip

(Deep Distress)

## Introduction

As already stated, all Shah Abdul Latif's poetry is allegorical. Rip outwardly describes the deep distress of a woman whose consort has been away for a long time for some unknown reason. Her emotional state at the long separation from her loved one is described in a number of verses. Shah Abdul Latif is always conscious of the condition of the poor especially those destitute women who have no helper and no support. Here a pathetic picture of one such woman is depicted who in the severe cold of winter, has neither quilt nor matress, and her hut is in a dilapidated condition.

The spiritual allegory deals with that state of mind of the sufi, which has been called "the dark night of the soul", by the Western mystics. The highly evolved mind of the sufi is able to visualise the approximity of God at times. He is in a state of bliss during such rapturous moments but when he is no longer in such a state, a deep distress comes upon him which is described here in great details in all its aspects. Complete secrecy has to be observed about such experiences and of his love and longing for the Lord. He is advised to learn from the klin the way of this secrecy, which completely covers the pots with no leak, while itself it is on fire all the time till they are baked.

### Section I

1

Mother! sorrows envelop my whole being,
Sorrowing ones that follows the uphill track, **honour find.**

ڳوندر ڪيو غرق، ماءُ! منهنجو ڇندڙو،
ڏکوين مرڪ، مٿي سگهر پنڌڙو.

2

Sorrow is my constant mate, my health loved one took,
Mother! separation has me to this state hooked.

ڳوندر ڳڏياس، صحت ليڙ م سڄڻين،
مادر! مارياس، ڏوراڻي پرينءَ جي.

3

Sorrow has neither hands nor feet, within it lives,
Who like me could live without the loved one?

ڳوندر هٿ نه پير، ورهه منجهين وهٽو،
ڪڙهه ۾ قطارون ڪري، سورن لايا مير،
مون جيئن ڳماري ڪير، هيڪلي ريءَ سڄڻين؟

4

Like abundant growth on dry ground after rain,
So do in loved one's separation sorrows in number gain.

اٺي جيئن مورن، اوپر ولهارن ۾،
ساپر گوندر ڪن، جه ڦوڙائو سڄڻين.

5

Disclose your sorrows to the confident ones, but not by tears,
Bear your burden till you find some one who has a cure.

ڳرن ۾ ڳرهيج، روئي ڪج م پڌرا،
تان سوراٽي سهيج، جان لاهيدڙ ڪو لهين.

6

Weep in secret, Love's separation's sorrow disclose not,
Let them make you strong like the edges of the lotus plant.

ڳر ۾ ڳجهو روءِ، پڌرو وجهه م پرينءَ ري،
سورن سپر هوءِ، هينڙا! ڪم ڪنن جيئن.

7

My restless mind wanders like a camel's herd,
Steadfast I remain, nothing can make me forget my love

جاءِ نه سڄو ڏينهن، هيڙو اوٺي وڳ جيئن،
مون پريان سين نينهن، چنڊ ڪارڻ ڪون ڪيو.

8

Much I try to console my sorrowing, restless heart,
But without the loved one every minute it smarts,
The more I try to console, the sadder I find it.

پل پل ۾ پليانس، پل نه رهي پرينءَ ري،
جيئن جهوريءَ ڪان جهليانس،
جهجيو تيئن جهوريءَ پوي.

9

In my head are clouds, tears from my eyes constantly fall,
Loved ones memories crowd within my heart,
Come Beloved! be mindful of me, who am so forlorn.

ڪڪر منجهه ڪپار، جهڙ نيڻنئون نه لهي،
رات مُنهنجي روح ۾، اتا پرين اَپار،
آءُ، سڄڻ! لهه سار، ورهه وڪوڙي آهيان.

10

What have I to do with clouds outside, within me it always rains,
Separation's clouds constantly their number gain.

مون نجهڻ مينهن، ڪوهه ڪرينديس ڪڪرين؟
سرلو سارو ڏينهن، مون پريان جو نه لهي.

11

Recollecting the loved one, I share my joy with Him.

جه سي سنيرجن، سهه تنين سين اوريان،

Under each hair of my skin, the veins like harp sing.

لنوءَ لنوءَ هيٺ وڄن، رڳون ربابن جيئن.

12

My mind cheerless remains, much as I scorn it,

Like a tree on the highway, it is covered with sorrow's dust.

چتر رهي نه چت، ويٺين واڳيو نه رهي،

رئيءَ لٿجي نت، هينئڙو واٽ ورک جيئن.

13

At every new sunrise I begin with coaxing my heart,

But love drags it back on its own path.

چوري چوري چت، جان نئين وهائي نڪران،

نينهن گهرائي نت، پريان سندي پير ۾.

14

Loved one's memories always recounts my heart,

His separation is like the pain of broken bone, continuous and Sharp.

چيتاريان چٽڪن، وساريان نه وسري،

ويرو تار ڏکن، سڄڻ ڀڳي هڏ جيئن.

15

Many grievances I recount that I would to Beloved tell,

But in His presence, everything from memory is erased.

چيتاري چونديا س، ڳالهيون سيوئي سڄڻين،

جه مقابل ٿيانس، ته سڀ وڃنم وسري.

## Section II

1

No chance I get, my secrets to loved one relate,

Like abundant grass growing on river bank, my talks collect.

سڄڻ سان نه پيٽ، ڳجهه ڳريان ڪن سين؟

ڳالهيون انهينءَ ريٽ، سلا ٻڌي موريون.

2

Talks in my intenstines' coils have grown like a tree,

I told them not to strangers, Beloved I could not meet.

ڳالهيون پيٽ ورن ۾، وڌي وڻ ٿيون،

پر سين مون نه ڪيون، گوشي پرين نه ڳڏيا.

3

Loved one is like multi-coloured silken dress,

Can I forget the one who makes my mind ecstatic?

گوني ۽ گوني، پرين پٽائين گج جيئن،

جي من مجوني، سي ڪيئن وڃن وسري؟

4

Like an oar making eddies in water,

Within my mind conflicts of meeting Beloved whirl and loiter.

اندر اندريون، جيئن سي وانجهيءَ لٽ ۾،
مون تن تيتريون، ته ”ڪيئن ملبو سڄڻين؟“

5

Like flowing sandy water streaks from water wheel's new well,

My heart from loved one's memories I cannot detach.

جيئن سي کوهيءَ نار، وهن واري ڳاڏئان،
هينئڙو پريان ڏار، نبيريانس نه نبري.

6

Severe cold sets in, I have neither quilt nor matress,

I have neither mate, nor strength, my youth is wasted.

In what state will be the huts of those who have none to help?

سيئ سيءَ پيو، نه مون سوڙ، نه ڳبرو،
نه مون ڪانڌ، قوت ڪي، جوڀن وهي ويو،
تنين حال ڪهو؟ نڌر جنين نجهرا.

7

"Strong north wind fiercely blows, I have neither quilt nor matress".

Living in dilapidated huts, cold's onslaught they feel, with none to help

اُتر اوتون ڏي، نه مون سوڙ، نه ڳبرو،
سيءَ ساڙيندو سي، جنين نڌر نجهرا.

8

"Unrelènting northern cold wind blows, I have neither Klin nor matress,

Whole night pulling at the four corners of my shawl, I spend."

اُتر ڏني اوت، نه مون سوڙ، نه ڳبرو،
چارئي چنيءَ پوت، مون ريڙهيندي رات گئي.

9

Why not hide your love like the pots in the kiln?

If the flame is let out, how will the pots be firm?

Attend with care, this hint of Potter's work,

Do as the potters do, disclose not your love.

نينهن نهائينءَ جا، ڍڪيو ڪوهه نه ڍڪئين؟
جر جيري ڇڏي، ته ڪيئن پچندا ٿانءَ؟
سندي ڪنڀاران، ڪن ڪريجان ڳالهڙي.

10

Why not hide your love like the kiln's head?

If it lets the flame out, how will the pots be baked?

Observe and follow the ways of potter at work.

نينهن نهائينءَ جيئن، ڍڪيو ڪوهه نه ڍڪئين؟
جر جيري ڇڏ، ته رڄ پچندا ڪيئن؟
تون پڻ ڪريج تيئن، جيئن ڪنڀار ڪن ڪم سين.

11

Learn to love in secret, adopt ways of the kiln,

It is on fire the live long day, yet emits no steam.

نمائينءَ کان نينهن، سِک، مُنهنجا سپرين!

سڙي سار ڏينهن، ٻاهر ٻاڦ نه نڪري.

12

When folks sleep, I control and close my eyes like the kiln,

But your love's flame flickers and I burn.

"نيڻ نمائين جان، ست لوڪ ڏکيان،"

"اجهاميو ٻران، توکي ساريو سپرين!"

13

What the potter mixed with clay and kneed,

If evil ones were to know a little of it,

Of shock they would die, their followers lamenting.

ڪي جو ڪنڀارن، مٽي پائي ڦير،

تنهن ما ن تر جيتري، جي پوي خبر ڪرن،

هي تان هوند مرن، هُن اڱڻ اوراتو ٿئي!

# Khahori

## (Wandering Ascetics)

## Introduction

Khahori means those ascetics who wander about in mountains and in waste lands searching for a kind of wild fruit which they collect and which is their means of subsistance.

Shah Abdul Latif as a young man had been very much attracted by those ascetics or yogis and had even joined them in their wanderings. He was in their company for about three years and had a chance to observe closely their mode of living. He had great admiration for their frugal eating habits, for their simple, threadbare clothing, their night vigils, their tearful eyes, their renunciation and their constant rememberance and longing for God. They slept on dusty, stony land, avoided public gaze and did not mix with ordinary people. They were just like the blind and the deaf to the wordly ways and demands.

The sur records his close observation of the mode of these ascetics' life and the places that he visited with them especially Ganjo Takker or Ganjo mountain, in the South of Hyderabad and Lahut, both imporatant places in the spiritual journey of these seekers.

The forest fruit that they seek is the symbol of the search for Reality, Ganjo Takkar is the spiritual path to be taken in this search and Lahut, their destination, is the glimpse of Reality.

### Section I

1

Khahoris with secret prayers have joined God,
In love's fire baked, one with Reality they became,
Save God nothing else appeared to them.

کاھوڙين خفيءَ سين، سوجھي لڌو سبحان،
عاشق اھڙي اکرين، لنگھيا لامڪان،
ھوءَ پر ڪڏجي ھوتيا، بابو جي بريان،
سوئي سبحان، آيو نظر انھن جي.

2

Mother! I saw those who have Beloved seen,
One must stay a night with those who with God have been,
Their recognition becomes a raft in this ocean of the world.

مون سي ڏٺا ماءُ! جنين ڏٺو پرينءَ نيءِ،
رھي اڄجي راتڙي، تن جنگن سنديءَ جاءِ،
تنين جي ساڃاءِ، ترھو ٿئي تار پر.

3

Groups of Khahoris, came up the mountain Pab,
Oh passer by! I ask whereabouts of such ones,
Who spent the night in desert, searching the rocks.

ويٺون پب پٺي ڪيرون ڪاھوڙين جون،
آئون تن ڏوٿين جو، پڇان پير پھي!
رچن رات رهي، ڏونگر جن ڏوريا،

4

Early contact why with them you made not?
Khahoris taking their water bags at dawn did depart,
From where will you now bring knowledge of spiritual lands?

تون هڏ ڪچاڙيا، سنجهي سميون نه ڪرين؟
سوارا سنڌ ڪڍي، ڪاھوڙي ويا،
آڻيندين ڪيا، ڏٿ ڏوراهين ڏيهه جو؟

5

The ascetics seek that land which none has heard or seen,
On stones they lie turning from side to side,
In infinity, Reality they try to seek.

ڏوٿي ساڻ ڏورين، جا جوءِ سئي نه ڀڏي،
پاسا مٿي پاهڻين، ڪاھوڙي ڪوڙين،
وچا اُت ووڙين، جت نهايت ناهه ڪا.

6

Covering their bodies with dust, they move on,
To ordinary folks their secret they disclose not,
Of the knowledge they have of the loved one.

پڪليا پوٺن، ڏر کي ڳڏيو ڏوڙ ۾،
ڳالھيون ڳهلي لوڪ سين، پڌريون نه ڪن،
ڪا مل آهي تن، مون پريان جي ڳالهڙي.

7

Go and join the ascetics in their yard,
Hidden from the world, with love's fire their bodies smart,
Some sorrow within, gives them no peace or rest.

تان ونڃ ويهي آءِ، اڱڻ ڪاھوڙين جي،
جوش ڏنائون جيءَ کي، لڪائي لوڪاءِ،
ڏوٿين ڪنهن ڏکاءِ، سمهي سک نه ماڻيو.

8

The knowledge that they gather, has no end,
News of the spiritual world they to us relate,
After that, they talk of the loved one.

ڏٿ نه کٽو ڏوٿيين، جيڪي ڏٿ ڪرين،
اهڃاڻيون عالم جون، اورياڻين آئين،
تهان پوءِ ڏسين، پريان سندي ڳالهڙي.

9

He who collects spiritual knowledge, knows rock's tribulations,
It gives no gifts to the unawakened ones.

جي ڪو ڏٿ ڪري، ته ڏونگر ڏورڻ ڏاکڙو،
ڇهر ڪين ڏئي، سوکڙيون ستن کي!

10

I saw such Khahoris, who live not in houses,
For the Only One, in cold outside they shedding tears remain,

مون ڪاهوڙي لکيا، گهرين نہ گهارين،
واحد لڳ ولهن ۾، رويو جر هارين،
گوندر گذارين، جهہ ڏوٿي ڏٿ ڳلا ٿيا.

11

Khahoris prepared early to depart,
Searching in the rocks, reduced to bones they are,
Giving much trouble to their bodies, they sought their goal

ڪاهوڙين ڪٽي، ساجهر ھڏا سندرا،
ڏوريندي ۾ ڏونگرين، ڪياڻون پاڻ پٽي،
ڏکڻ ڏيل ھٽي، چيهہ لڏائون چڙين.

12

Khahoris need no transport, on foot they walk to far off lands,
They move in search of some special wild grain,
There are their signs, torn clothes on their bodies they have.

ڪڙن نہ ڪيڪان، پنڌ پراهين هليا،
ڏوٿيئڙا ڪنهن ڏٿ کي، جنبيا ڏنهن جابان،
ڪاهوڙين اهڃاڻ، انگ نہ سڄي اڱڙي.

13

Their faces are dry, on their feet are slippers old and torn,
They traversed that land, where even the knowing ones are lost,
There secretive ones, talk secrets of that far off land.

سڪا مُنهن سندن، پيرين پراڻا ڪيتڙا،
سا جوءِ ڏوري آئيا، سونها جت مُنجهن،
ڳجهان ڳجهون ڪن، تهان پراهين پنڌ جون.

14

Dry water bags under their arms, on their feet are slippers of ropes,
Such tearful ones did any of you come across?

سڪا سنڌ ڪڇن ۾، ڪرڪٽا پيرين،
ٽمندي نيٽين، آن ڪي ڪاهوڙي ڏٺا؟

## Section II

1

Those who came to know of Ganjo rock,
Left all that they possessed, becoming ascetics to seek God.

پيو جن پرو، گنجي ڏونگر گام جو،
ڇڏي ڪيٺ ڪرو، لوچي لاهوتي ٿيا.

2

Those who learnt of Ganjo Takkar that them attracts,

پيئي جن پرک، گنجي ڏونگر گام جي،

They sought God, giving up all worldly ways.

واري سڀ ورق، لوچي لاهوتي ٿيا.

3

With Ganjo Takkar, What is your concern?
Give up all rest, seeing that rock so stern,
Search not in the rock, roam not in the world,
Give up all concerns, burn to become an ascetic.

ڪمڙو اٿئي ڪام، گنجي ڏونگر گام پر؟
پسي تنهن پاهڻ کي، اچي نہ آرام،
متان دونگر ڏورٿين، اجهين ڪهہ عوام؟
هرا ڪري حرام، ڪام تہ ڪاهوڙي ٿئين.

4

Unlike rest of the world is this place, no birds are here,
To get wild grain from trees, here the ascetics went in gyres.

ڏيهہ ڏيهائي ناهہ، جتي پير نہ پکيان،
تتي ڪاهوڙيان، ور ڏيئي وڻ چوندِيا.

5

Where not a trace of birds is seen, fire is lit,
Who save a group of ascetics can kindle it?

جت نہ پکيءَ پير، تت ٽمڪي باهڙي،
ٻيو ٻاريندو ڪير، ڪاهوڙ ڪيءَ ڪير ري.

## Section III

1

Those who gave up the world, are in travail,
They are the seers who blind to the world, nothing tell,
Closing their ears, like the deaf, they move about,
Their only sorrow is separation from loved one sought,
Awake or asleep they long for Him.

اڄ ڀيا آٿ ۾، واٽ وڃائي جن،
سي ڄيهر هڻن ۾، الڏا ٿيو اُبن،
ڪنن آڏو تاڙيون، گنگن جيئن گهمن،
فراقيءَ فرمان جو، آهي پر هوڻن،
لنگها ٿيا لاهوت ڪان، سڃي ڀيا سڪن،
ڪهت ڪاهوڙين، آهہ اٿئي ڀڄي نہ لهي،

2

Those who lost their path, searching the rocks,
Learnt much from the lost path,
Giving up both the worlds, beaten track they follow not,
Dust on their bodies for the Beloved they gather,
Some knowledge of Lahut seem to possess these wanderers.

ڏسي، ڏوري ڏونگرن، واٽ وڃائي جن،
ڪرندا ڪي پروڙئو، رند سيئن نہ رڙهن،
ٻيئي دار، ديون ڪيو، پيرت تان نہ پڇن،
ڌوڙ پريان لءِ ڌار ڪيو، وچارا وڄهن،
خبر ڪاهوڙين، آهي لک لاهوت جي.

3

In this unknown region, few have been,

Where one loses one's path, Beloved's track is seen

Of that place few among the many have knowedge.

ڪيري ۾ پير، جنهين پاتو پريين،
جيان ٌنجهڻ ماڙهيين، سڄڻ تيان ٿي سير،
ان پونءِ سندو پير، ڪوڙين منجهان ڪولمي،

4

Many snakes' in knowledge lie, some honey sweet folly find,

Reality is found by one, who leaves both behind.

سونهپ ۾ سپ گهڻا، منجهه نہ ماکي هوءِ،
پرو تنين پوءِ، جو اُجهي پوءِ اُن تان،

5

Traversing many lands, Khahoris are here again.

Their feet covered with dust, how do I know of what land?

ڏوري ڏوري ڏيهہ، ماءُ! ڪاهوڙي آئيا،
مين پيرين کيهہ، ڪهہ ڄاڻان ڪنهن پار جي؟

6

Those who went to jungle were not misled, those

on high way were way-laid,

Those who gave up both the worlds, were from ignorance saved.

جهنگل هليا، سي نہ ڀليا، راهہ هليا ڦرجن،
او جهڙ سي نہ پون، پيئي جنين ڇڏيون،

7

Jungle will cry for the hunters and say,

"Here there are no dogs and no traps,"

Then there will be no jungle of base passions in the world.

جهنگل آهيڙين کي، ڀنڻ ڪيو روندو،
نہ ڪتا، نہ ڪوڙڪون، چڙهيو اپو چوندو،
هڏهين نہ هوندو، انهان پوءِ عالم ۾،

8

Better is that deserted place where loved one dwells,

Give up that region where inhuman beings collect.

ورسا سڃي ويڙهہ، جتي سڄڻ هيڪڙو،
سو ماڳ ئي ڇڏ، جتي ڪوڙ ڪماڻين،

9

Dark is the night, bright is the day, that is light's attribute,

Dark night and bright day, is the law of physical universe,

There is neither colour nor form, in loved one's presence.

ڪاري رات، اڇو ڏينهن، اي صفتان نور،
جتي پرينءَ حضور، تتي رنگ نہ روپ ڪو،

10

Their caravan's raised dust in the mountains, even today one sees,

Attracted by mountain grain, others come to seek,

Wandering ascetics and their tents, they do not find.

ڏونگرين ڏسجن، اج پڻ ريون اُن جون،
ڏوٿيڙا ڏٿ کي، آرڙان اچن،
خيما کاھوڙين، اج نہ اُنھين پيٽيين،

11

True seekers still exist, known only to those who are for spiritual realms

Having found them, they have built their nests close to them.

کاھوڙي کرا، سوڏي خبر پکيا،
سوجھي جن کيا، مٿي اڳڻ آھرا.

# Barvo Sindhi
## (The Beloved)
## Introduction

Barvo is a musical melody. Shah Abdul Latif after modifying it calls it Barvo Sindhi.

This sur exhorts human beings to love and serve Allah and Allah only, as He is the true Beloved. The signs of Allah's beauty and glory are all around us on the earth and in the sky. One has to be single minded in His love and devotion and not give precedence over it to wealth, power and pelf of the world. God's ways appear capricious and mysterious to us as sometimes He is merciful and gracious, sometimes He **seems** to be so severe and indifferent to all our supplications. This probably is either to encourage us in our righteous thoughts and actions or reprimand us at our blundering thoughts and misguided actions. He is the only Beloved who sincerely cares for us. There is not much sincerity in human beings, it is rare that one comes across a right minded and like minded sincere person. Life is transitory and the end of all human beings is the same. Throughout our finite life, we must endeavour to win God's favour and having been blessed with it, be able to retain it for the rest of one's life.

### Section I

1

Why and wherefore, you become others' slave?
Serve world's only merciful Lord, for Him do crave.
Happy will he be whose love is He.

ڇا کي وڃي ڇو، ٻيلي ٿيئين ٻين جو؟
وٽ ڪنجڪ ڪريم جي، جڳ جو والي جو،
سوڪو هوندو سو، جنهن جو عشق الله سين،

2

As the reed cries out when it is cut deep,
In loved one's separation, I too suddenly weep,
Physician! why brand my arm, the pain is in my heart.

جيئن ڪا ڪاني ڪانهن، لسندي لاٽيون ڪري،
اچي پئي اوچتي، درد پريان جي دانهن،
ويڄ! ڏنيئين ڪ ٻانهن؟ سور هيئين کي سامهان.

3

Like elephant's trunk touching the ground, on my head to Him I crawl,

That way I may be linked with the Lord,

Then alone I will obtain nearness to Him.

ڏرتي دولھ جيئن، سر ٻر سپرين ڏي،
"لڳو آهي" لطيف چئي، "تن پريان ڏي تيئن"
حاصل ٿئي هيئن، قرينو قريب جو.

4

None can describe lover's state,

Fate had so ordained, my eyes always be drenched,

Be patient, oh heart! yesterday loved one did depart.

"لڳيءَ جو"، لطيف چئي، نه ڪو قال نه قيل"،
"لکيئي لامون ڪوڙيون، نيڻين وهي نير"،
"هينڙا! ٿيءُ سڌير، ڪالهه ڦريبن لڏيو".

5

Some, though close by, appear far off, some far off appear near,

Some you remember not, you cannot forget others.

Like buffalo's curved horns, love's twists round my heart increase.

ڪي اوڏائي ڏور، ڪي ڏور به اوڏا سپرين،
ڪي سنيبرجن نه ڪڏهين، ڪي نه وسرن مور،
جيئن مينهن ڪنڍيءَ پور، تيئن دوس وراڪو دل سين.

6

Beloved called me and killed me with His eyes,

My flesh He distributed, skeleton He left behind,

Exhorting me to search my heart, with patience and truth.

He killed me, the miserable wounded one, with smiles forsooth.

ڪوٺي ڪنائون، اڄ پڻ اکڙين سين،
ماس وراهي هليا، ڪرنگل ڇڏيائون،
"وتواصو بالحق وتواصو بالصبر" ايئن اتائون،
مٺي مارياڻون، ڪلي گهايو سڄڻين.

7

People ask for riches, I desire loved one always,

I would give up this whole world for His sake,

Mention of His name pleases me so, seeing is definite bliss.

ماڙهو گهرن مال، آئون سڀ ڏينهن گهران سپرين،
دنيا تنهن دوست تان، فدا ڪريان في الحال،
ڪيس نام نمال، پسڻ تان پري ٿيو.

8

Sometimes His doors to me are closed, sometimes they wide open are,

ڪڏهن طاقيون ڏين، ڪڏهن کُلن در دوست جا،
ڪڏهن اچان، اچڻ نه لهان، ڪڏهن ڪوٺيو نين،

Sometimes I am refused entrance, sometimes He himself calls,

Sometimes I long to be called, sometimes secrets are with me shared,

Of such nature is my Lord Beloved.

ڪڏهن سڪان سڏ کي، ڪڏهن ڳجهان ندرڳرهين،
هڙائي آهين، صاحب منهنجا سپرين!

9

Some are handsome to look at, but vicious are their ways,

One attracted to such, is consumed to death.

صورت ڳهٽو سهٽا، ٽاٽا سندن ٽوهه،
ريلو ڏئي روح، جوڪائي، سو ڪامي مري.

## Section II

1

Gracious and all knowing loved one,

Be pleased to bless me in proportion.

Perfect one! is it difficult to favour me with your one glance?

جانب تون جيڏو، آهين شان شعور سين،
مون تي ڪر منهنجا پرين! توه تسي تيڏو،
ايءَ ڪامل! ڪم ڪيڏو، جيئن نوازيم نگاه سين.

2

Loved one my heart yearns only for yourself,

Take the knife, severe my limbs, do not hesitate,

Grateful I will be to you, if you look at me straight.

جانب! منهنجي جيءَ ۾، تنهنجي طمع پوءِ،
وٺ ڪاتي، وڍ انگڙا، ادب ڪر مَ ڪوءِ،
ٻانيان ٻال سندوءِ، جي ساجن! سنئون نهاريين.

3

Beloved! it beloves you not to kill, then enquire not,

Pining for you, in me is not left even blood's drop,

To you, in secret I direct all my prayers

جانب! ائين نہ جڳاءِ، جيئن ماريو، موٽيو نہ پڇين،
ڏرتيءَ رت نہ سنجري، سڪ تنهنجي ساءِ،
اسان توئي لاءِ، ٿي پر ۾ پچارون ڪيون.

4

When rememberance of your company comes to me,

Then in pain I cry out unconsciously.

جڏهن پوي ياد، صحبت سپرين جي،
فريادون فرياد، ناگه وچن نڳيو.

5

As smith entwines chain's link with link,
So holds my heart, memories of loved one.

ڪڙو منجهه ڪڙي، جيئن لوهار ليٿيو،
منهنجو جي جڙي، سپريان سوگهو ڪيو.

6

When with infinite grace, loved one walks,
The very earth saying Bismillah kisses His path,
In reverence astonished houris stand,
I swear, loved one is more beautiful than all.

ناز منجهاران نڪري، جڏهن پرينءَ ڪري ٿو پنڌ،
پون "بسم الله" چئي، راهه چُمي ٿي رند،
اُپيون گهٽي ادب سين، حورون حيرت هنڌ،
سائينءَ جو سوڳند، ساجن سينئان سهڻو.

7

This finite world is like a passing minute,
Friend! with feet they will settle your graves dust,
Spade and measuring rod will be your final fate.

فاني ني فاني، دنيا دم نه هيڪڙو،
لتي لوڙهه لتن سين، جوڙيندءِ جاني!
ڪوڏرءِ ڪاني، آهي سر سپ ڪنهن.

8

Today too loved one broke my limbs,
His separation's pain treats me as corn when thrashed.

اڄ پڻ انگيم انگ، هٿان حبيبن جي،
جا پرسونتيءَ سنگ، سا پرسورن سان ٿي.

9

Today fortune favoured me, loved one entered my hut,
Sorrows disappeared, joys gave them a twist,
The way the washerman does clothes rinse.

اڄ پڻ ڄڙيم جوڙ، دوست پيهي در آيو،
سکن اچي ڏکن کي، محڪم ڏني موڙ،
جا پر ڪتيءَ ڪوڙ، سا پر سورن سان ٿي.

## Section III

1

Such is love's nature, that it confuses the brave,
Lovers search the mountains during the day and weep at night,
They only think of the loved one, sleeping or awake.

عشق اهڙي ذات جو مانجهي منجهائي مين کي،
ڏينهان ڏورڻ ڏونگرين، روئڻو سڄائي رات،
اتي ويئي تات، ميان! محبوبن کي.

2

Every one boasts to be a friend,

Easy to say so, in time of need lies the test.

يار سڏائي سڀڪو، جاني زباني،

آهي آساني، ڪم پئي ٿي ڪل پوي.

3

Men have changed, sincerity no longer remains,

Now each one wants to eat anothers' flesh.

Friend! those who do good, their goodness alone survives.

All are pretenders, few sincere ones you will find.

آدمين اخلاص، مٽائي ماڻو ڪيو،

هاڻ ڪائي سڀڪو، سندو ماڙهوءَ ماس،

دلبرا! هن دنيا ۾، وڃي رهندو واس،

پئي سڀ لوڪ لباس، ڪو هڪ دل هوندو هيڪڙو.

4

God be thanked, I found the loved one in life,

In whose company hundreds solace I find,

Please God, take me not away from such one's vicinity.

شڪر گڏياسون، سپرين! جيئري جاني يار!

ويٺي جن جي واٽ ۾، ڪوڙين ٿيا قرار،

ڏٽيم! ڪر مَ ڌار، پاڙو تن پرين ڪان.

5

Take not your eyes away where fixed, if removed fix again,

Let eyes continue their habit and focus the same,

In me lie thousand defects, perfect one overlooks them all.

ڪوڙيي ڪڻ مَ سپرين! ڪنيئي تان ڪوڙ،

عادت جا اکڙين جي، سان نيئي نياهج توڙ،

مون مَ عيبن ڪوڙ، تون پاڻو سڃاڻج سپرين!

6

From where have you learnt butcher's trade, Beloved?

Use a sharp knife, Cut me not with a blunt one,

Observe closely my wounds and see separation's Cuts.

ڪٿان سکئين سپرين، ڪاسائڪي ڪار؟

تکي ڪاتي هٿ ڪري، مڏيءَ سين مار،

چوري چاڪ نهارِ سورن سانگهيڙا ڪيا.

# Ramkali

## Introduction

This Sur should be read along with Khahori as both describe the wandering ascetics and their way of life. The word Ramkali means Divine buds, or persons having Divine qualities. It is also a melody in music.

It has been already stated that Shah Abdul Latif in his youth had been in the company of yogis or ascetics for about three years. He went with them wandering to Ganjo Takkar, Dwarka, Lakhpat, Hinglaj, Lahut, Lamakan, Jessalmere and some other places. He was greatly enthralled by their life of self-abnegation and has described in detail whatever he observed and appreciated about them. He found that these ascetics cut off all worldly ties, wandered from one deserted place to another, shunned public, never begged and never hoarded any provision. They spent their nights in prayers and contemplation and were completely immersed in the love of God. They were the ones who were endowed with Divine qualities.

So much was Shah Abdul Latif fascinated by that particular group of ascetics that he was in great distress when they left him at Hinglaj while he was asleep, as he says repeatedly, "without them I cannot live". He never saw them afterwards, nor did he try to meet them again, but he cherished their memory in the years following and wrote this long sur which is a great tribute to these yogis. i e has called them by various endearing terms. The question arises why did they secretly leave him while he slept unaware? Agha Muhammad Yakub in his book "Shah Jo Risalo" alias "Ganje Latif" writes, "Later he seems to have developed some differences with them in connection with the form of worship and the devotional practices. That annoyed them and they left him surreptitiously at Hinglaj while he lay asleep".

### Section I

1

Yogis in this world, some are light, some fire, — نوري ۽ ناري، جوڳيئڙا جهان ۾،

Kindling themselves to ignite others, without them I cannot live. — ٻري جن ٻاري، آئون نہ جيئندي اُن ري.

2

Yogis in the world live in Love's warmth, — جوڳيئڙا جهان ۾، هيا منجهہ حمام،

They gave up sleep, and never was it by them sought,

They have put me in severe distress, without them, I cannot live.

آرامان الڳ ٿيا، اوڏا نہ آرام،
ڪيائون قيام، آئون نہ جيئندي اُن ري.

3

Help me quick, forget not yogis for a minute,

Seek and seek and find their foot-prints,

Humbly trace the path that they took,

Day and night, seek their track, without them, I cannot live.

وارو! ويراڳين کي، ويل مَ وساريج،
قدم ڪاپڙين جا، ليلائي لهيج،
پيرن پسيو پٽ جي، وڃن کي ويجهج،
راتو ڏيهہ رڙهيج، آئون نہ جيئندي اُن ري.

4

The sound of yogis' conshell is wealth to me,

Their conshells are worth gold, consider them not in penury,

Winning your trust, suddenly they will depart for East,

Come, they have made a sign, without them I cannot live.

واڄٽ ويراڳين جا، مون وٽ وڏي وٿ،
سون سيوئي سنڱيون، لسي ڪين مَ ڪٿ،
ويساهي ويل ڪهين، پورب ويندو پٽ!
هل ڪيائون هٿ، آئون نہ جيئندي اُن ري.

5

The music of yogis' flute, is to me of great worth,

They avoid all dialogue, with no one they converse, Intoxicated with love Divine they are, without them I cannot Live.

واڄٽ ويراڳين جا، مون وٽ وڏو مال،
مقالان مهند ٿيا، ڪونهي وٽن فال،
حاصل جنين حال، آئون نہ جيئندي اُن ري.

6

Tie me with ropes and drag me along,

Many secrets of yogis, I have learnt from their flutes' song,

Those that now reside in my heart, without them I cannot live.

جانڪي مون کي نين، پڳهہ پائي پاڻ ڏي،
پهہ پروڙيم پٽ جا، منجهان ڪينر ڪي،
هاڻي جي هنئي، آئون نہ جئيندي اُن ري.

7

With their music, in an instant my heart's veil they removed,

By their music I have been much moved.

Those that have so affected me, without them I cannot live.

ستر سگڙين سين، لحظي لاٿائون،
ڪينر ڪني آهيان، انهن جي آئون،
مون کي مارڀائون، آئون نہ جيئندي اُن ري.

8

Yogis pile up all ego and set fire to it.

With music they drown all self,

Those who guide on the difficult path, without them I cannot live.

ميڙيو "ياڻ" پريون ڪيو، جوڳي جلائين،

سامي سڱڙين سين، خوديءَ کي ڪائين،

هو جي تار تڳائين، آئون نہ جيئندي اُن ري.

9

Seeing their empty yards, I grieve,

Yogis' music in the morn, I do not hear,

Those content with will Divine, without them Icannot live.

پسيو آسڻ ان جا، اڏّ ما اچن،

ڪينر ڪاپڙين جا، صبح تان نہ سڄن،

جي رائي منجهہ رهن، آئون نہ جيئندي اُن ري.

10

Seeing their vacant yards, my cries I cannot control,

Yogis conshell's music has stabbed me sore.

Alas! I can follow them not, without them I cannot live.

آسڻ وٽ آهون ڪريان، وس نہ منهنجي واٽ،

لڳم لاهوتين جو، منجها ڪينر ڪاٽ.

هلڻ کي هيهات! آئون نہ جيئندي اُن ري.

11

In my imagination with them I am, but my eyes see them not,

Their beauty is unique, peerless they all are,

Looking at them ! satiate not, without them I cannot live.

وڃن ويٺي آهيان، ڏسيو ڪين ڏسان،

جنين جهوئي ناهہ ڪي، ساڪا سونهن سنديان،

پسيو ڪين پسان، آئون نہ جيئندي اُن ري.

12

The renouncing ones today I see not in their place,

Neutralising their ego, hurriedly they left,

Standing in their abode alas! I cry, I cannot live without them.

بابو بيڪاري ٿيا، اڄ نہ آسڻ وٽ،

خودي ڪانئن هليا، پير نہ لاٿئون پٽ،

هيءَ! هيءِ جنين هٽ، آئون نہ جيئندي اُنري.

13

Wandering ascetics, getting rid of self,

Naked ones, pure love's wealth possess,

Sandal wood's perfume they are, without them I cannot live.

بابو بيڪاري ٿيا، پڃي ڇڏيائون پاڻ،

نسوروئي نينهن جو، ناگن وٽ نڌاڻ،

سرکنڊ جنين ساڻ، آئون نہ جيئندي اُن ري.

14

The renouncing ones left for Nani at Hinglaj,

نانگا نانيءَ هليا، هنگلاجان هلي،

Going to Dwarka, Shiva's worship they saw,

Those whose guide Ali is, without them, I cannot live.

ڏيکي جن دوارڪا، مهيسين ملهي،
آگھہ جن علي، آئون نہ جيئندي ان ري

15

Sitting apart, renouncing ones with oneself softly talk,

Gathering their meagre baggage they deserted the yard.

Those whose parting brings forth tears, without them I cannot live.

پاٺين ويٺا پاڻ سين، پر ۾ پرياٺين،
سامي سفر هليا، آسڻ اجھائين،
رخصت رئارين، آئون نہ جيئندي اُن ريءَ،

16

Yogis losing self, aim to unite in soul universal,

Those who seek abode in spacelessness, without them I cannot live.

جزو وڃايو جوڳين، ڪل سين آهين ڪم،
آسڻ جن عدم، آئون نہ جيئندي اُن ري.

Vai

Their enigmatic conshell will annihilate me one day,

Not like it is the pipe or reed, that Balochis play.

It far surpasses the flute, which in no way resembles it,

Bells sustaining Suhni, in comparison come not near it.

More vibrant are its chords than the harp by which severed his head Rai Diach.

Never was heard such music in the north, nor in Sindh or Hindh.

Those that have had a taste of it, find it sweeter than sweets,

Hearing it, do not sit, but in haste towards it proceed.

In what words to appreciate, that which God Himself has praised?

Far ahead of hundred musical instruments ascetics' conshell is,

Sisters! Latif says it will revive to life the dead.

سنڌڙيان سڱڙي، ڳالھہ ڳجھڙي،
مون ماريندي ڪڏهين،
جا وڄائين جتڙا، نہ تنهن نڙ جهڙي،
مرليءَ کي جنهن مات ڪيو، تل نہ تنهن تنبڙي،
تاريو جنهن تو ڏيءَ کي، نہ سو گھنڊ نہ گھنڊڙي،
ڏاريو جنهن ڏياچ کي، تنڊئان تنهن تکڙي،
نہ سري، نہ سنڌڪا، نہ ڪا هند ههڙي،
مٺائيان مٺي گھڻو، چوندا جن چکڙي،
ونڻن اونايي اُن کي، ويھہ مَ، ڪڻ وکڙي،
بيخود بابو سي ٿيا، ٻرندي جن ٻڌڙي،
جا ساراهيل سبحان جي، تنهن واکاڻ ڪھڙي؟
سهسين سرودن کي، پاڻان پوءِ وڄندڙي،
"اديون!" عبداللطيف چئي، "هي مئا جياريندڙي،

## Section II

1

On the first day I discerned yogis' living ways,

Never are they in normal health, in sorrow they spend their days,

Sayed says they always suffer pain,

For some secret reason, they hide from men,

Save dire necessity, yogis live apart from world.

کيم ڪاپڙين جي، پهرين ڏينهن پروڙ،
سگها ساعت نہ هيڪڙي، چارئي پهر چور،
"سدائين" سيد چئي، "هون سناسي ۾ سور"

2

On the second day I heard from yogis their tale,

Their thread-bare dusty saffron dress, strings for tying hair in poor state,

Their hair arranged in some design, on their neck,

They let not others know of their inner self.

Loin-clothed ones happy in their ways, hiding from people they live.

ويهي ويراڳين جو، ٻئي ڏينهن ٻڌم حال،
تن جا ڏاچا ڏوڙ ڀڪليا، جاڳوٽا زوال،
اَن ڄاٽي جٽائون ڇڏيون، چوٽا ڇڳّيءَ چال،
ويچارا وجود جي، ڪنهن سين ڪن نہ ڳالهہ،
نانگا ٿيا نهال، لڪا ٻٽن لوڪ ۾.

3

On the third day, I found them kindling fire in their place,

Sticks, straws and branches they for burning get,

Of fire's way they are well-aware,

They disclose not their secret, hiding from people they live.

ٽئين ڏينهن ٽمڪائين، دونهيون دائرن ۾،
ميڙيو ڪرچ ڪاٺيون، جوڳي جلائين،
سنديون ڪامڻ خبرون آديسين آهين،
ڳجهہ نہ ڳالهائين، لڪا ٻٽن لوڪ ۾.

4

On the fourth day, reclining on their staff, I found them deep in thought,

Lost in Divinity's thoughts, what do they know of what is false?

Within them some commotion seems to rage,

All gold they are, hiding from people they live.

چوٿين ڏينهن چوگان ۾، ڪنهن جنهن پهہ پيا،
وهم پريان جي ورڌيا، تن ۾ ڪوڙ ڪهڙا؟
اندر آديسين ڪي، اچن جوش جها،
سامي سون ٿيا، لڪا ٻٽن لوڪ ۾.

5

On the fifth day, I found yogis made restless by some though,

Which some severe sorrow within them wrought.

ڪنهن جنهن پورپچائيا، پنجين ڏينهن پئي،
اندر آديسين ڪي، سورن شاخ ڪئي،
محبت جي ميدان ۾. لاشڪ پيا لهي،

In Love's region they did land,

Their whole night in restlessness they spent.

Having a vision of their love, hiding from people they live.

"اُن جي ساري رات،" سيد چئي، "گوندر ساڻ گئي،"
ڪريو سيڻ سهي، لڪا پٽن لوڪ ۾.

6

On the sixth day in contemplation, yogis are lost.

None else but God prevails, in their hearts,

Consumed and beautified by love, ashes on their bodies they rub,

Begging for a little grain, hidden from men they live.

ڇهين ڏينهن ڇٽي، پيا ڪنهن پرياڻ ۾،
اندر آديسين ڪي، ڏرائين، ڏٺي.
ٻري سنهارا ڪيا، ڪائين رک ڪٽي،
پنيو پنج ڪٽي، لڪا پٽن لوڪ ۾.

7

On the seventh day, they washed their thread-bare clothes,

With folded hands before God they bowed.

Vision of some great far-off land they seemed to have,

Their souls commune with the Lord, in secret,

Carrying their rags, hiding from men they move about.

"ستين ڏينهن" سيد چئي، "ڏاچا ڌوتائون،"
"اُپي الک سامهون، ٻانهون ٻڌائون،"
"وڏي ڪنهن ولات جا، اهڃ آندائون،"
"روح پنهنجو رام سين، پر ۾ پوتائون،
ڪٽيو ڪدائون، لڪا پٽن لوڪ ۾.

8

On the eighth day yogis rose and roamed from place to place,

Learnt those ways that ascetics acclaim,

Within their minds, God always reigns,

For some great cause, they live hiding from men.

اٺين ڏينهن اُٿي و يا، جوڳي جاءِ بجاءِ،
سا پر سامي سکيا، جاپر جوڳ جڳاءِ،
ويرو تار وجود ۾، الله اُنين کي آهه،
ڪنهن ڪمائيءَ لاءِ، لڪا پٽن لوڪ ۾.

9

By ninth day, their wakeful eyes are brightened,

Lord knowing them well, showered His grace on them,

Their abode is where God's manifestation they beheld.

You know them by these traits, hiding from men they live.

نائين ڏينهن نيڻان، اوجاڳي اجاريا،
سڀاجهي ٻاجهه ڪئي، سڄاڻي سيڻان،
جتي نظر ناٿ جو، اُتي اوتاران،
اهي اهڃاڻان، لڪا پٽن لوڪ ۾.

10

On the tenth day they emerged, behold them glorified,

Rewarded with His vision, unions pages they turned,

Ways that please the Lord, they have learnt,

Blessed yogis, hiding from men they live.

لکين ڪيا لسان سين، لاهوتن لوڙا،
ڏهين ڏينهن ڏک ٿيا، پرينءَ پاڀوهيا، پس!
ورق جو وصال جو، سو واري ڪيائون وس،
”لڏائون“ لطيف چئي، ”سندو گروءِ گس“،
”جوڳين ڪٿيو جس، لڪا پٽن لوڪ ۾.

11

On eleventh day, yogis favoured by fate,

Reap the fruit of their pilgrimage to sacred place,

Keeping silent, hiding from men they live.

يارهين ڏينهن ڪرم، وريو ويراڳين جو،
جوڳين جاتائون پنيون هلي، هلي ويا حرم،
دائم جهليو دم، لڪا پٽن لوڪ ۾.

12

On twelth day, yogis both their objects achieved,

For this pilgrimage, long all yogis,

Exalted they reached, Lord's vision they got.

من مرادون پنيون، ٻارهين ڏينهن ٻئي،
جوڳي اُن جا تاڪي، تي سڪيا سيئي،
سمانا سيئي، جي گر گڏجي آئيا.

## Section III

1

Ascetics travelling always on highways,

These selfless souls going East, to roam from place to place,

That they may know the Lord, let us go to their abodes.

سدائين سفر ۾، رمن متي راهه،
پرن پورب پنڌ لاءِ، منجهه موالي ماهه،
جي الک سين آگاهه، هلو! ته تڪيا پسون تن جا.

2

Unlike the worldly encumbered ones, set out with nothing on their houlder,

Yogis from Lahut, act not like materialist worldly ones,

How can they be ascetics who keep least contact with the world?

فڪر ناهه ڪلهي ڪري، هوم هوندن جيئن،
”لاهوتي“، لطيف چئي، ”هون نه آديسي ايئن،“
”سي ڪاپڙي ڪيئن، جي ڏارين تعلق جيترو؟“

3

Ascetics with ears pierced and slit, wearing big ear-rings,

Those God-lovers sit facing the north wind,

ڪن ڪٽ، ڪاپٽ، ڪاپڙي، ڪنوٽيا، ڪن چير،
سدا وهن سامهان، عاشق اتر هير،
تسا ڏيئي تن کي، ساڙيائون سرير،

Their bodies they starve and make them lean,

Those that have their ego neutralized, let us go and see their huts.

هو جي فنا ٿيا فقير، هلو! ته تڪيا پسون تن جا.

4

For Lord's love, yogis are roasted and consumed,

Alike to them are sin and virtues,

Tears mingled with blood they shed,

What can you ask them about their caste or creed?

سامي ڪامي پرينءَ لءِ، ڪسي ٿيا ڪباب،
نڪو ڏسن ڏوهه ڪي، نڪو ڪن ثواب،
اوتن آرتي گاڏئو، منجهان اکين آب،
سندو ذات جواب، تون ڪيئن پڇين تن کي؟

5

On ascetics' shoulders are conshells, separations' sorrow their mate,

Some thought hastens them the road to Kabul take,

Yesterday of some shrine there, I heard them speak.

سامين سڱ ڪلهي تي، سنگ مڙوئي سور،
ڪهندا ويا ڪابل ڏي، ڪوجو پيڙن پور،
مڙهيءَ جو مذڪور، ڪالهه ڪندا ويا ڪاپڙي.

6

Sami! that hut of yours pricks me like a thorn,

Why build it oh naked one! if you had to leave some early mom?

سامي! مڙهي سنديا ءِ، سامهين مون سيله ٿي،
ساٽان ڪهه اڏياءِ، جان، نانگا! وڃين نڪري.

Section IV

1

Snap all wordly ties if to be a yogi, you desire,

Go not to friends' house to weep and shed tears,

Beg from those who knowing all, pretend to know not.

جي پائئين جوڳي ٿيان، ته سڱ سڀئي ڇن،
وڃي در دوسن جي، نانگا ڪيم نن،
پڇ تنين جي پن، جن ٻجهي نه ٻجهيو.

2

If you desire to be a yogi, break all contacts with the world,

Attach your mind to the one who neither is born nor begets,

That you may reach love's final stage.

جي پائئين جوڳي ٿيان، ته سڱ سڀئي ٽوڙ،
جي ڄاوا نه ڄاپندا، جيءَ تنين سين جوڙ،
ته تون پهچين توڙ، محبت جي ميدان ۾.

3

If you want to be a jogi, control and subdue your mind,

جي پائئين جوڳي ٿيان، ته من پوري منجهه مار،
دائم دونهي ڍِل ۾، من سين مالها وار،

Kindle love's flame within your heart, utter on rosary God's name

With reverence, submit yourself to what God ordains.

سهه سپ ڪا آر، آڳي جي ادب سين.

4

If you want to be a yogi, drink a cup of nothingness,

Work for it, and stand there ego-less,

That way seeker! oneness commodity you may acquire from its rigin.

جي پانئين جوڳي ٿيان، تہ ”ڪين“ پيالي پيءُ،
ناھ نهاري هٿ ڪر، ”آئون“ سين اَت نہ پيءُ،
تہ سندو وحدت ويءُ، طالب! توڙا ماڻيين.

5

If you wish to be yogi, seal your mouth with rings,

Your ears with several rings have made you no difference,

Give up your sheet, use pieces of leather, shoes behove you not,

That God may find in you no fault.

جي پانئين جوڳي ٿيان، تہ منهن ۾ مندا پاءِ،
ڪنين ڪين وڃائيو، جن ۾ ڪوڙين ڪڪروڙاءِ،
ڇڏ چادر، پڏ چمڙا، جتي تو نہ جڳاءِ،
تہ ساميڙا! سندياءِ، ڳروٽ ڳلا نہ ٿئي.

6

Renunciation becomes yogis, yogis are worthy of it,

In their minds are jealousy guarded some secrets.

Woe to me! that renunciation I did not learn.

جوڳين جوڳ سماءِ، جوڳ پڻ سونهي جوڳين،
جوڳين سندي جان ۾، ڳجهہ ڳجهاندر آهہ،
هاءِ! مون کي واءِ! جو آئون جوڳ نہ سکي.

7

You are not fit enough for renunciation, why talk of it?

There is the journey to Beloved to undertake, then is the hot land,

Yogis went to the loved one shedding bitter tears.

جوڳ نہ جوڳو تون، ڪرين پچارون جوڳ جون،
ڪڙو پنڌ پرين ڏي، ٻي تتي ٻون،
سامي سيڻ ڏون، روندا رت ويا.

8

The renouncing ones are not like the living ones,

Naive! hear this admonition with your ears,

Annihilate yourself and keep yourself away from self,

You have no separate identity, "I" how do you say?

جوڳي مون نہ جيئرا، پاڻي جوڳ ۾ جيءُ،
هاريا! من ڪنن سين، سڻ سنيهو اِي،
”وڃائي وجود کي، پاڻان پاسي ٿيءُ“،
”مڙهين ڪونهي ميءُ، آسارا! آئون چوين.“
جان ڪي جوڳي ٿيءُ، نہ تہ نرجا! ونڻ نہ ڪري،

9

Either be a yogi in true sense or incorrigible one! give it up,

Why have your ears slit, if you cannot face hardships?

Get away, lest you disgrace the true ones.

ڪوه تون ڪن ڪپائين، جان تہ سهين سيءُ،
پچ! پراهون ٿيءُ، متان ٻيا لڄائين،

10

Yogis be not intimate friends of any one,

I know those who talk of East and its path traverse.

Their eyes are always set on Nani's temple in Hinglaj,

In my heart a longing they did start.

Lord! may I in Sami's company Lahuti's destination reach!

جوڳي ٿين نہ يار، ڪنهن سين قريب ٿي،
مان ملاقي تن جو، جن پورب جي پچار،
ائئي پهر اُن جي، آهہ نانيءَ ڏي نهار،
”لائي ويا“، لطيف چئي، ”اندر منجهہ اپار“
سامين ساڻ ستار! لاهوتي لال ٿيان.

11

False are those yogis who cherish food much,

Spoilt and worthless are those who worry about their stomaches.

گولاجي گراهہ جا، جوٺا سي جوڳي،
ڦٽل سي ڦوڳي، جنين شڪم سانديا.

12

Yogi, having got your ears pierced, be not effeminate,

Have you not heard that God's soldiers sacrified their heads?

Ask what you need to ask, those who remain dumb, cannot go forth,

With humility as you guide, to Lahuti go, your destined goal.

ڪن ڪورائي ڪاپڙي! جندا! ٿيءَ م جوءِ،
سر سپاهين وڪيا، سوڪ نہ سامي! سوءِ؟
جيڪي پڇين، پڇ سو، گنگانين نہ گوءِ،
وڃ لاهوتي لوءِ، عجز کي آڏو ڪري.

13

Let love's fire smoulder within your heart,

Then let it blaze and burn yourself,

Conduct yourself so that from fire into water you turn.

نسوروئي نينهن جو، ڍل ۾ درد دکاءِ،
آٽي آڳ عشق جي، ٻاري جان جلاءِ،
جندا! ايئن جڳاءِ، جيئن آتشان آب ٿئي،

14

These ears stuck against your head,

Hear not well, with inner ears, hear this message.

هي جي ڪن ڪپار جا، سوڌو سي نہ سڻن،
اندر جي آهن، سڻ سنيهو اُن سين.

## Section V

1

Yogis' knees as if on mount Sinai are bent,
Going to spiritual destination, yogis carry not ego with them,
They are wrapped in the sheet of sacred secrets,
With love Divine from head to toe they are covered.

مونا طورسينا، سندا سناسين،
پورب ڪنيو نہ پاڻ سين، بود بيراڳين،
ردا آهي راز جي، اوڇڻ آديسين،
قرب ڪاپڙين، ننهن چوٽيءَ سينءَ ڍڪيو.

2

Their knees are the arch, their bodies a grand mosque,
Their bodies go round, to Ka'aba point their hearts,
Announcing reality, they gave up all outward modes,
What account of sin can they give, in whose hearts resides God?

مونا جن محراب، جسو جامع تن جو،
قبلي نماءُ قلب ڪري، تن ڪي ڪيائون طواف،
تحقيق جي تڪبير هڻي، جسمان ڪيائون جواب،
تن ڪهڙو ڏوهہ حساب، جن هيڙهين هادي حل ٿيو.

3

Beloved's countenance is the arch, the whole world a grand mosque,
Quran, that Divine table showing the difference between right and wrong, they forsook.
They reached that stage where knowledge and wisdom took to wings,
All is God's manifestation, where do I prostrate?

مَنهن محراب پرينءَ جو، جامع سڀ جهان،
فرهيءَ تان فرقان جي، ڪاٽيائون قرآن،
اڏامي ات ويو، عقل ۽ عرفان،
سيوئي سبحان، ڪاڏي وڃي نيتيان.

4

Within them is all love, their outer frame like fire's ashes intensifies,
Choosing solitude, they have given up evil and lies,
They will not hear sin, much god they found,
The more in love's fire they burn, the purer and happier they becaome.

منجهہ محبت مچ، ٻاهر ڏوڏا ڏوڙ سين،
ڇڏيائون چرلهي، ڪوڙ، ڪلڪڻ، ڪچ،
اوگڻ اوڏا نہ ٿيا، ڳڻ ڪيائون ڳچ،
جئن سڙن، تئن سچ، جئن سڙن، تئن سنرا.

5

With what purpose do the yogis adopt these ways?

ڪيھي ڪام ڪاپڙي، ٿا اهڙي روش رون،

They ask not heaven, nor for hell their hearts are set,

Neither are they concerned with disbelievers nor with the believing ones,

Standing they repeat, "Try to win loved one".

نڪا دل دوزخ ڏي، نڪو بهشت گهرن،
نڪو ڪم ڪفار سين، نڪا مسلماني من،

6

Yogis are wrapped in desireless sheets,

Always content are they with what for them is destined.

نا اميدي آجڪو، اوڇڻ آديسين،
سدا سک وسن، طالب اوءِ تقدير تي.

7

In sheet of no desire enveloped,

Sometimes on horse-back, sometimes on foot,

Like a float in world's ocean they swim,

Even in crocodile's mouth, of complaint they give no hint.

نا اميدي آجڪو اوڇڻ آديسين،
ڪڏهن تازيءَ پٺي، ڪڏهين هيٺ هلن،
سا ميڙا سمونڊ ۾، تنبي جيئن ترن،
جي واڳوءَ وتا وجن، ت ڪس ڪڇن ڪينڪي،

8

Those of them by whose side Beloved passed, became like the ruby red

In the region of non-existence, they have found their place,

With knowledge rare, the silent ones', desires whirpool crossed,

لال ڪي لال ٿيا، لال لنگهيو جن،
عدم جي اوڙاهه تي، ڪيا آسڻ آڏوتين،
گردانيو گنگن، گرداب گيان سين.

9

Yogis bore the brunt of cold and hot winds,

Besides Lord God, refuge they have none.

ولهون، ويلا، واءُ، جوڳين جهليا جان ۾،
اجهو ريءَ الله، ڪونهي ڪاپڙين جو.

10

Absence of desire their abode, renunciation their resting place,

They ask not for more, with submission to God's will they are blessed.

نامرادي نجهرو، عدم اوتارون،
رضا راج سندون، مور نہ مگن ڪي ڀيو.

## Section VI

1

Never are they happy, with some strange blade they seem to be slain,

ڪنهن جنهن ڪـ ـت، جيئن سامي مور نہ سنرا،

By day their bodies suffer, by night they are in pain,

Mother! yogis' tribe is never in sound health.

ڏينهان ڏکي ڏيل ۾، سور سڄائي رات،
جوڳيا سندي ذات، جيجان! آهه جڏائڙي.

2

Within their souls dwells Almighty Lord, of nothing else they talk,

Filled to the brim, love's cup they have quaffed,

After that from all worldly affairs they keep away.

روح ۾ رهين رام، ٻهر ٻولن کي ٻيو،
پيالو پر ڪري، جوءِ پيتائون جام،
تهان پوءِ تمام، تن تڪيا تاڪ ڇڏيا.

3

Deep in thought they always are, in sorrow their days are passed,

What ails them so, none from them has ever asked,

Their whole life in anguish they spend.

مٿا موءَ ٿيان، سدا سوئيتا ڪاپڙي،
ڪوٺي ڪنهن نه پڇيا، اندر اندوهيان،
جيڪا ڄمارن، سا منجهه گوندر گذري،

4

For years they remain with dusty heads,

Their eyes turned to God, averted from earth's ways,

Their black hair turned to ash-grey in divine love's glow

Fearing and trembling before the Lord, blood-red their tears flow,

They would not forsake their love, happy in it they are.

ويٺي جنين ورهه ٿيا، مٿي سين ميري،
اڳيون جنهن جون الک ڏي، پونءِ ڏي نه ڀيري،
ڪاراٽيا ڪڪا ٿيا، ڄراٽيا جيري،
"لڙڪ لال"، لطيف چئي، "ڪنبي ۽ ڪيري"،
"نينهن نه ڇيري، سور ڇرندي سنرو.

5

Not the naked ascetics but their love drew near them the Lord,

Blessings showered on the huts of their whole class.

نانگن ڪين نمايو ناٿ نمايو نينهن،
مڙهين اٿا مينهن، جوڳيا سنديءَ ذات کي.

6

Neither they prostrate before God, nor relents to them the Lord.

They go not near contemplation nor consider it their sole task,

They bring to us knowledge of precious stones.

نڪي نمن ناٿ کي، ناٿ نه نمائين،
جا ٿاڪن نه جوڳ جي، جوڳ نه جهارين،
آديسي آٽين، اهڃاڻيون الماس جون،

7

Every moment they remember God and daily wash their loin cloth,

هر هر ڪن اميس، ڌون ڏيهاڙي ڌوتيا،
جن نہ ماري ميس، ناٿ نہ نمي تن سين.

Those who destroy not their desires, cannot win favour of God.

8

Bells tied to their sides, these quilt-wearers together live,

Their bodies free from all that is impure,

The naked ones sleep not, waking they the Lord remember.

گھنڊن پاسي گھنڊ، گڏ گذارين گودڙيا،
پليتي کان پنھنجا، پاڪ رکيائون پنڊ،
نانگا ڪن نہ ننڊ، وچن روئندا رام ڏي.

9

Their burnt wood and sticks are bright like jasmine flowers.

I long for those ascetics, whose quilts are full of eternal bowers,

Peerless gems within, ugly are their outward forms.

تھڙا ڪنج ڪکرا، تھڙا جاڻن ڦل،
تن سامين جي سڌ مران، جن جي گودڙين ۾ گل،
اندر ملھ امل، بھر ڪوجھا ڪاپڙي.

10

Beside the bazar, quilt-wearing ones stand, remembering God,

Repeating God's name, all attention to it they are,

Charmed with humility, they are lost in Lord's love,

They charm others with their humility and ecstasy of love.

يادگرو ڪن گودڙيا، پر بازار ٻيٺا،
پڙھن سور سبحان جي، پين تنھن پيٺا،
جيلان مُنھن ميٺا، تيلان نشا چاڙھيائون نينھن جا.

Section VII

1

Yogis eat little and relish not delicacies.

They never beg and live in wilderness, welcoming a hard life.

قوت ڪڙا يا ڪاپڙي، طعام نہ طامائو،
سين ھنيائون سج ۾، پھر نہ پينائو،
اوسر آسائو، اُٺي گوندر گڏيا.

2

They beg not from door to door, nor do they carry

پنن ڪين پٽ ڪٽي، گھرن ڪين گھران،

begging bowl,

Worshippers of the Lord, stand far from peoples' door,

Why ask for forms of religion, when their conscience is God's court?

مهيـــي مخلوق جي، اپين دور دران،
پڇن ڪوهہ شرعان، اندر عدالت اُن جي؟

3

Those who carry bowl and beg, if they should be the knowing ones

They would get provision in desert and beg not even once.

ٻنن جو ٻٽ ڪڻي، سوجي سڃاڻن،
تہ بر ۾ بيک لهن، ٻهر نہ ٻنن ڪاپڙي.

4

Restless at midnight, they sleep at dusk,

In the middle of night, they rise with a jerk,

Seeing the world asleep, on their spiritual journey they embark,

Which side to stretch and sleep, Lord dwells everywhere alike.

اُسک جن اوير، سي سانجهيءَ رهن سمهي،
"لاهوتي" لطيف چئي، "آڌيءَ ڌين الير،"
ستو لوڪ ڀسي ڀيا، سامي مٿي سير،
ڪيڏانهن ڪندا ڀير؟ مڙوئي مٿو ٿيو.

5

In the afternoon, find them meditating, at sunset they sleep,

Though starving, they ask not for alms from any one,

They have not accustomed themselves to dainty dishes,

For they have taken the dose of silence.

وچينءَ ويٺا رهن، سانجهيءَ رهن سمهي،
ٻک مرندي ٻکيا، ڪنهن ڪان ڪين گهرن،
ڀيٽ نہ هيرياٺون ڀنهنجا، چوري ساڻ چسن،
ڦڪي فقيرن، ماڳيا ڀني ماٽ جي.

6

Lean are their bodies bound with straps of leather,

They accustom them not to dainty dishes

That is the way that yogis reach Kabul their destination.

ڪشي ساڻ ڪشن، ڏيل ڪياٺون ڏيرا،
ڀيٽ نہ هيراياٺون ڀنهنجا، ڀوري ساڻ چسن،
اهڙيءَ راهہ رسن، ڪاپڙي ڪابل کي.

7

Bidding farewell to this world, yogis did depart,

Some distant land with their mind's eye they envisage.

The world-renouncing ones dressed in different garments left.

آديسي آديس، هتائين ڪري هليا،
ڪاپڙين قلب ۾، ڪيو ڏوراٺو ديس،
ويراڳي نئون ويس، راول! ڍڪي رميا.

8

Reverence in their eyes is manifest,
They have no ancestry, no mother, no parent,
God alone reigns supreme within themselves,
Save for their loin cloth, nothing else they possess.

آديسين ادب، آهي اکڙين ۾،
تن جو حسب نسب ناه ڪي، نہ اما نہ اب،
سامين کي سين پرين، روح ۾ رهيو رب،
رءَ لانگوٽيءَ لب، پاڇي ڪن نہ پاڻ سين.

9

They need no abolution who wear the loin cloth
They have heard the call given before Islam,
Giving up all other assistance, yogis are with gorakhnath.1

لنگ ڪڍيائون لانگ، موتي ڪن نہ مسحو،
جا اسلامان اڳي هئي، سا سڻائون ٻانگ،
سامي ڇڏي سانگ، گڏيا گورکناٿ کي.

10

Desire not to be wroshipped, friend! avoid company of those who come and go,
Guard your tongue from hypocritical words' flow,
Control all your passions, that you may reach the desired goal.

پوڄا ڪر مَ پاڻ کي، ڪوه! راول، ڀن! رڃات،
"لباسان،" لطيف چئي، "ڀل ويراڳي و ات،"
"من ماري ڪرمات، تہ تيرٿ پسين تڪيو."

11

Desire not yourself to be worshipped,
You make others your disciples which is a sin grievous,
There is no luxury for fugitives, ignoring it, they pass by.

پوڄا ڪر مَ پاڻ کي، جوڳي رکج جوڳ،
خلق خادم جيئن ڪرين! ايءُ راول! وڏو روڳ،
ڀڳن ڪونهي ڀوڳ، نانگا وڃن نڱيا.

## Section VIII

1

For a night, the patient ones are your guests, on tomorrow they depart,
Let your every vein in their memory throb,
Such yogis you may never meet again.

رهيا اٿيئي رات، صبح ويندءِ صابري،
"لنءِ لنءِ منجھ" لطيف چئي، "ڪرتنين جي تات،
"سندي جوڳين ذات، ٻي ڀيري مس مڙيي."

2

Converse with them till they are your guests,
Ten times a day visit them,
You may never meet them, once they leave for Hinglaj.

تان کي ساڻن اور، جان آهن اوطاقن ۾،
ڏوهہ ڏهہ ڀيرا ڏينهن ۾، پاڻ متاڻن گھور،
ويا جي هنگلور، تہ ڪرم ملندءِ ڪاپڙي.

3

تان ڪي وٽن ويھہ، جان آھن اوطاقن ۾،
سامي سفر ھليا، ڏور چتائي ڏيھہ،
ڇڏي سک ساڙيھہ، متي گنگا گجيا.

Sit beside them till they are with you in your home,

Samis[2] plan to go on travels to a far off abode,

Giving up comforts of their native land eagerly they for Ganges leave.

4

اڄ نہ اوطاقن ۾، جاڳڙ جوڳيڙن جو،
ساري سناسين کي، رئندين تان رو،
پس! پاريان تو، لاھوتي لڏي ويا.

Today yogis batch no longer is in your place,

In their memory weep as much as you can,

Migrating from your side, they have gone to some other land.

5

اڄ نہ اوطاقن ۾ طالب تنوارين،
آديسي اٿي ويا، مڙھيون مون مارين،
ھو جي جيءَ جيارين، سي لاھوتي لڏي ويا.

Today in the houses is not heard seekers' sweet talk,

Stranger ascetics are gone, their shrines kill me and torure,

Those Lahutis[3] who regenerate the mind, have gone away.

6

اڄ نہ اوطاقن ۾، سندي جوڳين جوڙ،
ساري سناسين کي، ڪامي ٿيس ڪوڙ،
من جنين سان موڙ، سي لاھوتي لڏي ويا.

Today the yogis' assemblage is not in their dwelling place,

Remembering them, wretched and miserable I become,

Those to whom my mind was inclined, are no more.

7

اڄ نہ اوطاقن ۾، ڪرڳل ڪين روئن،
نہ اُھي آديسي آسڪا، جن سين مڙھيون سونھن،
مڙھہ پورياڻون مات ٿي، واڄٽ ڪين وڄن،
ويا نانگا سي نڪري، پھر نہ پوريين،
ساريو سناسين کي، اولاڪا اچن،
لاچئون لاھوتين، جوڙي ڏنيون جيءَ کي.

Today they are not here, who bitterly wept,

Those alien ascetics are not here who adorned the huts,

Silence reigns in their closed shrines, no music is heard,

All are gone, not a single one is left behind,

Remembering them with fits of sadness I am seized,

Lahutis with ropes have tied their minds.

8

Today, no smoke or flame from yogis' huts is seen,
They have left giving me a taste of their company sweet,
Mother! their separation's tears will kill me.

اڄ نہ اوطاقن ۾، ڏونهين، ڏنڊ، نہ لاٽ،
ويا ويراڳي نڪري، چٽ چکائي چاٽ،
آئون ماريس تنهين ماٽ، جيجان! جوڳيئڙن جي.

9

Meeting the yogis, all sorrow was gone, new life I received,
They offered the East's right path to those spiritually blind.

جياسون جوڙ تي، جوڳيءَ لاٽو جار،
سندو پورب پار، آڇيائين انڌن کي.

10

Alas! had they been here, I would make a claim on them,
I will now revive rosary's beeds, Beloved's wisdom and His face.

هيءِ! جي هئا هت، تہ مٿن هوند حق ٿيو،
مٽيون، مورت، مت، من وسريون کي لهان.

## Section IX

1

Hunger in their bags, yogis rejoice at that,
No desire for food they have, thirst they pour and drink,
The ascetics have conquered all their desires
Crossing wilderness, they reached where they aspired.

بُک وڏائون بگرين، جوڳي ڪندا جڄ،
طلب نہ رکن طعام جي، اوتيو پين اُڄ،
"لاهوتين"، لطيف چئي، "منماري ڪيو مڄ،
"سامي جهاڳي سڄ، وسنئن کي ويجها ٿيا.

2

No sheet to cover, no worry of the loin cloth,
Wherever they take a step, there is the Lord.

نہ گندا، نہ گبري، نہ لانگوٽي لڪ،
جيڏهن پرن وک، تيڏهن صاحب سامهون

3

Tying tight, full length the loin cloth of love,
They returned as pure as they came from the world,
Distinction they will receive in the East.

ڪڇي ڪاچوٽي، نانگن ٻڌي نينهن جي،
جهڙا آيا جڳ ۾، تهڙا ويا موٽي،
انين جي چوٽي، پورب ٿيندي پڌري.

4

The way they seek bread, if they sought the

"جيئن ٽا پڇن اُن کي، تيئن جي پڇن پنڌ،"

| | |
|---|---|
| spiritual path,<br>Crawling they would have found their goal, all toil past. | ”تہ رڙهي لڏائون، رند، لتين لک،“ لطيف چئي. |

5

| | |
|---|---|
| Festivals that common men celebrate, are hunger and thirst to them,<br>Intoxicated in God's love, they fast, Eid they never celebrate. | جا براد ٻتن جي، سا اڄ بک آديسين،<br>روزا رنڌ رکن، عيد نہ اوڏا ڪاپڙي، |

6

| | |
|---|---|
| That ascetic who is concerned about food and dress,<br>Assuredly God from him, does further get. | جنهن سناسيءَ سانڍيو، گندي ۽ گراھہ،<br>اُنهيءَ کان الله، اجان آڳاهون ٿيو. |

7

| | |
|---|---|
| You are still engrossed in the year past, get up, plan what ahead does lie,<br>Ascetics die today before your death, tomorrow all will die.[4] | وينو پڇين پر، ڪر ڪاهنئار هلڻ جي،<br>اڄ، آديسي! مر، صباح مرندو سيڪو. |

8

| | |
|---|---|
| Leaving the village of Ganjo hill, they go ahead,<br>In spiritual path, they have starved themselves,<br>Though exhausted, never rested they on the way,<br>They were spared rest of the journey, half way they found God. | پرينديئي پير ٿيا، ڇڏي گنجوم گام،<br>گروءَ سندي گس ۾، جن ڪيا تن تمام،<br>ويهي ڪيو نہ وچ ۾، تن آديسين آرام،<br>رهہ ۾ گڏين رام، پنڌان ڇٽا ڪاپڙي. |

9

| | |
|---|---|
| Ascetics' eyes are full of tears always,<br>They prevent them from sleep and so can keep awake. | اکيون آلو ماهہ، سدا سناسين جون،<br>واري نيڻ ننڊاهہ، جاڳي جهليا جوڳيين. |

10

| | |
|---|---|
| You will still find those who play on the conshell,<br>They continued to play, could you but care to hear them. | اڃا سي آهين، جي سڄا وار سڱين جا،<br>وينا وڄائين، جي سناسي! سڻين. |

11

| | |
|---|---|
| Those who die before their death, forget not the Lord, | مرڻ مسلم جن، واحد تن نہ وسري،<br>مٿي سڱر ڪاپڙي، نانگا ننڊ نہ ڪن، |

They sleep not in this spiritual journey's path,

Their eyes are bright by keeping awake.

نيڻ سدائين تن، اوجاڳي اُجاريا.

12

Seeking God is a difficult task, take a lamp[5] to guide your path,

Remain in your cell, till your guide's life lasts,

When he departs from this world, give up that cell.

ڏورڻ گھڻو ڏاکڙو، ڏورج ريءَ مَ ڏيئي،
تان تان هوئج حجري، جان سين يار جيئي،
جڏهن پاسي پاڻ ٿيئي، تڏهن ڇڏج تڪيو.

13

Seek not without the light, for it is a difficult task,

Millions have been misled and in ignorance's darkness lost.

ڏور مَ ڏيان ڏار، ڏورڻ گھڻو ڏاکڙو،
ڪوڙين لک هزار، هن اونداهيءَ انڌا ڪيا.

14

What you thought to be a lamp, is sun's bright light,

Night's turning into day, makes no difference to the blind.

تو جو ڏيو ڀانئيو، سا سورج سهائي،
انڌن اونداهي، جي رات وهامي ڏينهن ٿيو.

15

Yogis looked not for God at the place where He dwells,

Misguided ones journeyed to far off lands,

They looked for Him in Hinglaj when lord is everywhere.

ناٿ جُنهين نِنڌ، تت نہ نهاريو جوڳين،
ڪي ڪويساهيا ڪاپڙي، پريا پراهين هنڌ،
هو هنهينءَ هنڌ، هُنهين ويا هنگلاج ڏي.

16

Yogis did look at the place where Lord dwells,

Their faith was firm, who went to far off lands,

Lord dwells everywhere, but they had His initial sight in Hinglaj.

ناٿ جنهين ننڌ، تت پڻ نهاريو جوڳين،
ڪي ڪويسا هيا ڪاپڙي، پريا پراهين هنڌ،
هو هُيو هنڌ، هُن هنگلاجان هٿ ڪيو.

17

Oh ascetic! rely not on what passes and what has passed,

Best for you is Ali's[6] prayers and poverty's path.

گذر گئي گذران ڪين قبولج ڪاپڙي!
عليءَ جو ميدان، سڪر سناسين سين.

18

Those dyed in God's love, care not for dress,

"هوجي ٿيا هر ڪيس، تن لڳي ڪين لباس سين."

They move about in poverty's garment clad.

”وتن ولهي ويس، لاهوتي“ لطيف چئي،

19

Hunger is their alms, their bodies with ashes besmeared,

That garb they adopt, of which people feel ashamed.

بک اُنهن جي بکيا، ڏوڙ تنين جو ڏوپ،
ڪيائون سوئي روپ، جئان لوڪ لڄ ٿئي،

20

They gave up conshells, ropes and patch-work quilt,

They dashed begging bowl and broke it into bits,

Those who long for Lahut, leave not their cells.

سڱيون، سليون، گبريون، ٽيئي ٽول ٽڳو،
پٽ هڻي پٽ سين، ٺيري ٺن ڀڳو،
لاهوت جن لڳو، سي مڙهيان مور نہ نڱيا.

21

Throw away your coverings, set fire to your quilts,

Train your eyes to contemplation, be consistent

It behoves the true yogis to hold conshell in their hand.

کوءِ گودڙا! ٻن گبريون! نيئي کڏائون کانءِ،
جيڏاهين جوڳ ويو، نيڻ تيڏاهين نانءِ،
پڻو ايئن پانءِ، تہ سڱيون شومت هٿ جون.

22

The patched cloak that my guide gave me, is my pride,

Sit with reverence, wearing it, oh! you disciple.

جاڳر ڏني گودڙي، سا مون کي مرڪ،
چيلا! ماري چرخ، اوڍي ويھ ادب سين.

23

To remove guide's given patch-work cloak, would be a shame,

How can the disciple recount many blessings of the same?

جاڳر ڏني گودڙي، سا ٿئي لاهيندي لڄ،
سندا تنهن سهج، چيلو چوندو ڪيترا؟

24

That pach-work cloak given by my guide becomes me most,

Reverently worn, it will take me to my goal.

جاڳر ڏني گودڙي، سا مون ڳمٽي سماءِ،
نيئي رساٽي ماءِ، اوڍين جي ادب سين.

25

Unclean innerself, outward show of purity, and knowledge,

Such yogis are considered Donkey's slaves.

اندر رلا رليون، ٻهر پٿولا،
ان پر ڪا پڙي، گڏھ جا گولا.

26

Poorly dressed outwardly, rich with inner purity and knowledge,

Such yogis are the ones that are God's slaves.

پھر رِلا رليون، اندر پٽولا،
انين پرين ڪاپڙي. خدا جا گولا.

27

Wearer of patch-work quilt! seeing many flowers believe not in multiplicity,

Identify Him in all the forms that around you see.

گل گل پسي گودڙيا! گھڻا م ڀانئيج،
سوئي سڃاڻيج هيءُ هو آهي هيڪڙو.

28

See! Their bowls and conshells on ground they smashed,

From rust they are free, will not now brass bo made,

For saking world's pleasures, losing individuality they joined the infinite Being.

پٽ ڇڏيائون پٽ ۾، ڏنڊ ڇڏيائون، ڏس!
الائشا اڳي ٿيا، موٽي ٿين نہ مس،
هيءُ ڇڏيائون حس، وڃي ڪالهہ ڪل ٿيا.

# Kapaeti

## (The Spinners)

## Introduction

The word Kapaeti means a spinner. Spinning of cotton for making yarn and weaving for making home-made cloth have been Sindh's old cottage industries upto the present time. Shah Abdul Latif has used symbols from this industry so familiar to the common man of Sindh, in the triple allegory implied in this sur.

On the one hand, it is an admonition to humanity in general, that without persistant efforts and continuous hard work, nothing commendable can be achieved in life. Secondly, he addresses the spinners to remove all lumps and other defects from their yarn and make it perfect as the connoisseurs will not approve of it. The allegory takes up the spiritual theme, which in fact, is his main concern. In this allegory, the words husband, king and connoisseurs are used for God, Eid day and tomorrow represent the day of judgement, the spinner is not only the seeker but any and every human being, spinning wheel and spinning represent the means by which good deeds are preformed, the spinning yard can be the place where you sit down to contemplate, meditate and pray.

To be able to live a virtuous life, meditation, prayer and good deeds are essential. Man on this earth, is a sojourner. His stay here is brief. In this short life of his, he cannot afford to ignore his spiritual evolution. It is essential for him to devote his time to prayers, meditation and performing of good deeds, in a mood of humility and submission to Almighty Allah. He cannot afford to let himself be lost in world's many attractions and keep on postponing adoption of the methods for his spiritual evolution on one pretext or the other, for no one knows when death can overtake him. Then, every human being is accountable to God for the way in which he has lived his life.

In the end, Shah Abdul Latif laments that at present, true seekers of God are not to be found anywhere, even though he keeps on looking for them.

### Section I

1

Be you an expert spinner, spin not alone, — توڙي تون ڪاتار، جم هيڪلي پيرئين،

Connoisseur may some defect in such thread note. — ڏسي ڪا ڏئار، صراف انهيءَ سٽ ۾.

2

Spin as long as you can, this time will not return,

Spinners are many, she alone is approved whose yarn is finely spun,

Those who know this truth, never dropped the cotton balls.

جان ڪتين تان ڪت، هيءَ هڏ وهاڻي،
ڪاپائتي سڀ ڪا، ڪتي سيباٽي،
ڇاتو جن ڇاٽي، تن هٿان پَهي نہ ڇڏي.

3

Time passed returns not, spin as long as you can.

Bring out good yarn for your own gain,

Lest tomorrow midst friends, you shed tears of blood.

هيءَ هڏ وهاڻي، جان ڪتين تان ڪت،
ڪو پنهنجي لڳ تون، پيري ڪج پرت،
متان روئين رت، صبح وچ سرتين،

4

You spin not, in lethargy and ease, you want to rest,

When friends will call, you will long to adorn yourself.

ڪتڻ جي ڪانہ ڪرين، ستي ساهين هڏ،
ڇت سرتيون ڪندءِ سڏ، ات سڪنديءَ سينگار کي.

5

Today too, you want to relax, yesterday you spun not,

Foolish woman! how many favours can bestow on you, the Lord?

اڄ پڻ اجهڻ ڪي مرين، نڪي ڪتءِ ڪال،
پوري! توسين پال! ڪانڌ ڪريندو ڪيترا؟

6

Today too you are lethargic, yesterday you spun not,

Broken and loose lies the frame and loose its cord,

Woe, on the condition of those who profited not from spinning.

اَڄ پڻ اُجهڻ ڪي مَرين، نَڪِي ڪتءِ ڪال،
مونا اُنجي اُڪاڙيا، ارٽ ڀرڪي مال،
هئي! تنين جي حال، جن ڪاپي منجهان ڪين ڪيو.

7

Your spinning days you did waste,

Not for a minute near the spinning wheel you came,

How can you raise your head in loved one's yard?

سي تو ويهي وڃائيا، جي ڪتڻ سندا ڏينهن،
ارٽ اوڏي نہ ٽئين، پوري! پوري سيڻن،
ڪنڌ ڪڍنديءَ ڪيئن، اڱڻ عجيبن جي؟

8

Gllavanting stubborn woman! why not use your hands worth gold?

سونَ ساريڪا هٿڙا ڪوه نہ ڪتين رڏ؟
ويهي ڪنڌ ڪاپوڪر، گھتون گوهيون ڇڏ.

Sit in a corner and spin, give up gallavanting, do not roam,

That smiling you may reply connoisseur's call.

تہ صرافاڻي سڏ، مر ڪيو هوند مٺائين.

9

Work on the broken wheel, till you get the new one,

To vicious laziness accostom not yourself,

Who knows, who will spin on the new wheel?

ڀڳوئي ڀير، جانسين رتو راس ٿئي،
ٻرِي ٻيڪاريءَ سين، هاري! پاڻ مَ هير،
ڪت ڪتندي ڪير، نئين سبن نہ ڄاڻجي؟

10

Ignorant one! you practise self pride and annoy the Lord,

Repent and wrap round your neck humility's scarf,

Then even your improperly spurn yarn, goes not to waste.

ڀيرئين ۽ ڀانئين، ايئن وڏوڻ ڪانڌ،
ويٺي اور آرٽ سين، ڳچيءَ پايو پاند،
تہ تنهنجوئي، وڻواند، ڪتو وتو ئي ني ٿئي.

11

With coneit in their hearts, they spurn fine yarn,

Not an ounce did the connoirseur accept of their yarn.

چائت پائي چت ۾، سنهو ڪتيو جن،
تنهن جو صرافن، دڪو داخل نہ ڪيو.

12

Those with love in their hearts, who spurn coarse yarn,

Unweighed, the connoisseur accepted their yam.

محبت پائي من ۾، رندا روڙيا جن،
تن جو صرافن، آڻ توريو ئي اگهائيو.

13

Some such attachment spinners have, that they tremble while they spin,

To get their gain at dawn they come to the spinning yard,

For such fine yarn even the°connoisseur longs,

Such spinners' yarn was accepted without weighing it.

ڪوجوهہ ڪاپائتين، ڪنبن ۽ ڪتن،
ڪارڻ سود سواريون، آتڻ منجھ اچن،
"اُن جي سونهن"، سيد چئي، "صراف ٿي سڪن"
اگهيا سٽ سندي، پائي تارازيءَ نہ توريا.

14

Priceless their yarn who hiding spin,

So absorbed they are that they hear not spinning wheel's din,

Latif says, in seclusion, they tremble while they spin,

سٽ انهن جو سلڙو، جي پر ۾ پيچائين،
آواز ارٽ جو، ساهہ نہ سڻائين،
"جي ماڪ موٽائين، تہ بہ ملهہ مهانگو اُن جو"

In exchange for such yarn even precious gems they spurned.

15

Some in Arabia make cotton bails, some in Kabul spin,'

Her yarn is the best that is sold in exchange of diamonds,

Connoisseur spurns not those whose yarn is rough.

ڪي اوڀين عرب ۾، ڪي ڪابل ۾ ڪتن،
سٽ ان جو سڦرو، مٽيو ماڻڪن،
قادر ڪيم ڪڍن، ٿيلهي ٿلهي واريون.

16

Misled egoist, engrossed in pride, break it into bits,

Your pride will render your spured yarn unfit,

Crazy! produce better yarn for here, those tremble with excellent one.

پيرين ۽ پائئين! پائڻ پڃي ڇڏ،
ڪتو وتو پورهيو، هوڏ وجهندءِ هڏ،
هتي ڏيڍو منج، ڏڏا! جتي ڏڪن ڏه سٺي واريون.

17

Where are the spinners? their spinning wheels forsaken lie,

Covered with dust, on the ground their cotton balls are.

اولاٽيان ارٽ، ڪيڏاهن ڪتڻ واريون؟
پيهيون مٿي پٽ، لڙجن لاڪيڻن جون.

18

Yesterday they spun and spun, today they came not to the spinning yard,

Disjointed is their spinning wheels' cord, their huts are locked.

ڪتي ڪتي ڪالهه، اڄ نه آتڻ آئيون،
آرٽ اُڪلي مال، پوري ويٺيون نجهرا.

19

Neither are the same cotton pods in the plants nor the spinners same,

Seeing their absenece in the bazaars, brings me distress.

نه سي ووڙ وڻن ۾، نه سي ڪاتاريون،
پسيو بازاريون، هينئڙو مون لوڏ ٿئي.

20

When examined and weighed many defects were found in yarn's texture,

Connoisseurs in confidence questioned the spinners.

'Unworthy me. I could not straighten out the knots," each one answered.

تاڃي توريائون، ته عيب نڪتا اڳيان،
ڪوني ڪاپائتين کي، پر ۾ پڇيائون،
چي "اڳلڙي آئون، مون ڪان پڙا پڳا نه ٿيا".

Foolish woman! heed what I say and repeat,

Carefully they carded cotton, a quarter of a seer,

Sparrows damaged some balls, others, wind blew away,

Drowsily you approach the spinning wheel and there love to sleep,

Now at mid-night with tears in your eyes, to the kind Lord appeal.

کاهنئین سین لاءِ، پوري!
کاهنئین سین لاءِ،
تُنبائي تاکید سین، جن پچایو پاءِ،
پهیون تن جون جهرکن جهوریون، ٻیو اڏائي واءِ،
آرٽ پاسي اوجهرن، توکي سمهڻ آیو ساءِ،
"آڌيءَ"، عبداللطیف چئي، "روئي ریجهائج راءِ"!

# Poorab

## (East)

## Introduction

The word Poorab means east, the direction from which light comes. Shah Abdul Latif has used it as a symbol of the spiritual goal of the ascetics.

It is a short sur containing two sections only. In the first section Shah Abdul Latif addresses a crow asking him to take his message to his beloved and deliver it humbly, courteously and in confidence, in the exact words given. This kind of courier service used to be usually performed by the trained pigions in olden times, but Shah Abdul Latif makes crow the messenger, as trained crows too used to perform this service and also because the bird is so familiar to the Sindhi masses. The message to be delievered is that the beloved who has taken long to return from the distant land where he has gone, may now kindly return, as separation has caused much misery.

Agha Muhammad Yakoob in the second volume of his recently published book "Shah Jo Risalo alias "Ganje Latif", writes, "The sur, more particularly its first chapter, is full of the poet's expressions of longing to meet the Prophet and the crow referred to as the emissary to the beloved is an angel, for as the poet tells us the messenger crow is not an ordinary crow that eats carrion and other filthy stuff. He is the crow of the beloved.

The second section refers to the ascetics about whom much has been said in Khahori and Ramkali, These ascetics after keeping company with Shah Abdul Latif for some time, quietly left one early morning for their onward spiritual journey, leaving him in utter despair and in pangs of separation from them.

### Section I

1

| | |
|---|---|
| Crow! With humility and obeisance greet the loved one, | "ڪري ڪانگ! ڪرنشون، پيرين پرينءَ پئيج"، |
| Forget not on the way, the message that I ask you to give. | "آئون جو ڏيانءِ سنيهو، وچ م وساريج"، |
| For God's sake, speak in confidence, Latif says, | الله لڳ لطيف چئي، ڳجهو ڳالهائيج |
| Repeat as I say that you may always see happy days. | "چوان تيئن چئيج، ڪنياتا! خوش هئين." |

2

Fly back to me oh crow! give me my loved ones' message,

Sit with me then and say when will I meet him,

He, who is in distant land, bring him close to me on your wings.

”آئون اُڏامي ڪانگڙا! پارانيان پچار،“
”ويهي هت وصال جو، تان ڪوتر تنوار،“
”جي ڏسڻ ۾ ڏيسار، سي اُڏامي آڻ پرين.“

3

Sit on a tree's branch and give me his message,

Change it not but deliver it the way your kind's habit is,

Bring the bright faced one, close to me, on your wings.

”پارانيان پچار، متي لام“ لطيف چئي،
”ڦير مَ فضيلت تون، جاڪر اوهان ڪار،“
”جي ڏني ۾ ڏيتار، سي اُڏامي آڻ پرين.“

4

Return in haste, oh crow! say that he will soon come,

He who has gone to far off land, bring him to me on your wings.

”وهلو ور، وريا پرين، آءُ ڪانگا لنئن لات،“
”ويا جي قلات، سي اُڏامي آڻ پرين.“

5

Oh crow! bring back the loved one, gone to distant land,

Without whom my tears are dry, so much I have wept.

Come and celebrate such auspicious news, for God's sake!

Appease the offended loved one and on your wings bring him back.

”ڪانگل! سي ئي ڪوٺ، پرين جي پر ڏيهه ويا،“
”جنين ريءَ جهان ۾، اکڙين ا روٺ.“
”الله لڳ“ لطيف چئي، ڪج ڳاراچو ڳوٺ،“
جي ڏمريا ڪنهن ڏوٺ، سي اُڏامي آڻ پرين.

6

Crow! give me news of the loved one who is in distant land,

Your feathers I will with gold decorate,

Encircle his house, give my message to him.

”پرين جي پرديس ۾، تن جي ڪانگا! ڪج خبر،“
”تہ سڀ مڙهيان سون سين، پکي تنهنجا پر،“
”گهمي مٿان گهر، ڏج پارانيا پرينءَ کي.“

7

Crow! with my own hands I will pluck my heart and to you give,

That he may ask, who is this one offering such a sacrifice?

”ڪيڏي ڪانگا! توڏيان، هينئون ساڻ هٿن،“
”وجي ڪاءُ ولات ۾، اڳيان عجيبن.“
”پرين مٿان چون، تہ هيءَ قربان ڪير ٿي؟“

8

Loved one's crow! give me a joyous message,
You smell of spring and monds of musk,
For you have flown over the yard of loved one,
At your sight, all my sorrows have vanished.

”ڪانگل قريبن جا، اچي وائيءَ وڻ،“
”تو ۾ بوءِ بهار جي، مُشڪ ڪٿوريءَ مڻ،“
”اچي عجيبن جو، اورانگهج اڱڻ،“
”توکي پسي تڻ سورنئان صاف ٿئي.“

9

Today the crow has brought felicitations from the loved one,
My wishes are granted, full of joy I have become,
My appeals are answered, loved one returns with God's grace.

”آنديون! ڪانگ قريب جون اڄ واڌايون واهه!“
من مرادون پنيون، ٿيون سرهائيون ساه
”آندا پرين الله، سڏ منهنجا ساب پيا.“

10

Oh crow! your flight has new life in me revived,
Crossing other branches on a conjoined branch cawing you sit,
Fly away from it, that the loved one may come to my abode.

”ڪانگل تنهنجي چانگ، جڏو جيءُ جياريو،“
”مٿان لامن لت ڏيو، ٻولين سر ٻيلانگ،“
”آڏر مٿان ڦانگ، ته گهر آون پرين.“

11

Dear crow! take this my message to my love,
Say, you have taken long for some cause loved one,
In sadness I pass, days of separation.

”ڪانگل نيئي ڪانگ، منهنجي ڏي محبوب کي،“
”لالن! لايئي ڏينهڙا، ڪنهن سناٽي سانگ،
اوهان ريءَ اڙانگ، ويٺي ورهه وسائيان.“

12

Sorrow increases in loved one's absence,
Eyes axe fixed on the village's path, expecting him,
Messengers at last will bring news of his return.

ريءَ پريان پر ديس ۾، وره وڌي ڪئي وس،
اکيون پارپرين جي، ٿيون گام نهارين گس،
ڏيندا پانڌي ڏس، ڪينءَ جون آٿي خبرون،

13

Crow! I would stand indebted to all your kind,
If you fly at early morn, to loved one's side,
Beloved, there is none in the whole world, the like of you.

”زاغ!“ تنهنجي ذات جو، ٿورو مٿي مون،“
”اڏامج“، عبداللطيف چئي، صبح سيڻن ڏون،“
ڪج وينتيون وتريون، ٻاجهائج ٻهون،
”ته لالن! ڪونه لهون، جهوتو جهان ۾.“

14

Crow coming from the loved one, may well sing on bough,

قريبن جو ڪانگڙو، مٿي ٿار ٿلي،

Bringing news of fclicitations, crow smiles, is full of joy,

He is the one, who took my message to the loved one,

Let him tread on my eyes, for he is courtier of the loved one.

ڪٽيو ڪيانتو خبرون، ڪيرون ڏيو ڪلي،
لائي جنهن لالن سين، منهنجي بات بلي،
سو ور چشمن تي چلي، جو درباري دوس، جو.

Section II

1

Those are comforting eyes, that loved one raises and smiles,

All my sorrows are gone in a while,

Ascetics are not reduced by hunger as people think but by separation's sorrow.

تن اکين اُتان سک، کلندي ڪڻن جي،
پرين پاپوهڻ سان، ڏور ڪيا سپ ڏک،
ماڙهن ليکي بُک، سامين سور سنها ڪيا.

2

You call yourself an ascetic and crave for comforts,

In your spiritual journey, naught have you learnt,

You have not reached your goal, you want the prize

Come what might, be true to your spiritual guide.

"سامي چائين سک، طلبئين! سڪئين نہ، سامي!"
"اڃا اورئين پنڌ ۾، تون ويٺين وسامي"،
"گر ڪي تون نہ گڏئين، چائين انعامي"،
"دائم مدامي، پورو رهيج پرينءَ سين."

3

Wayfares of the East, at mid-night left, closing their huts,

At dawn sound of sanyasis was not heard,

Such is ascetics' kind, that they befriend not the unaffected ones.

پوربيا پوري ويا، آسڻ آديءَ رات،
سيم نہ سناسين جون، پچارون پريات،
ڪا جا جوڳيءَ ذات، مٿ نہ معذورن جا.

4

They chose the road that goes to the east and went,

Giving up their homes here, they build their huts ahead.

مٿي راهہ روان ٿيا، پورب پورياڻون،
هي گهر گهورياڻون، آڳانديائون اڳيان.

5

When I remember them, I cry out 'East', 'East',

Longing for them, my tears do not cease,

This sad thought tortures me that loved ones I will not meet again.

پورب، پورب، تن ڪرون، جب هينئڙي آون پور،
سڪندي کي سڄڻين، نڪون لايون نور،
ماريس تنهين سور، جيئڻ ساجن سڄي، نہ ملي.

# Karayal

## (The Swan)

## Introduction

The word Karayal means a beautiful bird, a swan or a peacock. Shah Abdul Latif in this allegory addresses a swan which is used as a symbol for all those people who seek Divine light and Divine guidance for the good of humanity. They include the prophets, the saints and sages and all benefactors of mankind.

The cfforts of such persons inspired with a holy zeal of seeking supreme values for themselves and for the rest of mankind, are often thwarted by materialistic and base minded persons who are referred to as cranes and herons. They are the ones who make turbid the clean and pure water of life with their beaks, they dig out fish from the mud lying on the water banks Such persons only care for the immediate material gains and are capable of employing the meanest methods of obtaining them. The swan is advised to keep away from the banks, the cranes and herons and fly upwards to discern, discriminate and pick out pearls that lie in the bottom of deep waters. Thesc pearls are the eternal values that never die.

The sur has two section. In the first section, seekers of eternal values of life are advised to avoid company of those who might get them involved in base and materialistic pursuits so as to neglect their ultimate goal In the second section the world inhabited by such persons, is symbolised as a desert where these venomous snakes have made their holes. When they abound, they pose a serious threat to those who are seekers of.life's true values.

But ultimately they will succeed for they are the ones who hav sacrificed all base affinities for higher cause. Burning of Junagarh is used as a symbol of eschewing such affinities.

### Section I

1

High in the air, swan flew saying, "God is unique".[1]
That dark cloud it crossed where birds are tried.

"وحده" وائي، چڙهندي چيائين،
سو لَڙ لنگهيائين، جتي پارک پکيان،

2

Giving up cranes' company, skywards it flew,
Where its love dwells, near that fount, it drew.

بگهن سي ياڻ هٽي اُڏاڻو آڪاس،
جتي پرين سنداس، سو سرمٽي هنجڙو.

3

Its glance on the deep sea, it scrutinises it,
Swan is used to the pearls that are in water's depth.

اکڙيون اوڙاهه ۾، اُپيو تڪي تار،
پٿون جي پاتار، هنج تنين جو هيرئون.

4

Why not enter the waters deep for the pearls?
With the bank, Oh swan! you have no concern.

وڃين نہ پيهي، پٿن لءِ پاتار ۾؟
ڪنڌيءَ تي ڪيهي، هاڃ تنهنجي هنجڙا؟

5

The Swan nears the ocean's depth that now it knows,
Deep down has it found pearls more precious than gold.

ٽيو حضوري هاڻ، سوجها پيس سرجي،
ڪنڍي لڌي ڪاڻ، پڪيڙي پاتار ۾.

6

Clean water has been muddied by the cormorants,
To that reservoir swans are ashamed to come.

اڇو پاڻي لڙ ٿيو، ڪالوريو ڪنگن،
ايندي لڄ مرن، تنهن سر مٿي هنجڙا،

7

Were you to make friends with the swans,
Never again will you be in company of cranes.

هنجن سين هيڪار، جي ڳڻ ڪري نهارئين،
ٻگهن ساڻ ٻيهار، ٻيلهه نہ ٻڌين ڪڌهين.

8

Swan! fly to the fount where you are remembered,
Before hunters plan to have you hunted.

آءُ اڏامي هنجڙا! سر ۾ سارينئي،
تمان مارينئي، پاڙهيري پهه ڪري.

9

Lotus roots in deep waters grow, high in the air flies the humble bee,
Their hidden wishes were accomplished, God willed it so to be,
Glory to that love which united the humble with the lofty.

ڪونر پاڙون پاتار ۾، ڀونر ڀري آڪاس،
ٻنهين سندي ڳالهڙي، رازق آندي راس،
تنهن عشق کي شاباس، جنهن محبتي ميڙيا.

10

Lotus in deep waters bottom, bee flying in the air,
Symbol of love is the tale of these together.
Loves' draught they both drink, yet their thirst is never quenched.

ڪونر پاڙون پاتار ۾، ڀونر ڀري ۾ سيح،
ٻنهين سندي ڳالهڙي، عشق ايءُ اهج،
توءِ نہ لهين اُڃ، جي پيو پسين پاڻ ۾.

11

Swans fly when people are asleep,

Pearls they discriminate and pick from waters deep,

Can hunters' guiles harm such ones?

جيهر لوڪ جهپ ڪري، اوهيرا اُڏامن،
پڻون جي پاتار جا، چيتاريو چڻن،
ڪوهہ ڪندا ڪي تن، پاڙهيري پهہ ڪري؟

12

The lovely peacocks are all dead, not one swan remains,

Crafty snipes once again inhabit my native land.

ويا مور مري، هنج نہ رهيو هيڪڙو،
وطن ٿيو وري، ڪوڙ نہ ڪانيرن جو.

## Section II

1

Bird, cage, fount and swan, all are one and the same,

When I peeped within, this knowledge to me came,

The hunter that the body fears also is within.

سو پکي سو پڃرو، سو سر، سوئي هنج،
پيهي جان پروڙيو، مون پنهنجوئي منجهہ،
ڏيل جنهن جو ڏنجهہ، سو ماري ٿو منجهہ ڦري.

2

Consider not vipers' lean young ones as harmless snakes,

Their sting fixes elephant in one place.

سنها پانءِ م سپ، وياءَ واسينگن جا،
جنين جي جهڙپ، هاٿي هنڌان ئي نہ چري،

3

Snakes that dwell in deserts have poisonious sting,

Attractive in appearance, their sting sure death brings.

Confronting them, leaves no chance to survive.

آسڻ جن! آريج ۾، او ڪچر وهہ ڪري،
تن جا مُنهن ملڪن جهڙا، ٽڪو تان نہ ٽري،
جي اُنهين ساڻ اڙي، تہ ڪانهي جاءِ ذريءَ جي.

4

Snakes that dwell in deserts, have a different trait,

Thorny bush on which their poison is spilt, can kill if grazed.

Throughout the world are such snakes well known,[2]

Who is so brave that in battle would face such foes?

آسڻ جن اريج ۾، تن جي وهہ جو ورن ٻيو،
تن جو ڪنڊوئي ڪم ڪري، جي مٿس پيرپيو،
پرينئان آهي پڌرو، تن نانگن جو نهو،
ڪليءَ ويل ڪهو، جو سامهون ٿئي سپن ڪي؟

5

ڪنهن ڪنهن ڪاريءَ ذات کي، موربہ مٿيائين،
جي چترا چکيا ڪري، تہ وڳ ورائي ڏين،
ساٿ سمورا نين، جي مٿين پانئين موٽيا.

With these black snakes even the peacocks avoid clash,
If by some crafty means they sting, all the peacocks go back.

6

پهرين ڪاري نانگ جي، ڪو چرڪيل ڇيڙ ڪري،
جي هٽي ڏنگ ڏسائيو، تہ ويجهو تان نہ وري،
جيڪي ٽپ مري، جيڪي سڪي صحت کي.

Some foolish one would provoke such a snake,
If it stings, the bitten one never returns to his place,
He invites instant death or for the rest of life, longs for health.

7

ڪُپرا! ڪاروڙين سين، وڏو وڌءِ وير،
نانگ! نہ ويندي نڪري، تو ڏر مٿي پير،
هيءُ تنين جو ڏير، جن جهونا ڳڙه جلائيو.

Viper! you have made enemies of those who charm snakes,
You cannot escape, on your hole a foot is placed,
This is the dwelling place of those who set Junagarh ablaze.

# Pirbhati

(Hymn at Dawn)

## Introduction

Pirbhati is a musical melody which is sung at dawn, it is about dawn and takes its name from it.

The sur is an allegory of Divine munificence, kindness and concern for our well being. It asks human beings to rise at dawn to pray and sing praises of merciful God, for His enduring kindness and generosity. It further advises us to make humble supplications to Him for succour and relief when faced with trials and tribulations of life. God in His infinite mercy, always responds to our sincere and humble prayers. His doors are wide open for all and sundry. There is no distinction of caste or creed. He showers his mercies in abundance on the simple and the unsophisticated ones. Many times, He bestowes His gifts on us much more than we deserve or than we ask for. He alone is our permanent help and guide. When God in his abundant kindness and generosity responds to our prayers and fulfils our needs without asking a return, why beg others for help? A reproach comes from Lord God Himself. "Why not come to me? Why knock at others' doors?" This allegory is based on the following anecdote which Shah Abdul Latif probably heard during his travels in Baluchistan in the company of yogis.

Malik Pahar Khan also known as Saper Khan had become a hero to his people because of his generosity and kindness which had become proverbial. He was so large hearted that he once gave in charity one hundred horses to an unaccomplished musician. In the allegory, Sapar Khan and his generosity are used as symbols for God and His munificence.

### Section I

1

It behoves not the ministrel to hang his fiddle on the peg,

Enemy you are of the glorious dawn,

Who would call you a musician if you sing no song?

اِيءَ نہ ڀانئن، ڀير، جيئن ڪينر ڪيريءَ ٽنگيو،
سونهاري صبوح سين، وجهي وِڙهين وير،
توکي چوندو ڪير، ڪيرت ڏاران، منگڻو؟

2

Steep not unaware, rise at dawn to supplicate,

Tomorrow your fiddle will lie on the ground, sans yourself.

ستو ڪيئن ننڊون ڪرين! روئي وهاءِ،

سڀان ساز سندوءِ، پيو هوندو پٽ ۾.

3

With fiddle by your side, you sleep the whole night,

These are not the ways of musicians' tribe.

سيرانديءَ ساز ڪيو، سمهين ساري رات،

جاجڪائي ذات، ايئن نه هئي اڳهين.

4

True musicians are those who take no rest,

With fiddle on their shoulders, they seek the path in wilderness.

جنهين سک ناهه ڪو، چارڻ سي چئجن،

رجن راهه پڇن، مٿي ڪلهن ڪينرا.

5

Why now in confusion roam, where were you yesterday?

Ministrel! give up these nomadic ways,

Costly return will he yours, if at generous Sapar's door you supplicate.

موڙهو پٽين منگڻا! ڪيڏانهن هئين ڪال!

"لنگها! ڇڏ" لطيف چئي "اجهڻ جا افعال"،

"سپڙ در سوال، ڪر ته قيمت آڻين".

6

"Ministrel is weak, road is long, tell the generous Lord,

He cannot come there, bestow something here on this bard."

چارڻ لڳو، پنڌ گهڻو، ڪي چوڻائيءَ چئيج،

هت ڪي ملائيج، اتي آئون نه اچڻو.

7

What in secret the generous Lord gives to unskilled musicians,

Were of that the expert ones to learn

There and then their instruments, they would break into bits.

جيڪي ڏاڻ ڏئي، ڳجهيان ٿي ڳجهه ۾،

سي جي مٽن ڪڏهين، هنرت وارا ڪي،

نه ساز مڙوئي سي، هوند پٽون ڪن پلڪ ۾.

8

Many expert ministrels are there, of what use is their art,

What man does, is always with a flaw,

You are the alchemy, I am bronze, with your mere touch, turn me to gold.

ات هنرت وارا ڪيترا، هنرت ڪبو ڪوهه؟

جيڪي بندو ڪم ڪري، سو سڀوئي ڏوهه،

"تون پارس، آئون لوهه، جي سيڇين ته سون ٿيان".

9

Oh Sinipletons! the generous Lord calls,

"You have not learnt to supplicate yet," proclaims the Lord,

"Make your supplications to me, for I am yours."

اَٽيو اٻوجهاءَ! سپرٖ جو سڏ ٿيو،
جيئن اٿين ڪيرت ڪٿ نہ سکيا، تيئن پاٽان رٺوراءِ،
"مڱو مون ملاءَ! آئون اوها ن جو آهيان".

10

Ancestry is no bar here, he who works for it, deserves,

Childish ways of innocent ones, Lord does bear,

He who spends the night with the Lord, is free from all cares.

ڏات نہ آهي ذات جي، جو وهي سو لهي،
آريو اٻوجهن جون، سپرٖ چام سهي،
جو راءَ وٽ رات رهي، تنهن جکي تان نہ ٿئي.

11

Give up all your learning, beg like an ignorant one,

The generous Lasbela's Lord, last night has many horses for you prepared

He bestows his generosity even on him who knows not how to sing

ڏڏ ئي ڏان گهريج تون، ڇڏ وڇا وڇائي،
سپر رات سنباهيا، تازي تولائي،
جو ڄاڻي نہ ڳائي، تنهن سين ٻيلي ڏٽي، ٻاجهہ ڪي.

12

Whole night stretched, you lie in deep sleep,

Why not rise and with the generous Lord communion keep?

The ruler Ronjho opened his chests of pearls last night,

Ministrels gathered them and filled their pots tight.

پيو ليٽين لٽ، سڄيون راتيون سمهين،
اُٿي آڏيءَ نہ ڪرين، سپڙا ساڻ سهٽ،
رونجهي رات اپٽيا، پيٽنبيئون پاٽيٽ،
ميڙي ٿٺان مٽ، چونڊي ڀريا چارٽين.

13

The munificent Lord reproaches the ministrels,

Why beg at other doors leaving my portal?

Days of distress you endure, because of this.

ڏاتار ڏک ڪيا، پاڻ منٿي مڱڻي،
"مون در ڇڏيو، مڱڻا! مڱين ڪوهہ ٻيا؟
تڏهن تو پيا، وڇان ولها ڏينهڙا."

14

Beg from the one, ministrel, who daily bestows,

Bard! why beg at others' false doors?

Tomorrow they will taunt you with reproach.

مڱ تنهين کان مڱڻا! جو ڏيهاڙي ٿو ڏيءِ،
ڪوڙا در دنيا جا، جاچڪا! مڱين جي،
سيان توهين کي، موٽي ڏيند ا مُنهن پر.

15

Daily present yourself before generous Lord's door,

Bard! remove not your lips from that threshhold,

Ministrels have no other source but to sing.

کڙه اڳيان ڪپ، ڍهاٽي ڏاتار جي،
لنگھا! لاهه مَ لڪ سين، متان چانئٺ چپ،
منگھارن مپ، ڪونهي ٻيو ڪيرت ريءَ.

16

Bard! not even for a moment forget the generous Lord,

Repair your violin, replace its strings by silver cords,

Ministrel! go in His presence and entreat.

سپڙ ساه پساهه، جاجڪ! جم وسارين،
ريهي رپي سنديون، تندون تنبي پاءِ،
لنگھا! تون ليلاءِ، اڳيان وڃي اُن جي.

17

You are the generous Lord, I the supplicant, you are the master, your dog

I strapped violin on my shoulder, having enquired your path.

"تون سپڙ، آئون سيڪڙو، تون صاحب آئون سڳ،
پڇي تنهنجو پڳ، ڪلهي پاتم ڪينرو."

18

You are the generous Lord, I the supplicant, I the sinner, you the perfect Lord

You are the alchemy, I bronze, your gracious glance will turn me into gold.

تون سپڙ، آئون سيڪڙو، تون ڏاتار، آئون ڏوهه،
تون پارس، آئون لوهه، جي سڃين ته سون ٿيان.

19

The early morning star has risen, arise! awake! thy Lord adore,

Punctilious, generous Lord, hearts of all ministrels knows.

اڀريو تارو، اٿي ور وهاڳ ڏي!
سپڙ ريسارو، چت پرکي چارڻين.

# Dahar
## (Desert Valley)
## Introduction

The word Dahar means a desert valley. Muhammad Yakoob Agha in his recently published 'Shah Jo Risalo' writes in the introduction of this sur that prior to river Indus being restrained by the construction of the barrages and other modern methods of irrigation, branches used to flow from it, which sometimes used to pass through many miles of desert area and finally discharge themselves into marshes. It seems that one such branch which had made the region through which it flowed, a flourisning and prosperous centre of trade and commerce, had either dried up for some reason or the water had receded, bringing an abrupt end to its prosperity and forcing its people to migrate. As Shah Abdul Latif stands there, watching this barren and desolate sight, many thoughts come to him which may appear disjointed to a casual reader but the underlying theme of them all is the rise and fall in the affairs of men, the uncertainty of their fortunes, and transitoriness of life.

The sur is replete with symbols and is a masterpiece of poetic art. Dahar or the desert valley is the symbol used for this world in which many civilizations saw their pomp and grandure, then disappeared, hardly leaving any trace behind. Similar is the case of the individual. He struggles, works hard, achieves success and prosperity, not visualising their uncertainty, he becomes proud and vain like the big fish in the pond mentioned in the sur, forgeting that death is lurking for him, behind the corner. It reminds us of P. B. Shelley's poem, "Ozymandias".

Now that the water of the branch which was the life-giving force of the region, has receded leaving behind a near dry bed with just little water in it, nothing else can grow in that previously fertile valley save the thorny desert trees and other desert bushes that can survive with very little water or even without it, for a long time. Shah Abdul Latif using a beautiful poetic device, addresses a Kandi tree and asks it to relate to him the type of life and activity of that region which was once bursting with life and activity.

Watching this sight of decay and desolation, our poet's thoughts are turned to God and to the Holy Prophet (PBUH). He expresses his longing for a pilgrimage to Madina and prays for favourable circumstances that would give him a chance for a union.

Always conscious of the plight of the poor, helpless and friendless women whose huts are dilapidated, he prays to God to help them as none but He alone is the surest refuge and help. He refers to the suffering of the poor in a sublime metaphor,

when he says that what men consider to be drops of dew at dawn, are the tears that night sheds at the sight of the suffering of the poor. He prays to God to remove their suffering and expresses amazement and admiration at His marvellous and mysterious ways by which leaves may sink and stones may float.

For those who pay no heed to the ultimate object for which we are here, and are too much engrossed in the many attractions and flimsy things of the world, the poet uses the symbol of the woman who ignores her husband and flirts round with others. Humanity is further advised not to ignore the spiritual life which goes side by side with the physical, material life. The symbol of sleep is used for indifference at making any attempt to achieve a higher life and being completely envolved; in the material life. Though a sufi, Shah Abdul Latif does not believe in complete renunciation, that is why he says sleep as much as it is good for you. Much emphasis is laid on getting up at dawn to pray. Human beings are reminded that the nights they spend in this world, are fewer compared to those to be spent in the grave.

The lone crane that he sees there, reminds him of the unity and bonds of fraternity among the birds which human beings lack. The convoy of cranes flying back home and the lone crane's longing to return and be with them, are used as symbols for one's love of native land. It has been observed that men mostly long to return to their own native land wherever they may have been living and how prosperous they may be. The arrow shot at the convoy of cranes, is the symbol of death which separates one from his dear and near ones and creates fear in the hearts of others. The hard ground which hurts the feet of the cranes on landing, is the symbol of the hardships of life which affect many of us and which we encountrer in this world.

The sur closes with the mention of Lakho, a controversial person who was praised by some as helping the poor and redressing their wrongs and by others censured as a terrible dacoit feared by many. It can be taken as a symbol of death.

## Section I

1

Oh! Kandi tree, relate to me some of this branch's tales
How its merchants then spent their nights and their days?

ڪر ڪي ڳالهڙيون، ڪنڊا! ٻور ڏٽين جون،
ڪيئن سي راتڙيون، ڪنهن پر ڏينهن گزارئين؟

2

If in earnest you lament the loss of its merchants,
Your branches in this way would not blossom.

جان تو هيڙو سور، ڪنڊا، ٻور ڏٽين جو،
مٿي لامن ٻور، موريءَ مڇر نہ ڪرئين.

3

How old were you, Kandi tree, when the branch

ڪنڊا! تون ڪيڏو، جڏهن ٻريو ٻورو وهي؟

was full to its brim

Since then have you met the like of such merchants?

جسودن جيڏو، تو ڪو گڏيو ڀيڙو؟

4

In truth, the branch is dry, on its banks brushwoods grow,

So dry it is that no merchants and no tax collectors themselves show

سچ ڪ سڪو ڍور، ڪنڌيءَ اڪ ٻلاريا؟
جنگن چڏيو زور، سر سڪا سونگي گيا؟

5

The branch is dry, save its bottom, dry grass grows around,

Patihal branch never since then in water abound,

Rarely does one come across signs of human beings.

سُڪي ڍور ڍيون ٿيو، ڪنڌيءَ ڏنو ڪائو،
سو پاڻي پٽيهل ۾، اڳيون نہ آيو،
ماڻهن ميڙائو، ڪنهين ڪنهين پيٽين.

6

The fisherman knew that branch's water would not be the same,

They sailed with their boats away from that place,

Causing worry to prosperous merchants and businessmen.

ڍور نہ اڳينءَ ڍار، مهند ملاحن لنگهيو،
موڙي چوڙيا مڪڙا، پسي پاڻيءَ پار،
جسودن جهايار، پيڙا وير وماس ۾!

7

Oh big fish! when the branch was full, you returned not,[1]

Now in shallow pool you have been caught,

On your head, bear onslaught of fishermen's blows.

جان واهڙ ۾ وهہ، تان تون مڇ! نہ موٽئين،
ڪائي ۾ ڪوهہ ڪرئين، پوءِ موٽڻ جو پهہ؟
سر مٿي تون سهہ، مهميزون ملاحن جون.

8

When water was in abudance, you returned not,

Today or tomorrow, you will be in the net of fishermen caught.

جان جر هيڙو جال، تان تون مڇ! نہ موٽئين
پوندءِ اڄ ڪ ڪالهہ، سانيون سانگن جون

9

When waters' level was high, you returned not,

Fishemen now with stakes have blocked all your paths.

جان جر هيڙو سير، تان تون مڇ! نہ موٽئين،
اڏا اڏي ڪير، گهٽ بہ جهليا گهاٽئين.

10

Oh fish! you grew so big and fat that you butted all you met,

But the expanse of water once you saw now retracts.

متو آهين مڇ، ٿلهو تو ٿونا هڻين،
جا تو ڏٺي آڇ، تنهن پاڻيءَ پُنا ڏينهڙا.

11

When my Beloved fixed the fishing hook in my gills,

I did not die instanteous death but perpetually suffered.

ڪُنڍي ڪلين وچ ۾، جڏهن هنيائون،
موت نہ ماريائون، ڏور ڏيئي ويا ڏک جي.

Vai

Beloved! for my sake, you have adorned yourself,

Mother, longing for Him, will one day bring me to death.

Tripping on toes like peacock and Babiho[2] he comes,

Profusely scented with perfume and sandalwood that him becomes,

His presence makes rocks fragrant with fresh flowers and musk,

Lord! unite Abdul Latif with his perfumed loved one.

لائِي جا وڻ ڪي، سا ڪانڌ! مُنهنجي ڪورا،
ماءُ ماريندم ڪڏهين هن پرينءَ جا هورا،
اچن پرين پبڪيا، ڪر ٻاٻيهو جيئن مورا،
سيڻين سرڪنڊ سپجي، ٻيو عطر پرين اتوارا،
چپر ڪٿوري ٿيو، ٻي تازي ڦلن ڦورا،
"الا" عبداللطيف ڪي، "سانول ميڙ سنيوڙا".

Section II

1

Madina's[3] Lord, please hear my humble calls.

Do help those in trouble, the waters to cross.

"مدينے جا ميرا سڻ منهنجا سڏڙا،"
"سڻ تنهنجي سير، تون پار لنگهائين پيڙا".

2

Lord, let such wind blow that to my love, it brings me close,

I cannot give up hope of being on this oft traversed road.

ڏکي! سو وارئين واءُ، جو ميڙائو سڄڻين،
وهيءَ واٽ مٿانءُ، هٿين آسر مَ لهي.

3

My eyes eagerly gazed for the camel riders but they

نيڻ جي نهارين، سي اچ نہ اوٺي آيا.

came not today.

In king Punhoon's separation watery tears shed not they.

هنجون نہ هارين، پاڻي پنهونءَ ڇام ريءَ.

4

Instead my watchful eyes shed tears of blood,

This humble one if reconciled, Punhoon may take with himself.

نيڻ نهاري منهنجا، روئي ٿيا رت،

پنهونءَ هوءَ پهت، تہ پاري نين پاڻ سين.

5

With hope in my heart today I sweep my yard,

May my long absent love, return from mountains far off.

اڄ اڱڻ ڪيڻان، آسر لڳي سوريان،

ڏونگر ڏينهن لڳان، مان ورڪن سپرين.

6

Allah be your name, I pitch my hopes in thee,

Creator, there is no limit to your infinite merey

Your name alone through my whole soul pursuades.

"الله جيئن نالوءِ، تيئن مون وڏو آسرو،

خالق تنهنجي ڪاند جو، پرو پاند نہ ڪوءِ،

نالو رب سندوءِ، رهيو آهيم روح ۾."

7

Lord, you act in amazing modes,

Leaves you drown below, stones you let float!

If you condescend to come to me, honoured I would be, the sinner that am

"صاحب! تنهنجي صاحبي، عجب ڏني سون،

پن ٻوڙين پاتال ۾، پهڻ تارين تون،

جيڪر اچين مون، تہ ميريائي مان لهان."

8

Great as asking name, I ask thy favour equal to that,

Without any pillar or post, you are the protector and shade,

What more to say, all is known to That.

جيڏو تنهنجو نانءُ، ٻاجھہ بہ اوڏيائي مڱانءِ،

رءَ ٿنڀين، رءَ ٿوڻيين، تون ڇپر، تون ڇانءِ،

ڪڇاڙو ڪهانءِ؟ توکي معلوم سڀڪا.

9

Protect me oh Lord! for I am a sinner exposed,

Cover me with Thy mercy's garments' edge, be my shelter, Lord!

"ستر ڪر ستار! آئون اگهاڙي آهيان،

ڍڪئين ڍڪڻهار، ڏيئي پاند پناهہ جو."

Vai

Since yesterday, seeking in the rocks, my eyes have not slept.

مون کي ننڊ نہ نيڻين نيڻين

ڪالهون پوءِ لڪن ۾،

Return home Mother dear! suffer not so, for my sake,

Though much I desire, my love takes me not with himself.

Today more than yesterday, I feel weak and languish,

All others are with their husbands, I alone am butt of insults.

Like pomegranate flowers' juice my hearts blood, my eyes shed,

Lord! may you unite me with my love, Latif says.

موٽ تون آيل! منهنجي ماءُ! تان تونک نہ ڪيڏين ڪيڏين،
هون نيئم پاڻ سين، آئون جا ويندڙي سيڏين سيڏين،
ڪالهوڻيان اڄ گهٽي جهورڙي جهيڻين جهيڻين،
بيون سڀ وارثين ورن سين، آءُ جا واڳڙي ويڻين ويڻين،
هنئڙو ڏاڙهون گل جيئن، روئي رتڙو نيڻن نيڻين،
"الا!" عبداللطيف چئي، "محب اسان نون ميڙين ميڙين"!

Section III

1

Beloved, come once to my humble hut,

Shelter me with your garments edge, loved one.

ڪرڪو پيرو ڪانڌ! مون نماڻيءَ جي نجهري،
پرين تنهنجي پاند، ڍوليا! ڍڪي آهيان.

2

If you are with me, never will I needy be,

You alone can repair my hut, its roof is worn out, see.

جئن تون قائم، ڪانڌ! تيئن آئون ورا ولهي نہ ٿيان،
پکي ڇنا پاند، ڳند نہ ڄاڻي ڪو ٻيو.

3

Others too have their loves, my love is all grace,

He sees my faults, yet covers them with His garments's edge.

ڪانڌ ٻين ڪيترا، مون ور وڏي ڪاند،
پاڻا ڍڪي پاند، جي ڏسي ڏوهہ اکين سين.

4

You do not treat your consort well, with others you joke and laugh,

Foolish woman, you ignore the grain and collect the chaff.

"ور سين وجهيو ڪاڻ، ڪر سين ملڻ پاڻيين،"
"پوري منڌ اجاڻ! ڪڻ ڇڏيو، تهہ ميڙيين،"

5

Sleeper awake arise, sleep not so,

Royal Beloved you cannot achieve by sleeping more.

ستا اٿي جاڳ، ننڊ نہ ڪجي ايتري،
سلطاني سهاڳ، ننڊن ڪندي نہ ٿئي.

6

Sleep at times, keep awake at times, excessive sleep

ڪي سمهہ، ڪي جاڳ، ننڊ نہ ڪجي ايتري،

avoid,

This world that you consider a permanent abode, is afternoon's resort.

ايءُ مانجهاندي جو ماڳ، جو تو ساٿيهه پانئيو.

7

Brother! blessed are those that keep awake,

From their heart for rust's removals sake.

Young man, rise at dawn, prepare to pray.

”جاڳڻ منجهان جس، آهي ادا! تنهن کي،“
”لاهي جو“ لطيف چئي، ”مٿان قلب ڪس،“
”ورنه! ڪجانءِ، وس، صبح ساڻ“ سيد چئي.

8

Oh simpleton! few are the nights, you spend on earth,

Many more are those that you have to spend alone, under it.

”هي تان ٿورڙيون، جي تون پورا! پسي پلئين،“
”راتيون ٻيون گهڻيون، جي تو اينديون هيڪليون.“

9

Friends, sleep has brought me much misery,

For it brought separation between my love and me.

سمهڻان ساڙو، جيڏيون! جيڏوئي ٿيو،
پرين سين پاڙو، منهنجو ننڊ نبيريو،

10

Dawn appears, night has passed, stars are dimmed,

Much you will lament, oh lost foolish one!

پره ڦٽي، رات گئي، جهيڻا ٿيا نکٽ،
”هاري! ويءِ، وٽ، گهڻا هٿنديءَ هٿڙا.“

11

The drops you see at dawn oh man! are not dew,

Night sheds tears, seeing the suffering one's rue.

پيئي جا پرڀات، ساماڪ مَ پسو ماڙها!
روئي ڇڙي رات، ڏسي ڏکوين کي.

12

Beloved, slacken not thy ties with humble me,

In secret, do I make entreaties for winning thee.

ڍول ۾ ڪٽي ٻانهڙي، ڪرين ڪير نہ چڪيو،
آئون پنهنجو ڪانڌ، لوڪان لڪي رانئيان.

13

Beguiled ones not tasting milk, preferred its froth,

They lost the hereafter, for this world's joy

ڦريا پسي ڦيڻ ڪرين ڪير نہ چڪيو،
دنيا ڪارڻ دين، وڃائي ولها ٿيا.

## Section IV

1

In the mountains the departing cranes are chattering,

Last night they came to this decision after much commotion creating

روهہ راماڻا ڪن، اڄ پڻ هلڻ هاريون،
ڪرڳل ڪونجڙين، رائي ۾ رات ڪيو.

2

The lone crane left behind, longs for waters and its flock,

Remembering its dear ones, she suffers with a distressed heart.

وڳر اُڪيري، سُر ساريو، سور چري،
جهري جهڄندي ڏئي، سنيها ڪي سڄڻين.

3

Oh my crane! how did you from flock detach yourself?

Does not the memory of loved ones' sweet talk make you sad?

"وڳر وساري، ويٺينءَ ڪيئن مات ڪري،"
"ڪ تو نه ماري، رڻ جهڻ سندي سڄڻين."

4

Oh my crane! yesterday your flock left,

What will you do in the lake without them?

"وڳر ويا وهي، ڪالهه تنهنجا ڪونجڙي!"
"ڪندينءَ ڪوهه رهي، سر ۾ سپرين ريءَ؟"

5

In flocks they always fly, never connections break,

There is more love in birds than in living men.

وڳر ڪيو وتن، پرت نه ڇنن پاڻ ۾،
پسو پکيڙن، ماڙهنئان ميٺ گهڻو.

6

Oh my crane ! do not warble, revive not my heart's wounds,

How long can separated ones remain in their rooms?

مَ لنئن ڪونجي! مات ڪر، چورمَ هيئن چاڪ،
ڦٽيون جي فراق، سي گهر گهاريندين ڪيترو

7

Crane's warbling, within me my love's memory refreshed,

He without whom my days in misery I spend.

ڪونجڙيءَ ڪالهه لنئين، سڄڻ وڌم چت،
آئون جنهن ريءَ هت، گهنگهر گهاريان ڏينهڙا.

8

Turning to north the crane produces sweet strains,

For she about her loved one has dreamt.

اُتر ڏي آلاپ، ڪالهان ڪر ڪونج ڪري،
پرين پسي منجهه خواب، وهاڻيءَ وايون ڪري.

9

Cranes cry out, per chance they are about to leave,

They leave their young ones behind, hence their sadness deep.

ڪونجيون ٽيون ڪڪن، جيڪس هلڻ هاريون،
ٻچا پوءِ اٿن، وڃن واندا ڪنديون.

10

Cranes landed to collect young ones' feed,

آيون ڏور ڏري، اصل سندي آسري،

They found the ground hard, it hurt their feet.

کنيڙ پونءِ کري، پاٽا پير ڏکو يا پکٽين.

11

Crane perceived not hunters' arrow aimed at it,
By it's sudden shot, the flock got scattered.

کونج نہ لکيو ہاڻ، جو ماريءَ سندي من ۾،
اوچتي پرياڻ، وگر هٽي ويچون کيا.

12

Crane see you not the straw that camouflages the hunter's trap?
So many he has killed, scattering their covoys.

کونج نہ پسين کک، ڍپ جنهن سين ڍپيو،
ماريءَ ماري لک، وگر هٽي ويچون کيا.

13

Hunter, may you die, may your hunting tools be blasted,
For yesterday the loving pair you separated.

"ماري مرين شال! ڍپَ وجنئين ڍپيون،
جيئن تون اچي کال، وڏو وچ ورهن کي.

14

Mother, who can compete with the cattle owners generosity?
On every Friday night they display much charity.

"کير کريندي ريس، آيل! سنگهارن سين؟"
جنين جي خميس، واريون واري چڏيون.

15

May those cattle owners live long who us protect,
Those who in difficult days are our help.

جين سين سنگهار، اجهي جن گهاريان!
مان لهنئون سار، وچ ويهين ڏينهڙين.

16

If you desire to live in shady place, depart with cattle owners,
That way you may never complain of any losses.

جي پانئين وس چران، تہ سنگهارن سين لڏ،
تہ هاجي سندي هڏ، کوڪ نہ سٽين کڏهين.

17

May the churn staff in pots noisily twist and turn,
In cattle owners' residence, guests are ever welcome.

منڌيون مٽ گڙن، جهوڪ بہ سونهن پهيڙا،
سندي سنگهارن، جوءِ جياري جڏڙين.

18

Awake, Jareja of Samo tribe, sleep not unaware,
To attack your side, Lakho dacoit is prepared.

جاڳو، جاڙيجا! سما! سُک مَ سمهو،
پسو آن پاريا، لاکو ٿو لوڙيون کري.

19

Their saddles for ever tied tight, their horses clean and brushed,

ٿاٿونکين پلاڻ، سدا هٽن ڪرکرا،
لاکي لوڙائن جا، اهڙائي اهڃاڻ،

Such are the signs of Lakho the dacoit,

Spurring their horses, they will create havoc in Kuchh.

ڏيئي تنگن تاڻ، ڪوڪ ڪاريندا ڪڇڙي.

20

Oh! herdswoman, with your entreaties Lakho dislodge,

That the brave rider may pity you and not you rob.

ريباڙڻ! ريجهاءِ، لاکو لولاتن سين،
سائو مان سنڌياءِ، ٿت مٿائي ٿاڪرو،

21

Many Lakhas there be but like Lakho Phulwani there be none,

Rajas and princes tremble in their forts because of him,

Jarejas even[4] in sleep cannot cast off fear.

لاکا لک سڄڻ، ڦلاڻي ٻيو ٻيو،
جنهن پر راڻا، راڄئا، ڪوٽن منجهه ڪنبن،
جنهن جو ڄاڙيجن، ستي سنچو نہ لهي.

22

Lakho rides Lakhi his own mare,

Seizes beautiful women, resisting their return with dare,

Tomorrow with all of them he will be stern.

لاکو لکيءَ تي چڙهي، لکي لاکي هيٺ،
سونهاريون سرڪيو، ٻيريو ٻڌي ٻيٺ،
ڪند وڏمر ڏيٺ، صباح ساڻ سيڪهين.

# Bilawal
## (The Soothing Tune)
## Introduction

Bila wal is a musical melody which has a very soothing effect and brings a feeling of peace to the musician as well as to the listener.

Shah Abdul Latif in the sur depicts the qualities of an ideal leader or ruler foremost among them being compassion, generosity and responding to the call of the supplicants with a smile, without any delay. Among such ideal leaders and rulers, he includes Jadam Jakhro, Abro, Samo, Rai Rahu and above all the Holy Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) the crown of these notables and the epitome of all the above qualities.

Islam places great emphasis on charity as by giving away a commodity which man cherishes as it helps him in many ways to make life comfortable and achieve material and ephemeral success in life, he gives a convincing proof of his love for God.

In deep reverential tones, Shah Abdul Latif speaks of the superiority of Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) over all other apostles sent on this earth. He makes a reference to the ascension of the Holy Prophet or the Ma'iraj as commonly known to all Muslims when he came very close to God, the distance between him and the Al-mighty being "just two bows, or even less than that" as mentioned in the Holy Quran.

Lastly, the poet refers to a sinful person named Wagand, who has been involved in all kinds of moral and spiritual aberrations. Time comes when he becomes conscious of his own short comings and of the sins that he has committed. He repents and comes to the fold of Holy Prophet Muhammad (PBUH) and in fact stricken by the love of the Holy Prophet, he resolves to reform himself and never to give up his following and his close association.

### Section I

1

| | |
|---|---|
| Have faith in the saying that generous one always invites and cares, | وسهہ انھين ويڙ کي، جنين دعوت ڪئي داتا، |
| You just rinse your mouth and the food is there. | مضمضهہ واتا، وجهہ تہ ڏيئي وات ۾. |

2

Desire not the wine of heaven but go beyond,

Seek Samo's presence, all your wishes he will grant.

پيءُ مَ طهورا، وانءُ اورانگهي اوريان،
وڃان جي وصال کي، سڀ سڀ اجورا،
حاصل حضورا، سمي جي سڀ ٿئي.

3

Sama! you alone wear the crown though many turbans wear,

Oh gem! at your door many are assembled,

You bestow on all, according to their bowl.

سما! تو سر ڇٽ، نه ته پاڳارا پرس پيا،
گهڻ تنهنجي ڳيڙي، اڇي جال جڳٽ،
جن جيهائي پٽ، تن تيهائي بکيا.

4

Samo calls those who are in great trouble,

Free of all calamity I become, if he just sets foot on saddle.

Save you who else can you followers' burden bear?

سمو تن سڏ ڪري، جن تي وڏو ويڙ،
اُٿي تي آجي ٿيان، پائي پاکوڙي پيڙ،
توريءَ ٻيو ڪير، سرٽين جا سوٿا سهي؟

5

He is the refuge and solace of the helpless ones,

He never wavers, though at his door, call thousands,

Where many stand aghast, find him there smiling.

سرٽين جا سوٿا سهي، وسيلو ولهن،
"لڏي ڪين"، لطيف چئي، "اڳيان لال لکن"،
"جت ڪوڙي ڪين ڪچن، اُت پابوهي پڌرو".

6

Stop at every watering place, look for the fountain head,

Generously rewarded you will be, just reach Rahu's place.

Go and see the crown of one who the poor enriched,

When he raises his head to speak, purified are those hearts that were rust.

ٽڙ ٽڙ ڪيم ترس، سر نهارج سيرو،
"ڏيندءِ لک"، لطيف چئي "راڄ راهو جي رس"،
"ولها جهين ونهيا ڪيا، پاڳ تهين جي پس"،
"ڪوڙين لاهي ڪس، جي ڳالهائي ڳاٽ کڻي".

7

Sultan Alauddin marched with a huge force,

None could dare to face him, who would bear his strokes?

To save Soomra[1] womens' honour, saddled his camel brave Abro.

علاوالدين آئيو، ڪٽي ڇل ڇڳير،
ڪهين ڪين همٿيو، ڪان جهليندو ڪير؟
سو مرين سام ڪنئي، ابڙي ڪيو اٺ پير،
هو مهائين، مير، پر مستوراتن ماريو.

8

To redress and protect the helpless ones, he rose,

No tax would be paid by those, who his guidance chose.

سرڻين جي سک لءِ ط سام ڪنئي سردار،
جي ايون ابڙي جي آڏار، سي سونگ نہ ڏيندئون سومريون.

9

Others gave up their proteges but not the mountain king,

Protector of strangers, how could he give up those known to him?

This brave leader saved many a supplicants, who came to his door.

ٻئن مڙني ڏنيون، پر ڏئي نہ ڏونگر راءِ،
اڻ ڏٺن آڏو ٿري، ڏٺي ڏئي ڪئاءَ؟
لوريون لک مٿاءِ، ان مٿيري موٽائيون.

10

Abro is the greatest refuge of all supplicants,

He gave up all rest, to attend to the call of complainants,

He is the care-taker of the supressed, and the weak.

ابڙي اڳاهن ۾ پرجهلو باري،
سمي سوالين کي، ويلھ وساري،
منهن مَني جکرو، طاماعن تاري،
پڇي سي پاري، جي عاجز اجورن ۾.

11

Abro amidst all other leaders, a forests' shady tree resembles,

The plains where this skilled one went, none before traversed.

ابڙو اڳاهن ۾، سير جيئن ٻيلي،
سي پٽ ڪنهن نہ پريا، جي ٿو پر پيلي،
سچڻ سانوڻ مينهن جيئن، ريجون ٿو ريلي،
اچن جي ويلي، تن بور بخشي پٽ ڏکي.

12

Compassionate and generous Abro, is the best of all sirdars

Many come to him, this king of Katch avoids them not.

ابڙو وڏ وڙو، سوڙ و سمو، سونهن سين،
تنهن درسپ اچن، ڪنڌ نہ ڪڍي ڪڇ ڌڻي.

Section II

1

God fashioned Jakhro with his own hands,

Awe inspiring like the lion, he has curly moustache.

His generosity is akin to that of the ocean,

This conspicuous one, rides on his horse to guide the lost ones.

جکرو جوڙي، پاڻ ڌڻيءَ پيدا ڪيو،
ڪيهر جيئن ڪرڪي، مڇون ملھ موڙي،
گھوٽ چڙهيو گھوڙي، پيڇين لائي پيچرا.

2

Other kings are like Anirai,[2] worthy of praise is Jakhro alone,

They were not moulded out of Jakhro's mould,

So much clay there was, of which he was made.

جکرو جس کرو، ٻيا سڀ انيرا،
جيائين گھڙيو جکرو، تتائين نہ ٻيا،
مٿي تنھن ماڳا، اصل ھيءَ ايتري.

3

Having seen Jadam Jakhro, you forget all other Kings,

Where there exists a full pond, who would there a well sink?

ڏٺي جا دم نکري، چت نہ ٻيا چڙھن،
تہ ڪي کوھہ کڄن، جنھن سر ليي سيرو؟

4

Not even an instant's delay, Jadam Jakhro[3] tolerates,

Those near this Hatim, drink and are satiate,

None may live in this world without such wine to intoxicate.

ھٿان جا دم جکري، وٿيءَ وڄ مَ پوءِ،
پي پي سو پر ٿيو، جو حاتم پسي ھوءِ.
ڪيف ڏاران ڪوءِ، جيئي ڪومَ جھان ۾!

5

No delay does Jadam Jakhro tolerate,

"Welcome, welcome", he says always.

ھٿان جا دم جکري، وٿيءَ پوءِ مَ وڄ،
"اچو آيا نڄ!" سمي وائي وات ۾.

6

I see none like Jakhro in this world as a whole,

Leader of the apostles, honoured most,

The distance between him and Allah being less then two bows,

For giving me such a guide, to God I offer many thanks.

جکري جھو جوان، ڏسان ڪونَ ڏيھہ ۾،
مھڙ مڙني مرسلين، سرس سندس شان،
"فڪان قاب قوسين او ادنيٰ" ايءَ ميرٿيس مڪان،
ايءَ آڳي جو احسان، جنھن ھادي ميڙيم ھھڙو.

## Section III

1

Why not approach Jakhro, whose generosity includes all?

Those who shivered in rage, are now wearing woollen shawls,

Samo has loaded all those who asked.

ڪوھہ نہ جھاريين جکرو، جنھن ڏيھہ ڍيا ڏيئي؟
جي لڏيا ٿي ليکمن ۾، شالن ۾ سيئي،
سمي سيبيئي، طا ماعو تار ڪيا.

2

May such generous ones, who are my protection live long!

May that well never dry up, where to quench their thirst travelers throng!

Oh you! with pleasing eyes, your sight comforts one and all.

الا! جنگ جين، جنين اجهي گهاريان،
شال مَ سڪي ويري، جتان پي پين!
مرڪڻ اکڙين! تو ڏٺي مون سک ٿئي.

3

Arriving at your door, my thirst is quenched, my feet cooled,

You comfort the travellers in the wilderness like an oasis in the desert

ايندي لٿي اڃ، پير پريندي ٺريا،
ويٺري منجهه سڃ! ڪر لڏي رڻ اڪارئين.

4

You are our protector, our refuge, our leader,

You are our hope in the world, our goal in the hereafter,

Those helpless ones whom you protect, need pay no tax.

تون اوڍر، تون اوڍڪو، تون اجهو، تون آڳ،
هت پڻ تنهنجو تڪيو، مهند پڻ تونهين ماڳ،
سولوريون ڏين نہ لاڳ، جي اجهي آيون آبڙي.

5

Bards seeing Jakbro, are made rich,

He gives a sip to them all of heaven's drink,

Their thirst being quenched, with God they become one.

پسنديئي پر ٿيا، جکروئي جاجڪ،
تئان ڏني مڱڻي، طهورا جي تڪ،
سمي پڳين سڪ، واصل ٿيا وصال کي.

6

If so moved, he may rain golden grain,

Many will he enrich and all will be satisfied then.

جي اڏميو اڄ، تہ وسندو سون سنگ،
جال ڏئيندو جنگ، جڳ ڍئيندو جکرو.

Section IV

1

Wagand penitent has returned, tricks or tests helped him not,

Food and clothing, bedding and residence at Pir's abode[4] he got.

وگند وري آيو، وسن ڪين وڌوس،
گندي ماني، ماڳ موچارو، پاسي پير ٿيوس،

2

Wagand the vagabond, rebuffed by others, is back soon,

وگند وري آيو، پينارنئون پوءِ،
محڪم لڳس موچڙا، ڏرو نہ ڏنس جوءِ،

His wife threw him out and gave him no food,

Now he keeps on saying "from Pir's side I will not budge an inch"

ويٺو ايئن چوءِ، تہ پيران پاسي نہ ٽيان.

3

Wagand sits expecting his breakfast,

This place he will not quit, for he inhales its air fragrant.

اسور سنڌي آسري، ويٺو آهہ وڳند،

هڏ نہ ڇڏيندو هنڌ، آيس بوءِ بهار جي.

4

With great hopes Wagand awaits his breakfast,

Weak in body, food he gorges like a glulton.

اسور سنڌو آسرو، وڳند ڪي وڏو،

جسي ۾ جڏو، پر کائڻ تي ڪڙا ڪلي.

5

Dirty, stinching Wagand is here again,

"Dear Lord, give me perfume that I may smell sweet", he prays.

وڳند وري آيو، بدو سين بدبوءِ،

خاوند! ڏي خوشبوءِ، تہ سرهو ٿيان سپرين؟

6

Wagand, filthy and ugly is here agian,

He gives not up the leather sock, being in love with one who perfume sells.

وڳند وري آيو، ڪنو ٿي ڪوجهو،

ڇڏي نہ موزو، لڳس آر عطار سين.

7

Merciful Lord, attend to Wagand, sitting beside your door,

Help this diseased one, his perpetual ailment cure.

"داتا! سنڌي، در تي، وڳند ويٺو پس،

تنهن روڳيءَ کي رس، جو آلودو آزار سين.

8

Hell dweller Wagand, is here again,

Sayed's company makes dirty ones fragrant,

Stick fast to perfume, that you may always have sweet smell.

وڳند وري آيو، نسورو ٿي نرڳ،

گندا گلابي ڪري، سيد جو سرڳ،

عطر سين اورڳ، تہ هئين سدا سرهو.

9

Uncounth Wagand, who prays not, is here again,

Like a falcon after partridge, he goes for sweet smell

وڳند وري آيو، بدو بي نماز،

جيئن تتر مٿي باز، تيئن وڳند سرهاڻ تي.

10

From a place called Kotri, Wagand has come again,

Hit him with a strong stick to reform this hellish rake.

وڳند وري آيو، ڪوٽڙيان ڪلاٽ،

سنڌو ڪرڙ ڪاٺ، هڻ نرڳيءَ کي نڪڻ.

# Explanatory Notes

## Kalyan

1. Mode of singing.
2. Words of the Holy Quran quoted in the Risalo: وحده لا شريک له
3. Words of the Holy Quran, queted in the Risalo: لا خوف عليهم ولا يحزنون
4. Words of the Holy Quran quoted in the Risalo, Same as 2
5. Words of the Holy Quran quoted in the Risalo: فاذكروني اذكركم
6. Words of the holy Quran quoted in the Risalo: الست بربكم

The reference is to the Primal Covenent. When God created the souls, he asked them the question, "Am I not your Lord?'. The reply of the souls was 'verily Thou art'.

## Yamnan Kalyan

A mystic. The word originated from a particular kind of woolen dress worn by this class of persons.

The seeker and the sought are so united that they become one and not two.

Spiritual guidance or love for God.

Spiritual guide.

Those who seek spiritual guidance.

Spiritual guide's remonstrance.

7. The first letter of Arabic, Persian, Sindhi and Urdu alphabat, Allah (God) also begins with Alif. Knowledge of God is essential for the learned ones.
8. This is a tradition of the Holy Prophet. The words used in the Risalo are the same Arabic wods of the tradition.
9. The angel Azazeel who later became Satan for disobeying God's command when asked to bow down to man.
10. The words used in the Risalo are the words of the Holy Quran:
    See note 6 Yaman.
11. Letters of Arabic, Persian, Sindhi and Urdu alphabet.
    The two words put together means none. In other words, the reference is to the mystic belief that none exists save God.
12. Prophet David, who was also a king of the Israel.
13. One of the sons of prophet Adam who killed his own brother Habeel, becoming the first killer among men.

## Khambhat

1. Reference to the Holy Prophet Muhammad (PBUH)

## Siri rag

1. Doubts and disbelief, repudiating their previous state of mind.
2&3. These words of the Holy Quran are quoted in the Risalo

فاذكروني اذكركم واشكروني ولا تكفرون

4. Ocean of spirituality.
5. Spiritual directions.
6. Spiritual guides.
7. Going to the next world through death.
8&9. Referring to the Holy Prophet Muhammad.
10. Living a virtuous life by performing good actions and offering prayers.
11. Major evils of the world.
12. Human heart or body.
13. Words of the Holy Quran given in the Risalo.
14. Death.
15. Words of the Holy Quran given in the Risalo.
16. Saying of the Holy Prophet Muhammad.
17. Spiritually awakened persons.
18. Reference is to the eating of apple by Adam and Eve, their being driven out of heaven, later resulting in the birth of so many prophets, reformers and evolved human beings.

## Samoondi

1. A native custom considered as an act of charity for some dear ones being out of danger as well as to express one's joy.

2,3&4. Native ritual peerformed to avert danger and ensure safe return of those near and dear ones who undertake a sea-vojage.

## Suhni

1. Persian line given in the Risalo
2. Words of the Holy Quran given in the Risalo: واما من خان مقام ربه
3. Hadith-mentioned in Arabic in the Risalo
4. Living one's life according to the tenets of religion.
5. Stage of renunciation.
6. That stage in which the seeker is granted revelaion of the true naure of God.

7. That stage of spiritual journey when the evolved human soul finds itself in Divine approximity.

8&9. Referencce to the Primal Covenant between man and God in the word of the Holy Quran. See Yaman 6

10&11. Mansoor Halaj, the Sufi who was cut into pieces for saying "I am God".

## Sasui Abri

1. Reference is to Sasui who was born in a Hindu of Brahman caste.
2. Name of a place that Sasui had to pass through while going to Kech Makran.
3. Words of the holy Quran quoted in the Risalo: وفي انفسكم افلا تبصرون
4. Words of the holy Quran quoted in the Risalo
5. Words of the holy Quran quoted in the Risalo: ونحن اقرب اليه من حبل الوريد

## Sasui: Mazoori

1. Base desires and lower passions.
2. Conquering one's base desires and low passions.

## Sasui Desi

1. Words of Prophet Muhammad's companion Ali who became Caliph later.
2. A Sufi saying.
3. Another saying of the mystics.
4. Reference is to the Holy Prophet Muhammad.

## Hussaini

1. Reference to Arabia before coming of the Holy Prophet.
2. Reference to the Holy Prophet.
3. A wedding ceremony.
4. A musical tune, sung at the time of mourning for the grandson of Prophet Muhammad at the anniversary of his martyrdom.
5. Daughter of Holy Prophet Muhammd and mother of the martyred Iman Hussain.
6. The grandson of the Holy Prophet Muhammad who was martyred at the battlefield of Karbala.

## Moomal Rano

1. Rano here stands as a symbol for God.
2. Yogi stands as a symbol for the Holy Prophet of Islam, Muhammad (Peace Be Upon Him).
3. Comming of Islam. Its messaage, dispersed darkness of ignorance from the world.
4. Islam's message of equality and brotherhood.

## Marui

1. Reference to the Primal Covenant between the souls and God as already explained in Kalyan, 6.

3&4. Reference to the beginning of creation.

5. An Arabic proverb.
6. Custom performed just before the wedding takes place.
7. Words of the holy Quran quoted in the Risalo:
8. A highly cherished oriental dish made of rice, meat and spices.
9. Words of the holy Quran given in the Risalo:
10. A local bird that sings as a harbinger of the coming rain.

## Sorath

1. An old Hindu custom of the wife being burnt alive on the pyre of her dead husband, his head resting on her lap.
2. Hadith quoted in the Risalo in its actual Arabic words.
3. A covered carried litter by men.
   Since Rai Diach is up in the fort because of Anirais siege, Bijal has to be lifted up in the palan quin to be with him.

## Kedaro

1. The reference is to Imam Qasim whose marriage was solemnised on the battle-field of Karbala. lie was the nephew of Imam Hussain.
2. Words of the holy Quran given in the Risalo.
3. Words of the Holy Quran quoted in the Risalo.

## Sarang

1. The angel who will blow the bugle to assemble all mankind for the day of judement.
2. Karar Lake close to the Mausolem of Shah Abdul Latif.
3. A deserted pond at a distance of half a mile from Bhitshah.

## Asa

1. Tenets of religion.
2. Words of the holy Quran quoted in the Risalo.
3. Hadith (saying of the holy Prophet of Islam) quoted in the Risalo.
4. Hadith quoted in the Risalo.
5. Words often uttered by Muslims in prayers and otherwise, expressing God's greatness.
6. That region where antimonies that we find in the world, do not exist.
7. Prophet Ibrahim who is often referred to as God's friend.
8. Prophet Ibrahim's father, who remained an infidel.
9. Words of the Holy Quran given in the Risalo.
10. The brief declaration of being a Muslim incumbent on all those who follow this religion.
11. The thread worn by Hindus after performing a religious ceremony, as a symbol of their religion.
12. Round red mark in the middle of the forhead, applied by Hindu women. Such a saffron mark is applied by religious heads.
13. Words of the Holy Quran, quoted in the Risalo.
14. Saying of the Holy Prophet quoted in the Risalo.
15. Remaining part of the above saying of the Holy Prophet of Islam.

## Khahori

1. Many difficulties and dangers

## Barvo Sindhi

1. In the name of Allah. a devout Muslim begins all his actions with this short prayer.

## Ramkali

1. Jogis' guru.
2. Another endearing name for ascetics.
3. Ascetics are referred to as Lahutis as they are bound for Lahut, their pilgrimage's destination.
4. Controlling one's passions and base desires
5. Symbol used for the guide.
6. Holy Prophet's cousin who later became a khalifa. He practised poverty and was very particular about his prayers.

## Kapaeti

Performing good deeds and offering prayers. It also refers to the spread of Islam in different parts of the world beginning with Arabia.

## Karayal

1. Holy Quran's words quoted in the Risalo.

## Dahar

1. A semi Desert tree which grows thorns, yellow flowers and some kind of beans.
2. A local bird who seems to trip like the peacock.
3. Reference is to the Prophet of Islam, who had migrated from his birth place Mecca to Madina where he was warmly received, respected and followed.
4. A tribe that had lost favour of the raja of Cutchh, hence were without a protector.

## Bilawal

1. At one time a ruling dynasty of Sindh.
2. King Anirai mentioned in Sorath who instigated and bribed Bijal to cut the head of Rai Diach.
3. The ruler who was known for his generosity.
4. Reference is to the Holy Prophet of Islam, the perfect guide and leader of mankind.

Professor Khamisani has rendered a yeoman's service to the message of Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai by rendering his immortal message into English Language in an idiom and diction which is modern, current and easy to comprehend. It has been appreciated by the serious students of contemporary English Language and Literature and laymen alike. The other translations of Shah Jo Risalo in English Language might be very scholastic and pedantic but this version by Professor Khamisani is right from her heart and is labour of her love and reflects her lifelong romance with western mysticism of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats and Shelly as she has perceived them and expressed their ideas in her lectures in the English Department, University of Sindh. She has understood, assimilated and expressed Shah from the prism of English Literature and the combination of Sufism with western mysticism is a concoction par excellence an elixir of life for the students of literature.



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